

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1912

YOUTH

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

How shall I describe Youth, the time of contradictions and anomalies? The fiercest radicalisms, the most dogged conservatisms, irrepressible gayety, bitter melancholy, — all these moods are equally part of that showery spring-time of life. One thing, at least, it clearly is: a great, rich rush and flood of energy. It is as if the store of life had been accumulating through the slow, placid years of childhood, and suddenly the dam had broken and the waters rushed out, furious and uncontrolled, before settling down into the quieter channels of middle life. The youth is suddenly seized with a poignant consciousness of being alive, which is quite wanting to the naïve unquestioning existence of the child. He finds himself overpoweringly urged toward self-expression. Just as the baby, born into a 'great, blooming, buzzing confusion,' and attracted by every movement, every color, every sound, kicks madly in response in all directions, and only gradually gets his movements coördinated into the orderly and precise movements of his elders, — so the youth suddenly born into a confusion of ideas and appeals and traditions responds in the most chaotic way to this new spir-

itual world, and only gradually learns to find his way about in it, and get his thoughts and feelings into some kind of order.

Fortunate the young man who does not make his entrance into too wide a world. And upon the width and depth of that new world will depend very much whether his temperament is to be radical or conservative, adventurous or conventional. For it is one of the surprising things about Youth that it can so easily be the most conservative of all ages. Why do we suppose that youth is always radical? At no age are social proprieties more strictly observed, and Church, State, law, and order, more rigorously defended. But I like to think that youth is conservative only when its spiritual force has been spent too early, or when the new world it enters into is found, for some reason, to be rather narrow and shallow. It is so often the urgent world of pleasure that first catches the eye of youth; its flood of life is drawn off in that direction; the boy may fritter away his precious birthright in pure lightness of heart and animal spirits. And it is only too true that this type of youth is transitory. Pleasure contrives to burn itself out very quickly, and youth finds itself left prematurely

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with the ashes of middle age. But if, in some way, the flood of life is checked in the direction of pleasure, then it bursts forth in another, — in the direction of ideals; then we say that the boy is radical. Youth is always turbulent, but the momentous difference is whether it shall be turbulent in passion or in enthusiasm. Nothing is so pathetic as the young man who spends his spiritual force too early, so that when the world of ideals is presented to him, his force being spent, he can only grasp at second-hand ideals and mouldy formulas.

This is the great divergence which sets youth not only against old age, but against youth itself: the undying spirit of youth that seems to be fed by an unquenchable fire, that does not burn itself out but seems to grow steadier and steadier as life goes on, against the fragile, quickly tarnished type that passes relentlessly into middle age. At twenty-five I find myself full of the wildest radicalisms, and look with dismay at my childhood friends who are already settled down, have achieved babies and responsibilities, and have somehow got ten years beyond me in a day. And this divergence shows itself in a thousand different ways. It may be a temptation to a world of pleasure, it may be a sheltering from the stimulus of ideas, or even a sluggish temperament, that separates traditional and adventurous youth, but fundamentally it is a question of how youth takes the world. And here I find that I can no longer drag the traditional youth along with me in this paper. There are many of him, I know, but I do not like him, and I know nothing about him. Let us rather look at the way radical youth grows into and meets the world.

From the state of 'the little child, to whom the sky is a roof of blue, the world a screen of opaque and disconnected facts, the home a thing eternal,

and "being good" just simple obedience to unquestioned authority,' one steps suddenly into that 'vast world of adult perception, pierced deep by flaring search-lights of partial understanding.'

The child has an utter sense of security; childhood is unconscious even that it is alive. It has neither fears nor anxieties because it is incorrigibly poetical. It idealizes everything that it touches. It is unfair, perhaps, to blame parents and teachers, as we sometimes do in youth, for consciously biasing our child-minds in a falsely idealistic direction; for the child will infallibly idealize even his poorest of experiences. His broken glimpses and anticipations of his own future show him everything that is orderly, happy, and beautifully fit. He sees his grown-up life as old age, itself a sort of reversed childhood, sees its youth. The passing of childhood into youth is, therefore, like suddenly being turned from the cosy comfort of a warm fireside to shift for one's self in the world. Life becomes in a moment a process of seeking and searching. It appears as a series of blind alleys, all equally and magnificently alluring, all equally real and possible. Youth's thirst for experience is simply that it wants to be everything, do everything, and have everything that is presented to its imagination. Youth has suddenly become conscious of life. It has eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

As the world breaks in on a boy with its crashing thunder, he has a feeling of expansion, of sudden wisdom and sudden care. The atoms of things seem to be disintegrating around him. Then come the tearings and the grindings and the wrenchings, and in that conflict the radical or the poet is made. If the youth takes the struggle easily, or if his guardian angels have arranged things so that there is no struggle, then

he becomes of that conservative stripe that we have renounced above. But if he takes it hard, — if his struggles are not only with outward material conditions, but also with inner spiritual ones, — then he is likely to achieve that gift of the gods, perpetual youth. The great paradox is that it is the sleek and easy who are prematurely and permanently old. Struggle brings youth rather than old age.

In this struggle, thus beset with problems and crises, all calling for immediate solution, youth battles its way into a sort of rationalization. Out of its inchoateness emerges a sort of order; the disturbing currents of impulse are gradually resolved into a character. But it is essential that that resolution be a natural and not a forced one. I always have a suspicion of boys who talk of 'planning their lives.' I feel that they have won a precocious maturity in some illegitimate way. For to most of us youth is so imperious that those who can escape the hurly-burly and make a sudden leap into the prudent, quiet waters of life seem to have missed youth altogether. And I do not mean here the hurly-burly of passion so much as of ideals. It seems so much better, as well as more natural, to expose one's self to the full fury of the spiritual elements, keeping only one purpose in view, — to be strong and sincere, — than to pick one's way cautiously along.

The old saying is the truest philosophy of youth: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.' How impossible for a youth who is really young to plan his life consciously! This process that one sometimes sees of cautiously becoming acquainted with various ideas and systems, and then choosing deliberately those that will be best adapted to a concerted plan, is almost uncanny. This confidence in one's im-

munity to ideas that would tend to disarrange the harmony of the scheme is mystifying and irritating. Youth talks of 'getting' or 'accepting' ideas! But youth does not get ideas, — ideas get him! He may try to keep himself in a state of spiritual health, but that is the only immunity he can rely upon. He cannot really tell what idea or appeal is going to seize upon him next and make off with him.

We speak as if falling in love were a unique phase in the life of youth. It is rather the pattern and symbol of a youth's whole life. This sudden, irresistible seizure of enthusiasm that he cannot explain, that he does not want to explain, what is it but the aspect of all his experience? The youth sees a pretty face, reads a noble book, hears a stirring appeal for a cause, meets a charming friend, gets fired with the concept of science, or of social progress, becomes attracted to a profession, — the emotion that fixes his enthusiasm and lets out a flood of emotion in that direction, and lifts him into another world, is the same in every case. Youth glories in the sudden servitude, is content to let the new master lead wherever he will; and is as surprised as any one at the momentous and startling results. Youth is vulnerable at every point. Prudence is really a hateful thing in youth. A prudent youth is prematurely old. It is infinitely better, I repeat, for a boy to start ahead in life in a spirit of moral adventure, trusting for sustenance to what he may find by the wayside, than to lay in laboriously, before starting, a stock of principles for life, and burden himself so heavily for the journey that he dare not, and indeed cannot, leave his pack unguarded by the roadside to survey the fair prospects on either hand. Youth at its best is this constant susceptibility to the new, this constant eagerness to try experiments.

It is here that youth's quarrel with the elder generation comes in. There is no scorn so fierce as that of youth for the inertia of older men. The lack of adjustment to the ideas of youth's elders and betters, one of the permanent tragedies of life, is certainly the most sensational aspect of youth. That the inertia of the older people is wisdom, and not impotence, is a theory that you will never induce youth to believe for an instant. The stupidity and cruelties of their management of the world fill youth with an intolerant rage. In every contact with its elders, youth finds them saying, in the words of Kipling: —

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade
and alien planets arise,
That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or
the ancient well-head dries,
Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure
neath new skies.

Youth sees with almost a passionate despair its plans and dreams and enthusiasms, that it knows so well to be right and true and noble, brushed calmly aside, not because of any sincere searching into their practicability, but because of the timidity and laziness of the old, who sit in the saddle and ride mankind. And nothing torments youth so much as to have this inertia justified on the ground of experience. For youth thinks that it sees through this sophism of 'experience.' It sees in it an all-inclusive attempt to give the world a character, and excuse the older generation for the mistakes and failures which it has made. What is this experience, youth asks, but a slow accretion of inhibitions, a learning, at its best, not to do again something which ought not to have been done in the first place?

Old men cherish a fond delusion that there is something mystically valuable in mere quantity of experience. Now the fact is, of course, that it is the young

people who have all the really valuable experience. It is they who have constantly to face new situations, to react constantly to new aspects of life, who are getting the whole beauty and terror and cruelty of the world in its fresh and undiluted purity. It is only the interpretation of this first collision with life that is worth anything. For the weakness of experience is that it so soon gets stereotyped; without new situations and crises it becomes so conventional as to be practically unconscious. Very few people get any really new experience after they are twenty-five, unless there is a real change of environment. Most older men live only in the experience of their youthful years.

If we get few ideas after we are twenty-five, we get few ideals after we are twenty. A man's spiritual fabric is woven by that time, and his 'experience,' if he keeps true to himself, consists simply in broadening and enriching it, but not in adding to it in arithmetical proportion as the years roll on, in the way that the wise teachers of youth would have us believe.

But few men remain quite true to themselves. As their youthful ideals come into contact with the harshnesses of life, the brightest succumb and go to the wall. And the hardy ones that survive contain all that is vital in the future experience of the man, — so that the ideas of older men seem often the curious parodies or even burlesques of what must have been the cleaner and more potent ideas of their youth. Older people seem often to be resting on their oars, drifting on the spiritual current that youth has set going in life, or 'coasting' on the momentum that the strong push of youth has given them.

There is no great gulf between youth and middle age, as there is between childhood and youth. Adults are little more than grown-up children. This

is what makes their arrogance so insulting, — the assumption that they have acquired any impartiality or objectivity of outlook, and have any better standards for judging life. Their ideas are wrong, and grow progressively more wrong as they become older. Youth, therefore, has no right to be humble. The ideals it forms will be the highest it will ever have, the insight the clearest, the ideas the most stimulating. The best that it can hope to do is to conserve those resources, and keep its flame of imagination and daring bright.

Therefore, it is perhaps unfair to say that the older generation rules the world. Youth rules the world, but only when it is no longer young. It is a tarnished, travestied youth that is in the saddle in the person of middle age. Old age lives in the delusion that it has improved and rationalized its youthful ideas by experience and stored-up wisdom, when all it has done is to damage them more or less — usually more. And the tragedy of life is that the world is run by these damaged ideals. That is why our ideas are always a generation behind our actual social conditions. Press, pulpit, and bar team with the radicalisms of thirty years ago. The dead hand of opinions formed in their college days clutches our leaders and directs their activities in this new and strangely altered physical and spiritual environment. Hence grievous friction, maladjustment, social war. And the faster society moves, the more terrific is the divergence between what is actually going on and what public opinion thinks is actually going on. It is only the young who are actually contemporaneous; they interpret what they see freshly and without prejudice; their vision is always the truest, and their interpretation always the justest.

Youth does not simply repeat the errors and delusions of the past, as the elder generation with a tolerant cyni-

cism likes to think; it is ever laying the foundations for the future. What it thinks so wildly now will be orthodox gospel thirty years hence. The ideas of the young are the living, the potential ideas; those of the old, the dying, or the already dead. This is why it behooves youth to be not less radical, but even more radical, than it would naturally be. It must be not simply contemporaneous, but a generation ahead of the times, so that when it comes into control of the world, it will be precisely right and coincident with the conditions of the world as it finds them. If the youth of to-day could really achieve this miracle, they would have found the secret of 'perpetual Youth.'

II

In this conflict between youth and its elders, youth is the incarnation of reason pitted against the rigidity of tradition. Youth puts the remorseless questions to everything that is old and established, — Why? What is this thing good for? And when it gets the mumbled, evasive answers of the defenders, it applies its own fresh, clean spirit of reason to institutions, customs and ideas, and finding them stupid, inane, or poisonous, turns instinctively to overthrow them and build in their place the things with which its visions teem.

'This constant return to purely logical activity with each generation keeps the world supplied with visionaries and reformers, that is to say, with saviors and leaders. New movements are born in young minds, and lack of experience enables youth eternally to recall civilization to sound bases. The passing generation smiles and cracks its weather-worn jokes about youthful effusions: but this new, ever-hopeful, ever-daring, ever-doing, youthful enthusiasm, ever returning to the logical

bases of religion, ethics, politics, business, art, and social life, — this is the salvation of the world.’¹

This was the youthful radicalism of Jesus, and his words sound across the ages ‘calling civilization ever back to sound bases.’ With him, youth eternally reproaches the ruling generation, — ‘O ye of little faith?’ There is so much to be done in the world; so much could be done if you would only dare! You seem to be doing so little to cure the waste and the muddle and the lethargy all around you. Don’t you really care, or are you only faint-hearted? If you do not care, it must be because you do not know; let us point out to you the shockingness of exploitation, and the crass waste of human personality all around you in this modern world. And if you are faint-hearted, we will supply the needed daring and courage, and lead you straight to the attack.

These are the questions and challenges that the youth puts to his elders, and it is their shifty evasions and quibblings that confound and dishearten him. He becomes intolerant, and can see all classes in no other light than that of accomplices in a great crime. If they only knew! Swept along himself in an irrationality of energy, he does not see the small part that reason plays in the intricate social life, and only gradually does he come to view life as a ‘various and splendid disorder of forces,’ and exonerate weak human nature from some of its heavy responsibility. But this insight brings him to appreciate and almost to reverence the forces of science and conscious social progress that are grappling with that disorder, and seeking to tame it.

Youth is the leaven that keeps all these questioning, testing attitudes fermenting in the world. If it were not for this troublesome activity of youth,

with its hatred of sophisms and glosses, its insistence on things as they are, society would die from sheer decay. It is the policy of the older generation as it gets adjusted to the world to hide away the unpleasant things where it can, or preserve a conspiracy of silence and an elaborate pretense that they do not exist. But meanwhile the sores go on festering just the same. Youth is the drastic antiseptic. It will not let its elders cry peace, where there is no peace. By its fierce sarcasms it keeps issues alive in the world until they are settled right. It drags skeletons from closets and insists that they be explained. No wonder the older generation fears and distrusts the younger. Youth is the avenging Nemesis on its trail. ‘It is young men who provide the logic, decision, and enthusiasm necessary to relieve society of the crushing burden that each generation seeks to roll upon the shoulders of the next.’

Our elders are always optimistic in their views of the present, pessimistic in their views of the future; youth is pessimistic toward the present and gloriously hopeful for the future. And it is this hope which is the lever of progress, — one might say, the only lever of progress. The lack of confidence which the ruling generation feels in the future leads to that distrust of machinery, or the use of means for ends, which is so characteristic of it to-day. Youth is disgusted with such sentimentality. It can never understand that curious paralysis which seizes upon the elders in the face of urgent social innovations; that refusal to make use of a perfectly definite programme or administrative scheme which has worked elsewhere. Youth concludes that its elders discountenance the machinery, the means, because they do not really believe in the end, and adds another count to the indictment.

Youth’s attitude is really the scien-

¹ Earl Barnes.

tific attitude. Do not be afraid to make experiments, it says. You cannot tell how anything will work until you have tried it. Suppose 'science confined its interests to those things that have been tried and tested in the world,' how far should we get? It is possible that your experiments may produce by accident a social explosion, but we do not give up chemistry because occasionally a wrong mixture of chemicals blows up a scientist in a laboratory, or medical research because an investigator contracts the disease he is fighting. The whole philosophy of youth is summed up in the word, Dare! Take chances and you will attain! The world has nothing to lose but its chains — and its own soul to gain!

III

I have dwelt too long on the conflicts of youth. For it has also its still places, where it becomes introspective and thinks about its destiny and the meaning of its life. In our artificial civilization many young people at twenty-five are still on the threshold of activity. As one looks back, then, over eight or nine years, one sees a panorama of seemingly formidable length. So many crises, so many startling surprises, so many vivid joys and harrowing humiliations and disappointments, that one feels startlingly old; one wonders if one will ever feel so old again. And in a sense, youth at twenty-five is older than it will ever be again. For if time is simply a succession of incidents in our memory, we seem to have an eternity behind us. Middle-aged people feel no such appalling stretch of time behind them. The years fade out one by one; often the pressure of life leaves nothing of reality or value but the present moment. They enjoy almost a new babyhood, while youth has constantly with it in all its vivid-

ness and multifariousness that specious wealth of abrupt changes, climaxes, and disillusiones that have crowded the short space of its life.

We often envy the sunny noon of the thirties and forties. These elders of ours change so little that they seem to enjoy an endless summer of immortality. They are so placid, so robust, so solidly placed in life, seemingly so much further from dissolution than we. Youth seems curiously fragile. Perhaps it is because all beauty has something of the precarious and fleeting about it. A beautiful girl seems too delicate and fine to weather a long life; she must be burning away too fast. This wistfulness and haunting pathos of life is very real to youth. It feels the rush of time past it. Only youth can sing of the passing glory of life, and then only in its full tide. The older people's lament for the vanished days of youth may be orthodox, but it rings hollow. For our greatest fears are those of presentiment, and youth is haunted not only by the feeling of past change, but by the presentiment of future change.

Middle age has passed the waters; it has become static and placid. Its wistfulness for youth is unreal, and a forced sentimentality. In the same breath that it cries for its youth it mocks at youth's preoccupation with the thought of death. The lugubrious harmonies of young poets are a favorite joke. The feeling of the precariousness of life gives to the young man an intimate sense of its preciousness; nothing shocks him quite so much as that it should be ruthlessly and instantly snatched away. Middle age has acclimated itself to the earth, has settled down familiarly in it, and is easily befooled into thinking that it will live here forever, just as, when we are settled comfortably in a house, we cannot conceive ourselves as ever being

dislodged. But youth takes a long time to get acclimated. It has seen so many mysteries and dangers about it, that the presence of the Greatest Mystery and the Greatest Danger must be the most portentous of things to it.

It is this sense of the preciousness of his life, perhaps, that makes the boy so impatient of discipline. Youth can never think of itself as anything but master of things. Its visions are a curious blend of devotion and egotism. Its enthusiasm for a noble cause is apt to be all mixed up with a picture of itself leading the cohorts to victory. The youth never sees himself as a soldier in the ranks, but as the leader, bringing in some long-awaited change by a brilliant *coup d'état*, or writing and speaking words of fire that win a million hearts at a stroke. And he fights shy of discipline in smaller matters. He does not submit willingly to a course of work that is not immediately appealing, even for the sake of the glorious final achievement. Fortunate it is for the young man, perhaps, that there are so many organs of coercion all ready in the world for him, — economic need, tradition, and subtle influence of family ambition, — to seize him and nail him fast to some profession or trade or activity, before he is aware, or has time to protest or draw back!

It is another paradox of youth that, with all its fine enthusiasm, it should accomplish so little. But this seeming aimlessness of purpose is the natural result of that deadly fear of having one's wings clipped by discipline. Infinitely finer, it seems to youth, is it to soar freely in the air, than to run on a track along the ground! And perhaps, youth is right. In his intellectual life, the young man's scorn for the pedantic and conventional amounts almost to an obsession. It is only the men of imagination and inspiration that he will follow at all.

But most of these professors, these lawyers, these preachers, — what has been their training and education, he says, but a gradual losing of the grip of life, a slow withdrawing into an ideal world of phrases and concepts and artificial attitudes? Their thought seems like the endless spinning out of a spider's web, or like the camel living upon the fat of his own hump. The youth fears this sophistication of thought as he would fear losing his soul. And this seeming perversity toward discipline is often simply his refusal to let a system submerge his own real and direct reactions to his observation and experience.

And yet as he studies more and more, and acquires a richer material for thought, a familiarity with words, and a skill in handling them, he can see the insidious temptation that comes to thinking men to move all their spiritual baggage over into that fascinating unreal world. And he admires almost with reverence the men who have been able to break through the terrible crust, and have got their thinking into close touch with life again; or, best of all, those who have kept their thinking constantly checked up with life, and are occupied with interpreting what they see about them. Youth will never be able to see that this is not the only true and right business of thought.

It is the glory of the present age that in it one can be young. Our times give no check to the radical tendencies of youth. On the contrary, they give the directest stimulation. A muddle of a world and a wide outlook combine to inspire us to the bravest of radicalisms. Great issues have been born in the last century, and are now loose in the world. There is a radical philosophy that illuminates our environment, gives us terms in which to express what we see, and coördinates our otherwise aimless reactions.

In this country, it is true, where a certain modicum of free institutions, and a certain specious enfranchisement of the human spirit have been achieved, youth may be blinded and drugged into an acquiescence in conditions, and its enthusiasm may easily run into a glorification of the present. In the face of the more urgent ideals that are with us, it may be inspired by vague ideas of 'liberty,' or 'the rights of man,' and fancy it is truly radical when it is but living on the radicalisms of the past. Our political thought moves so slowly here that even our radicalism is traditional. We breathe in with the air about us the belief that we have attained perfection, and we do not examine things with our own eyes.

But more and more of the clear-sighted youth are coming to see the appalling array of things that still need to be done. The radical young man of to-day has no excuse for veering round

to the conservative standpoint. Cynicism cannot touch him. For it is the beauty of the modern radical philosophy that the worse the world treats a man, the more it convinces him of the truth of his radical interpretation of it. Disillusion comes, not through hard blows, but by the insidious sappings of worldly success. And there never was a time when there were so many radical young people who cared little about that worldly success.

The secret of life is then that this fine youthful spirit should never be lost. Out of the turbulence of youth should come this fine precipitate — a sane, strong, aggressive spirit of daring and doing. It must be a flexible, growing spirit, with a hospitality to new ideas, and a keen insight into experience. To keep one's reactions warm and true, is to have found the secret of perpetual youth, and perpetual youth is salvation.

TRADE-UNIONS AND PUBLIC POLICY

DEMOCRACY OR DYNAMITE?

BY HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

ONLY a prophet, or the son of a prophet, would undertake as yet to forecast the ultimate results of the McNamara case, but it is clear that organized labor has been dealt a staggering blow. The brave talk of leaders of that movement is in part a mere whistling to keep up courage, and in part the result of failure to understand the situation, which from their point of

view is about as bad as possible. For a generation the leaders of the American Federation of Labor have been advocating purely 'trade' policies, — collective bargaining, the joint agreement, the union or 'closed' shop, the control of apprentices, the direct and indirect restriction of output, with the strike and boycott always in reserve as possible weapons. Direct political action they

have eschewed, and a separate labor party has been anathema to them. The McNamara case represents the complete bankruptcy of the trade policy.

The reason for this failure is simple. In the present state of industry and the law, the employer is stronger than his men. The law protects his property, and if he is willing to fight out the issue, he wins, in any legally conducted struggle, with the aid of hunger and the courts. If labor conditions are bad and if the means of information are unusually good, public opinion may sometimes bring even a recalcitrant employer to terms; but, under ordinary conditions, one who is determined to fight to a finish can defeat his men if they keep within the law. Unionists have not recognized this fact, and have not recognized that American employers in general, despite lip-service to the principle of labor organization, do not believe in trade-unions. This lack of discernment has led unionists to a futile and disastrous reliance on 'trade' policies.

If the employers had been conciliatory, all might have been well; but they have preferred, on the whole, to fight the men's organizations, and in a long series of labor conflicts, running back to the great Homestead strike twenty years ago, have carried on successful war against them. During recent years, while the men have been struggling vainly for the closed shop, employers have been pursuing the union-smashing policy with increasing vigor and success.

In the course of the struggle, the unions have sometimes gained their ends by persuasion. Failing that, some of their members have resorted to threats and intimidation. Thence the transition has been easy to brickbats, and thence to dynamite. *Facilis descensus Averno*. Whether a strike can succeed in the face of stubborn oppo-

sition, if force and the possibility of force be eliminated, is a question at least open to grave doubt. In any case neither leaders nor rank and file have set their faces resolutely against every manifestation of violence. They could not do so; for though they may not have recognized it consciously, a background of potential violence was almost an essential condition to the successful pursuit of trade policies in the face of determined opposition from employers buttressed by the law.

In view of these conditions, the public has looked with some indulgence upon a certain degree of lawlessness, feeling that the men often had a good cause, and that the strike was a necessary means of obtaining justice. The logical result of such indulgence now stands revealed in the McNamara affair, and public opinion recoils in horror from what it has itself helped to create. What does it all mean? We may well have reached a turning-point in our industrial and, perhaps, in our political life.

For the unionist it means a profound searching of heart and, perhaps, a change of leadership. It is unnecessary to discuss the charges of incompetency and bad faith so freely hurled at Mr. Gompers and his associates in this unhappy affair. Given the American employer as he is, these leaders are now shown to have been guiding labor into a *cul-de-sac* whence it could escape only by using force. The weapon of violence is now struck from its hand, and it must find a new one. Shall it be actual revolution or political action? The second alternative appears more probable, provided the courts leave open the possibility of progressive legal action.

Labor, it is to be hoped, will now see that the whole power of society will be exerted to repress the private use of force, will see that that way lies no

salvation, will see that the old leaders have been unconsciously encouraging violence, and will, therefore, turn definitely from those leaders and their counsels and strike out in the new paths of direct political action, just as labor has done in England with such marked success. The Socialist party may well be the residuary legatee of the McNamara case, or we may possibly see an entirely new labor party. In either case, the result would be almost wholly desirable; for the labor movement would be proceeding along lines where results, though slow, would in time be possible of realization, because the rights and grievances of labor could be presented effectively at the bar of public opinion. Labor cannot get its progressive rights by its own unaided struggles. Such attainment involves a progressive change in ideas, laws, and institutions that can come about only as a result of informed public discussion. The difficulty with the trade policy is that it involves such discussion only between the two parties directly interested.

If the McNamara case should lead to a distinctly political labor movement, thoughtful persons might well rejoice. Such a movement would undoubtedly be democratic, radical, probably socialistic; it would have comparatively small regard for property rights, and comparatively great regard for personal human rights; it would certainly cause members of the American Liberty and Property League to lie awake nights over its unsafe notions; it would do much blundering politically unless it were unexpectedly well led; it would probably advocate some economically impossible measures; and it would exercise a tremendous influence for good in our political, legal, and economic development. Under our two-party system of non-representative government we lack the

machinery for getting at the facts necessary for intelligent public judgment of many important questions, and we have no proper organization to formulate and express such judgment. A labor party might well be of service in both the formation and the expression of sound public opinion.

To turn from the labor group, what will be the attitude of the public in view of the astonishing revelations and reticences of the Los Angeles trial? 'The public,' so-called, includes the farmers, the artisans in small places, the smaller tradesmen everywhere, and to some extent the large ones as well, the salaried and professional classes, in so far as they are not closely attached to large employers — in a word, it includes all those who are not directly parties to the struggle, those who are not employers or employees in organized trades, or in industries where men work in large masses. Heretofore, this public, brought up in a tradition of ultra-individualism, has viewed suspiciously the combination of workmen in frank recognition of a class-interest; it has resented the invasion of the 'individual liberty' of the non-union workman by the union-shop policy; it has listened sympathetically to the employer's complaints of interference with the efficiency of his business; and it has reprobated the attack on civilization involved in the use of brickbats and dynamite, though it has rightly been unwilling to believe that any considerable proportion of union men favored the use of such weapons. On the other hand, it has had an uneasy consciousness that somehow the employer was getting undue power, and it has been inclined to give the union the benefit of the doubt as the only agency offering in any way to redress the balance; it has felt that so long as the methods used were not too outrageous, some allowance ought to be made, be-

cause in the industrial world, save on the Fourth of July, all men are not free and equal.

To a public in this frame of mind have come the McNamara revelations. It has the confession of leaders in one union to two dynamite outrages; it has reason to believe that men in this same organization have been responsible for a long series of similar events; it has seen the leaders of organized labor rushing to the defense of these now self-confessed dynamiters; and now that the confession has come, it sees the leader of them all with nothing better to offer than the excuse that he has been cruelly deceived, and it finds itself wondering whether the whole labor movement is not run primarily for the benefit of a coterie of more or less lawless leaders.

In this new frame of mind, the public will doubtless be inclined to endure with far less equanimity than heretofore the inconvenience, suffering, and danger brought upon it by strikes, and to demand more insistently that employees patch up their differences with their employers without blowing society into bits with dynamite. Moreover, as the employer is usually the one who invokes the law, and the worker, so far as the public is informed, the one who places the dynamite, it is led to the conclusion that the employer, after all, was right in fighting these lawless organizations, as it now thinks them. Both the facts and the logic underlying this conclusion are confused, but the resulting state of mind contains possibilities of no less grave danger on that account, and it throws on employers a tremendous responsibility.

The American employer has on the whole been opposed to trade-unions. He recognizes the right of labor to organize, but — it must not make trouble about wages, it must not 'interfere'

with the management of the shop or the conditions under which labor is carried on; it must not do any of the things for which, primarily, unions come into existence. So long as this simple condition is complied with, the employer favors the organization of his workers — otherwise not. As a result of the McNamara affair, employers' union-smashing organizations are likely to find their hands strengthened in the righteous work upon which they are engaged, and are likely to push on with it. Let a union overstep the law ever so little, and they will pounce down upon it; the successful pursuit of trade policies will be even more nearly impossible in the next decade than it has been in the past.

A secondary effect may well be more considerate treatment by employers of their workers individually. They have won a great victory; they have labor down; they can afford to be magnanimous. Workmen's compensation, the installation of devices for sanitation and safety, welfare work of all kinds, these and other similar lines of action they may take up with even greater enthusiasm than heretofore. The employer is beginning to find that such work in the long run pays in dollars and cents. Furthermore, he honestly wants to do something for his employees. The things he wants to do are useful and will improve the condition of the laborer, but they will not solve the labor problem. The solution of that problem is just the task the employer must now set himself.

He can solve it temporarily by repression. Pittsburg has solved it for twenty years in that fashion, and today she sleeps on a volcano. Let the men of the American Manufacturers' Association and their like have their way, as they probably can do in the existing state of the public mind, and we shall have peace in the labor world —

peace without justice, and dynamite at the end; for dynamite is the weapon of the man who feels that he can get justice in no other way. If employers wish such results on a nationwide scale, let the repressive policy go on.

The labor-smashers, with their narrow vision, cannot be expected to see in the labor movement anything more than a sordid struggle for higher wages and shorter hours, combined with meddling interference with shop-rules by an ignorant and irresponsible walking delegate; the workers themselves for the most part may see it from the same point of view; but the situation demands a broader vision. Is it too much to expect broad-minded employers to catch a glimpse of the idea that the old labor movement, with all its blundering, represented a struggle toward the democratization of industry? That movement may have been stupid, it may have hampered the efficiency of production, it may have contained elements that necessitated its destruction, but the fundamental moving spirit in it was socially right, for it was the spirit of democracy. Even the demand for 'recognition' of the union, that *bête noir* of American employers, with its concomitants of the closed shop and exclusion of the non-unionist, was at bottom democratic, for it meant that the men themselves demanded a share in determining pay and conditions of work. The battle for democracy in industry is lost for the present. Will the employer be wise enough to recognize that the wrong has triumphed because the right directed its attack unwisely? Will he realize that this hour of triumph gives him opportunity unexampled for public injury or for public service?

In the slow growth of real democracy, perhaps the most difficult problem at present facing us is the demo-

cratizing of industry, the reconciling of economic efficiency through large-scale production with non-autocratic management, making industry responsive to the needs and wishes of the men who work in it, and of the public whom it serves. This has given rise to the labor problem and the trust problem. The business man has been blindly struggling for what he considered his rights in both relations, that is, trying to maintain the *status quo*. Only a handful of concerns in the country are making any serious attempt at genuinely democratic organization. The old oligarchical arrangement looks so much simpler and easier, the men, in general, are so ill-fitted to participate intelligently in store and factory management, and the old system appears on its face so much more efficient, that few employers have the imagination or the courage to try anything fundamentally new. Instead, they insist on 'running their own business,' and trying to keep their men contented by means of welfare work, pensions, and similar improvements that leave control of important matters in the hands of the employer. Consequently no progress is made toward the solution of the real problem, which is to make the employer's business not simply his business, but that of every man concerned in carrying it on, and of the public that is served by it. Unless the employer can now be brought to realize that his failure to face this problem is a fundamental cause of the McNamara affair and all it represents, and unless he can be brought to undertake the solution of the problem, it must be confessed that the prospect for the immediate future is not rosy.

It is idle to believe that the employer could for long ride victorious on the backs of a race of conquered workmen. Civilization has progressed too far for that, and revolution would

quickly shatter such a society in pieces. But society cannot and will not endure, as the alternative to this, the breakdown of civil order and the creation of anarchy whenever employer and workman cannot come to terms.

It may be said, then, that the only escape is through socialism, public ownership and operation of the social industries. But merely to make industry public is to offer no guarantee of democracy within industry. Wages, hours, and conditions of work may be determined from above just as much as in privately-owned industry. Witness the New York street-cleaners' strike. Through the weeks of that strike nothing was more evident than the inability of the men to get their side of the case heard. The case may have been weak, but in any decently organized industry there ought to be a chance for a fair presentation of grievances, a full discussion of them, and a settlement that represents more than the mere fiat of some individual. Public employment offers no guarantee of any such thing; like private em-

ployment it is usually undemocratic. The solution must be worked out by adjusting the relations between employer and employed in public and private industry alike, and not by merely making private industry public.

From all this one definite conclusion seems to emerge. Orderly social progress at present is conditioned on employers' recognizing that their business is no longer their own, that its social responsibilities outweigh their individual rights in it, that they must serve the public so well that it will be satisfied with their administration, and must forward as rapidly as they can the process of democratization within industry itself so as to secure from their workers the necessary measure of coöperation in public service. Only by this means can they retain their leadership in the world of industry. They seem for the moment to have triumphed over the dynamiters. Would they make that triumph real? Let them accept the necessary condition. They must make their choice — shall it be democracy or dynamite?

JOHN BURROUGHS

(Born April 3, 1837)

BY JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN

AWAY with clocks and sun-dials! Time and I
Have made a compact — this to be my boon —
To hear the evening thrush, and know the hour,
Yet feel it noon.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ARBITRATION TREATIES

BY ROLAND G. USHER

I

SOME years ago, the United States advisedly changed the policy of isolation which had obtained since the days of Washington for one of participation in international politics; but the significance of this step, the obligations under which it has already placed us, the benefits it has already conferred upon us, the probable good and possible ill that may in future be its consequences, do not seem as yet to be generally understood by the nation. Yet the issue raised by the arbitration treaties, now awaiting confirmation by the Senate, is nothing less than that of the position and influence of the United States in international affairs: the question of our relations, not only with England and France, but with Germany, Russia, Mexico, Cuba, China, and every country that has or hopes to have a place in world-politics. Paradoxically, the arbitration treaties were born not simply of an enthusiasm for peace, but of the interests and ambitions of the great nations of the world. In gazing too fixedly at the commercial and humanitarian reasoning proving the desirability of peace, and even the necessity of freedom from the burdens of war, we close our eyes to the no less striking and infinitely more significant facts which demonstrate that the nations of the world possess interests and ambitions irreconcilable with the supposition of peace, and impossible of decision at Hague Tribunals.

An idea is current that the arbitra-

tion treaties are attempts by England and France to *secure* an offensive and defensive alliance with us against Germany. To such statements in the Senate, the reply was made that the idea was entirely preposterous, a statement which was literally correct, but which the newswriters promptly interpreted as a denial of any real significance in the treaties save a humanitarian desire for arbitration. Needless to add, this was the avoidance of Scylla only to be wrecked with a vengeance upon Charybdis. The Senate, like the newspapers, misconceives the international position of the United States. They see us, in the Miltonic phrase, 'a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks, as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.'

Our swelling millions of population, our coffers overflowing with agricultural and industrial wealth, our towering cities and our prosperous towns, rouse their enthusiasm to such a pitch over the unprecedented growth of a civilization where there was an untamed wilderness a few generations ago, that they believe us capable of anything and think us as important as they feel. But such a method of reasoning minimizes our real strength, and loses sight of our real weakness. The cardinal error in studying our foreign policy is to regard the United States as possessed of the physical strength and strategical position indispensable

to a nation which would obtain as of right a share in influencing the fortunes of Europe and Asia.

II

In fact, our greatest strength is at the same time our greatest weakness. From the assaults of foreign fleets and armies we are invulnerable. To be sure, our sea-coast is vast in extent and for the most part unprotected. A Japanese fleet might, indeed, land an army at Seattle, Los Angeles, or San Francisco without serious opposition; a German fleet might land an army anywhere on the Atlantic coast which could sweep aside our militia and occupy New York or Boston at will. *Sed cui bono?*

The British found out in the Revolution that the occupation of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia put them no nearer the military possession of the continent than they were before, and that marching through provinces was not subduing them. No doubt the seizure of New York would temporarily cripple the commercial and railroad enterprises which centre there, but even from a military point of view, its capture would be of little significance, for it is not a strategic spot in the European sense of a place from which an army could menace the safety of the whole country, and whose possession is conceded to be the equivalent of conquest. Its possession would not make the conquest of the country any nearer than before; and, as for holding the country in permanent subjection, it is probable that no foreign army large enough for such an occupation could be maintained in New York or any other American city at such a distance from its real base of supplies.

Nor is there any inducement to lead a foreign nation to attempt so hazardous an enterprise; we possess nothing she wants that force would be necessary

to obtain, while a war with us would certainly expose her to the dangers of annihilation in Europe at the hands of those enemies who are waiting patiently for the commission of some such capital blunder. The timid may reassure themselves: the breadth of the Atlantic makes fleets and coast defences relatively unnecessary as pledges of the maintenance of our national independence.

This very invulnerability, however, prevents us from becoming a dominant or even an important factor in European politics. If they cannot menace us with armed reprisals, or with wars for conquest, we are equally unable to menace them. The eagle is the terror of the barnyard, not because she mews her mighty youth upon the mountain top, but because she may invade the barnyard and carry off its inhabitants bodily. The fact which is an unmixed blessing in domestic affairs, which allows us to beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, becomes our greatest weakness, once we desire to play a part in the affairs of the world.

III

In truth, disguise as we may the unpalatable fact, it still remains the truth that it is the international situation, the close balance of power between rival nations, rather than the position of the United States, that makes us a factor in international politics. There has never been, since man first began to record his acts and thoughts, so complicated a situation as exists in the world to-day. The foreign policy of the United States must be based upon an understanding of the Persian question and the great scheme of Germany, upon the Egyptian problem and the aims of England, upon affairs in India and China, and not at all upon the

facts about America which to the casual observer would seem to be conclusive. In brief, the important element in our foreign policy is not our designs and ambitions, but the ambitions, strength, and position of other nations. To grasp its fundamentals will require a sketch of factors many of which had been long at the root of European affairs when Christopher Columbus first saw the dim outlines of Guanahani through the mists of the gray dawn.

The delicate balance of the European situation, its vital importance to every European nation, above all, the interrelation of its parts, largely make the United States a factor in international affairs. France fears not only Germany, but Spain and England. Germany, eager to secure control of the Baltic, finds herself menaced on the east by Russia, with the same ambition, which can be gratified only at Germany's expense; and on the west by France, thirsting to avenge the loss of Alsace. England is imperiled whether the Germans attack her, or seize France or Belgium, for a strategic position on the Channel might allow the Kaiser to revolutionize the European situation. At the same time the control of the Channel by England puts German trade in jeopardy, for the long and hazardous voyage round the British Isles fairly forces Germany to use the Channel as a road for her commerce, and inevitably makes its possessors her natural enemies. The existence of Belgium as the strategic point of the European side of the Channel, Germany's possession of Lorraine, the gateway to Paris, the English control of the Channel, make it impossible for these three nations to view each other except with fear and apprehension. Each holds in its hands the possibility of jeopardizing the other's prosperity, as well as the ability at any moment to menace the other's very independence.

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Nor are we now in the days when it required so long to mobilize an army, so long to march to the scene of action that the party attacked had usually time to prepare a pretty effective resistance. Modern warfare has made imperative a different sort of an army to resist invasion from a collection of peasants armed with pikes and bows or a body of yokels equipped with flintlocks and fresh from the plough. As Lord Roberts has just forcibly pointed out to the English people, the modern army cannot be equipped and drilled for efficient service in the few short weeks which even a tardy advance by the invader might allow the invaded for preparation. The horrible destructiveness of modern armament and its terrible efficiency leave no alternative but destruction or a constant readiness to meet whatever your adversary might do, should he completely disregard all right and justice. Europe presents the aspect of an armed camp, not in the least because it fails to appreciate the desirability of peace, but because it sees no other method of avoiding the certain evils which would flow from a war for conquest. Each sees its rivals' opportunity for evil only too well to put much faith in their protestations of pacific intent. Behind modern armament is not so much a desire for war, as a fierce determination to preserve national independence and the integrity of the national domain at all costs.

At the same time, the complexity of the problems of no single group of states, whether in Europe, in the Middle East, or the Far East, could possibly give the United States prominence. In each the natural antipathies counteract each other. Only the fact that every nation is anxious to maintain or win power and wealth in Europe and Africa and Asia can make us important to any of them. We must realize that only as European questions are them-

selves factors in the larger problems of the anxiety of England about India, the fears of France for Morocco, the ambition of Russia and of Germany to seize India, can they concern the United States at all. European politics had to become world-politics, Asiatic and African questions had to become European, before the United States could begin to play a part in their solution. We have ourselves no vital stake in any one of these fields, and normally, therefore, cannot, even if we would, risk the same stake as the European nations do; the Atlantic on one side, and the Pacific on the other, insure our independence more absolutely than could the fleets and coalitions of centuries. Only the creation of world-politics by *other* nations can give us a share in it.

For the United States, the most vital fact is that no nation has the same natural allies in all parts of the world. England and France are at one in opposing the extension of German authority in Europe, but nothing but their extreme danger in the Mediterranean at the time of the Crimean War and the peril to which they have been exposed in Europe since the Franco-Prussian War has buried the enmity of deadly strife in America and especially in India. Russia is the firm ally of both England and France in Europe; she is their deadliest foe in the Black Sea, in Persia, in India, and in China. Yet, to oppose Germany, we see Russia and England amicably enough uniting to crush Persian independence. Germany must secure French and English aid to secure herself against Russian aggression on the east, but finds her very allies her greatest competitors in trade, and the most determined opponents of her expansion on the west. At the very moment, nevertheless, at which the British lion and the German eagle are loudly threatening to tear

each other's flesh in Europe, when the Crown Prince is publicly indicating his sympathy with the war party, and when the Imperial Chancellor's declarations of pacific intentions are being greeted with roars of derision in the Reichstag, we find the two guarding the railroad to Peking together, and acting in concert about the Chinese loan.

The variety of the interests of these nations makes it impossible for them entirely to trust or distrust each other, to keep or reject each other's friendship. England, who needs Russia's aid in Europe and in Persia, cannot act too determinedly in her opposition to Russian advance in Afghanistan and Manchuria. Germany, who hates the Russian in the Baltic, must secure at least his acquiescence to her designs on England and France before the great scheme can be executed.

In all this the United States has no personal interest, nor does she possess any strategical position, or military or naval strength, that would permit her to play a decisive part in the field on either side. It is, however, none the less true that we are a great factor in the international situation, and may be some day a decisive factor. The United States seems in some ways to be indispensable to England and to France, and therefore is an extremely desirable ally for Germany. The economic and financial condition of these countries will make clearer what the possibilities of our position really are.

IV

England and France realize that each needs the support of the other's capital. Both are keenly alive to the fact that a new force of amazing potency has been born of the new international credit structure and the new finance. The growth of trusts and corporations, the sale of bonds to for-

eign investors, the placing of large government loans in foreign countries, has made the world's financial and credit structures so interdependent that a disaster in one country would be sure to induce a crisis in others. Moreover, wealth is not capital: only ready money which is not at the moment tied up in investments or business, is capital in the international sense; and at any one moment that country is really the strongest which has the most ready money to devote to defraying the excessively large expenses imperative in modern warfare. France and England see that they control between them the bulk of Europe's funds available for loan or investment, and they are alive to the fact that this capital places in their hands, for the present, the control of the international situation, because to wage a war of sufficient size to change it would require larger sums of ready money than any other single country could furnish.

Until the summer of 1911 the truth of this aspect of the situation was not fully grasped by most statesmen, to say nothing of the general public, — being concealed by the fact that the private debts and loans of the citizens of a country are not only, as a usual thing, far greater in amount than its public indebtedness, but, being private and changing rapidly (even from week to week) in complexion, their amount is rarely, if ever, known. Thus, when the war scare of that summer caused the wholesale recall of English and French loans in Germany and the sale of German stocks, bonds, and securities on all the European exchanges, it became apparent that the operation had not only deprived the Fatherland of the ready money needed to begin an offensive war, but had brought her commercial and financial world to the verge of actual bankruptcy.

To maintain this ascendancy —

whose extent, though not its existence, was now first apprehended — is, of course, the chief safeguard of England and France against Germany's plans; and, with Russia crippled by war and mortgaged to the French Rothschilds, and Belgium's financial powers united to the latter family by the ties of blood and interest alike, there was in the world only one possible rival. To the west lay a land whose coffers already overflowed with capital sufficient to finance vast enterprises. Moreover, it was so highly organized that it could be manipulated by a few men, although the net yearly incomes of the businesses in their hands were many times that of the national government. Suppose that this easily available capital were placed behind the German coalition! The much-abused trusts and railways of this country give us our stake in the international game; they alone *compel* recognition. Had not that recognition already been accorded, had not this country been already pledged to England, perhaps the German Emperor's request to Wall Street for a war-loan this last summer might not have been declined.

Still other influences make an alliance with the United States imperative for England and France. The former is absolutely dependent on foreign supplies for her food, and her rapidly diminishing supply of the raw materials — coal, iron, and steel — needed to create, equip, and maintain a modern navy in a state of high efficiency, is causing her statesmen great anxiety. The only ample supply of all these articles so essential to England's safety, not in the hands of her enemies, is found in this country, and the very fact that we are three thousand miles away from Europe in the opposite direction from the probable seats of war makes these supplies easily available because it simplifies the task of maintaining

communications. Moreover, war would certainly stop the regular trade between England, Egypt, India, and Australia, so that were it not for American cotton, wool, and other raw materials, the great English factories must suspend work. Nor have the English forgotten that she was enabled to fight Napoleon successfully because she was able to continue manufacturing when the rest of Europe was forced by the war to stop. Should the war force *her* to stop, what then would be the consequences?

In other words, without the assistance of the United States, England might starve; her fleet might in time become inefficient; and a commercial crisis of the worst description might occur. Nor would this be all. Unless a market for her goods could be found in the United States, unless she could procure from the United States the quantities of manufactured goods necessary for the war, which because of the war she could not herself make, her factories might just as well suspend work and her people prepare to suffer from cold and nakedness. She is no longer as self-sufficing as a century ago, nor is her supremacy in manufacturing anything like as great as it was when the Industrial Revolution was in its prime.

Nor would the situation in France be widely different. She can feed herself in time of peace, but with her men in the army she could neither supply food nor the manufactured goods imperative for equipment and for the daily use of the population at home. *And England could not supply her with either.*

The economic supremacy of England is no longer as overwhelming as it was in the days of Bonaparte. And then, for such goods as France does make, mainly luxuries, she must depend upon a market in the United

States when the markets of Europe are closed. But, chiefest of all, without the aid of the English fleet, whose maintenance may depend wholly on the United States, she is lost. Only the fear of that fleet now keeps the Germans out of Paris, so the latter declare. Hence, although the United States is not herself a factor in the game at all, upon her active coöperation may depend, perhaps, the very existence of the chief factors, not only in European but in Mediterranean and Asiatic politics.

If it is our money and coal, our grain and steel, that Europe wants, why does she not make her arrangements with the trusts and Wall Street, who, the magazine writers seem to think, control the situation? The answer is simple. The private citizens of a great nation cannot undertake overt acts, for which the country would be responsible in time of war, without the consent of the national government. Whether the money of the trusts, or the wheat raised by Dakota farmers, makes us a desirable ally, the European nations can deal only with the government, for it is only against the government that they have any remedy for breach of faith or of contract. Besides, only with the government's aid and, in fact, only with the approval of the people in general, can either France or England receive the degree of assistance which alone will avail.

v

Why now should the United States consent? Why should she welcome an alliance which would apparently force her to assume responsibilities which are not essential to her own prosperity and safety? Above all, why should the interests of the people as a whole be risked to furnish a market for the wares of the trusts, and high rates of interest for capitalists, as many 'discerning'

people will at once assume the object of the whole transaction to be?

It is a grave error to suppose that England is less essential to us than we are to her. It is an equally grave error for the 'average' man to suppose that she is more essential to the trusts than she is to him. Without the services of the English merchant marine to carry our foreign trade, our factories must shut down. We are at present producing at a rate far beyond our own capacity to consume, and the English and French market for our surplus goods would be absolutely necessary to us, if European war should divide that continent into two camps, one of which would be closed to us by the presence of the English fleet on the other side.

Nor can we choose the side of Germany. We must cling to the power which owns *both* the bulk of the merchant marine of the world, *and* the navy which can maintain an open road to its own ports and those of its allies. England's geographical position places her squarely between us and Germany and would force us to deal with England before we could reach her. Shipping subsidies would not avail us much: it would take decades to create a merchant marine large enough to replace that part of the English fleet now occupied with our trade; until our navy is large enough to challenge England's with some chance of winning battles, it is foolish for us to build ships which England will capture in the next war; and, until our navy can contest England's supremacy of the Atlantic, we cannot dream of dispensing with her assistance in peace and war. If we must depend upon her at all, it is better to depend upon her altogether, for the benefit is mutual.

In addition, we need large quantities of English and French manufactured products which we do not make, the eastern wares they control, and

their capital to use in developing our natural resources. But, above all, we must ally with England if we propose to have colonies, dig canals, and have a share in the exploitation of the Far East. Only crass ignorance of modern conditions, only a complete lack of imagination, could lead any one to suppose that we took possession of the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Panama without English consent. Nothing, in fact, but England's refusal to countenance interference prevented the concerted action of Europe against us in the Spanish-American War. We own colonies eight thousand miles away, largely by reason of the assistance of the nation whose fleets control the sea. We need a navy ourselves, not so much to *maintain* our colonies in existence, — for England will not countenance the presence on the seas of a fleet large enough to dictate to her, — but to relieve the English fleet of the necessity of protecting from other fleets than her own the ocean highway to America, and our possessions in the Gulf of Mexico and the Far East.

As a matter of fact, the present arbitration treaties cannot create an alliance between the United States and England, because the alliance was consummated years ago and we are already enjoying its fruits. To be sure, the day had come when the ambitions of the United States coincided well with English plans. Ever since the days when Louisiana was first purchased, the men of the Mississippi Valley had dreamed of the extension of the sway of the United States over all Central America and the Gulf. Burr's treason, the Mexican War, Walker's filibustering expedition, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine against the possession of Mexico by Napoleon III, were only the forerunners of the events which are giving us complete control of Central

America by the same methods of *pénétration pacifique* by which England, France, and Germany have extended their colonial empires.

For a long while, as the treaties show, both France and England successfully and vigorously opposed our schemes; but of recent years their opposition has been withdrawn as the price of a new alliance with the United States based upon a new conception of world-economy. Germany evinced a desire to interfere in Venezuela, and the difficulty of the Mediterranean and Persian situations made it clear that no strength could be spared for the Western Hemisphere. Hence the two nations turned over to the United States their claims to Central America and their treaty and property rights to dig a canal. We were to keep all other nations out.

In the Far East, too, there was only one strategic spot the two did not hold, and only one they could not take for fear of European complications. The Spanish-American War solved the problem by giving the United States an excuse to seize the Philippines, and thus added to the holdings of the alliance that great group which controls the eastern side of the South China Sea and furnishes them with a base of supplies and a citadel safe from assault so long as they can command the sea. Incidentally, these colonies would provide the United States with an avowed interest and a tangible stake in the Far East which would enable her to begin the realization of the dreams that sent Perry to visit Japan before the Civil War.

Moreover, the English see in the Panama Canal a new road to India, the one of which Columbus had dreamed, longer certainly than the road through the Suez Canal, not much shorter perhaps than the passage around Africa, but incomparably safer than either.

Should Russia's plans or Germany's great scheme actually succeed in reaching India through Persia, the allies would still have a military road to the East of the first consequence and a trade-route of value.

Those who can read the handwriting on the wall have already seen the clear proof of this new policy in the tacit renunciation of European treaty rights forbidding us to dig canals or project spheres of influence over Central America; in the sight of a United States army camped on the Mexican frontier; in our creation with undignified haste of a Panama republic; in our overturning governments and countenancing filibusters and revolutions in Honduras and Nicaragua. The natives at last realize the truth — that we intend to control and, eventually, to annex their countries. Already the finances of most of these unhappy states are in American hands; already their customs are assigned to American 'syndicates'; their plantations bought by, or mortgaged to, Americans. In fact, our private citizens already own the whole Gulf and its inhabitants, body and soul, just as the French do Morocco, the English and Russians, Persia, and the Italians, Tripoli.

Yet, strangely enough, the real truth about these so-called Wall Street transactions, their identity with European action in Africa and Asia, seeps but slowly into the minds of the American people. They cannot grasp the fact that bankers are not personally involved at all; are only agents for the national government in a transaction to which the government cannot openly be a party itself, and occupy the same position the Bank of England and the Bank of France have held in similar transactions in a dozen localities. They cannot see that the United States controls the banker in this case, that his appointment was made in London and

Paris, and not in Washington, that the lack of a bank supported by the government compels us to intrust the task to a private citizen, but only to one whom foreign governments and bankers can implicitly trust.

So, again, Wall Street's refusal of a loan to Germany last summer, and its participation in Chinese railroad loans, and its share in the negotiations for a new loan to the Chinese republic, are not proof of its desire to influence politics, but are the clearest possible proof of our alliance with England and France, and of the fact that we have been, at last, accorded a place in the great game for the conquest of the world. A moment's thought will show that England and France did not cancel all their treaty obligations with this country and permit us to undertake the wholesale rearrangement of affairs in Central America in order to make money for Wall Street; and that the insistence of the United States government that an American citizen should share in the Chinese loans could not have been successful unless the United States held a relationship to other nations which in itself would make impossible a demand whose only purpose was the aggrandizement of an individual. Wall Street is not the United States government.

The United States government is just at present using Wall Street as its agent in delicate foreign matters where it cannot itself appear. And these issues in which the United States is thus indirectly playing a part concern the safety and future of the world, and are necessarily based upon larger conceptions than the making of dollars for individuals. To throw open the subscription list for these bonds as the magazines desire, to allow the general public to invest in these political enterprises, would deprive the United States government of the absolute con-

trol it must exercise over them, and which it can have only so long as the 'loan' is in one firm's hands. It would, furthermore, result in the withdrawal of European support, without which the schemes themselves are impossible.

VI

The arbitration treaties merely give formal notice to Germany and Russia of the firm intention of the three contracting nations to maintain their *former* alliance at all costs, under all circumstances. They mean that the alliance is based on such fundamental and vital factors in the life and policy of the three that no war between them could ever win for any one of them successes commensurable with the certain risks and probable losses. They say: we cannot afford to fight each other; everything, therefore, shall be submitted to arbitration; but the fact of significance is not the arbitration, but the realization that their mutual interests make war impossible. The treaties are merely a public confession of this fact. The real issues the treaties raise for discussion in the Senate are not those of alliance or the expediency of arbitration in general. We should ask ourselves whether we want colonies at all in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Philippines, in the Pacific, or elsewhere; whether we want to pass in at the open door that leads to the Chinese trade; whether we wish to have a part in world-politics; whether we wish Washington to be, some day in the distant future, the centre of an Anglo-Saxon empire controlling both hemispheres. And we must recognize frankly that the only alternative is to remain forever satisfied with what we have, and a readiness to accept whatever influence in the world's affairs the Europeans may allow us.

The announcement that the United

States is willing to conclude a similar treaty with Germany is not at all inconsistent with the view just propounded. Germany and the United States could never have a controversy over which it would be ever worth either's while to go to war; neither could possibly fight the other except on the sea, where she could win nothing of value, and might lose much of consequence by exposing herself to other attacks; a money indemnity for wrongs suffered must, in any case, be arranged by arbitration, whether the arbitrators are members of a permanent court or assemble for the purpose. Both powers have, in addition, everything to gain from arbitration.

Germany thus assures herself of the presence of her whole fleet at home to protect herself and menace England; she could not under any circumstances afford to weaken it to attack us, and she will now be relieved of the possibility. The United States, on the other hand, may jeopardize the affairs of the alliance at any moment by taking independent action against Germany of such a nature as to make war necessary. England and France, dependent on American food and trade, could not allow Germany to prevent them from trading freely with us, as she would certainly at once attempt in case of war, nor run the risk of having English merchant ships captured for carrying contraband.

In fact, a war between Germany and the United States would immediately put in peril the European, Med-

iterranean, and Asiatic situations, and probably bring about the general world-war, which every one is anxious to avoid. England and France therefore, and Germany as well, are most desirous of preventing us from precipitating a struggle in which they may lose not only colonies and wealth, but their very independence, when we are physically prevented from risking our own national existence, and cannot therefore be deterred from action by the same fear of vital consequences. We do not wish to fight England and France; we cannot be allowed to fight Germany.

Doubtless, the industrial and intellectual arguments for international arbitration, and the evident swing of public opinion toward it, have influenced deeply the action of the contracting nations in the present treaties; but these considerations have dictated the form that the agreement should take rather than its making or its terms. Instead of using a secret defensive and offensive alliance, or a formal agreement whose terms should be secret but whose existence should be acknowledged, the nations have adopted the most popular form of international agreement. It is a significant and, indeed, a great step in advance, to bring them to the point of declaring publicly that they *prefer* peace to war, whatever may be the motives that actuate the declaration; but it is still true that the relative strength and ambitions of nations, rather than legal conceptions and ethical notions, govern their actions.

THE GERMAN WOMAN

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

I

LAST year, on one of the first days after I had arrived in Berlin, I took part in a large meeting devoted to the discussion of some problems of student life. A committee of leading professors had made a motion, and some of the most influential men of Berlin spoke warmly in its favor. Then a young woman stood up and opposed it. She spoke quietly but firmly. There was strong objection to her arguments; eloquent speakers fought in favor of the original motion. But the young woman almost alone held her own, and soon gained ground. When it finally came to a vote, the majority followed the banner of the young leader of the opposition. There were only a very few women in the whole assembly: it was distinctly the influence of woman's oratory over a large group of important men. Twenty years ago that would have been entirely impossible in Germany. A young woman would never have dared to take the lead in such a momentous debate; and if she had ventured to oppose acknowledged leaders, her mere effort would have been resented, and this resentment would have swelled the other party. I felt that a new time for the influence of German women in public life had come.

A few weeks later I had to make a large number of appointments of secretaries, librarians, and so on, for the new Amerika-Institut of the German Government. To all with whom I consulted

it seemed from the start most natural that I should appoint women, and, accordingly, I saw in my office scores of candidates who applied for the various positions. This gave me ample opportunity to become acquainted with the social standing of those young women who nowadays seek employment in Germany, and every hour added to my surprise at the greatness of the change. Most of them came from families which twenty years ago would have considered it impossible for their daughters to accept any paid positions or to seek an independent life-activity.

At about the same season I began my university lectures as Harvard Exchange Professor, and when I saw more than a hundred women students scattered among the men in my lecture-room, I could not help thinking of my student days when one solitary American woman was the spectacle and the sensation in the lecture courses which I attended in Leipzig. This revolution of affairs is most remarkable, and yet to every one the new order seems a matter of course.

Soon afterward I was present at a great banquet at the seventieth birthday of a leading jurist. The best-known professors of law made speeches, and the celebrated guest of honor told in enthusiastic words how he had devoted his life to the idea that one nation ought to have one law. Then a young woman arose with a champagne glass in her hand. She brilliantly chose to interpret the words of the speaker to mean that the nation ought indeed to have one

law only, that is, the same law for men and women, and that the women must, therefore, have the same rights as the men in public life. In all my life in the Fatherland I had never before heard a woman making a toast at a public dinner.

A few weeks later I myself spoke in the leading woman's club in Berlin. Who would have thought of women's clubs in Germany twenty years ago! That night everything looked exactly like a club in New York or Boston. The whole attitude of the audience, the introduction, the questions after the lecture, the refreshments, the whole make-up, everything, reminded me of well-known sights, and I should have believed myself to be in a real American woman's clubhouse, if the president had not finally led me to a beautiful little parlor, over the entrance of which the sign said 'smoking-room.' It was a room of cosy lounging-places for the young ladies when they enjoy their cigarettes. I could not get rid of the question: Where is my Germany of yesterday?

There cannot be any doubt that America and the American woman have a large share in these changes of German public opinion. Of course such movements cannot come from without; mere imitation would be ineffective in questions which touch so deeply the inmost problems of the nation. The social organic conditions must be given in the inner life of the country, and it is not difficult to recognize the factors in Germany which necessarily led toward this change in woman's life. Nevertheless the far-reaching emancipation of women in American life, and their important participation in the public functions of society, have given a remarkable impulse to the German movement.

The reasons why the American nation came so much earlier to an anti-

conservative view of women's rights are evident. The American view of life since the puritan days has been individualistic: the aim of society is the development of the individual. It is true that puritanism in itself did not favor the participation of women in public tasks, but this individualistic spirit of puritanism and of all American philosophy of life necessarily forced American society to the acknowledgment of equal rights for women and men as personalities. The German view has been that the individual lives for the social good; the claims of the personality must therefore be subordinated to the claims of the community, and this devotion begins with the smallest community, the family. Man and woman must live not for their own sake, but for their family's sake. The individual wishes of the woman must therefore be subordinated to her functions as member of the family.

But no less important than such a general philosophy of life was the difference in the practical conditions of the two countries. America was a pioneer land which had to be opened in a physical and in a social sense. This absorbed the energies of the men. Commercial, legal, and political life took hold of the male population so completely that the higher cultural interests had to go over into the care of women, and that secured to them an independence which was not seldom cultural superiority. Furthermore, America has still to-day one and a half million more men than women, while Germany has a million more women than men. This traditional scarcity of women necessarily created an over-estimation and a readiness to allow women an exalted place.

Many other elements of American life have worked in the same direction: America thus became in the last century the most progressive country

on earth on the question of women's rights. Slowly — in the eyes of many Germans and in the eyes of almost all Americans, far too slowly — Germany has followed. But here, as in many other movements it has proved that Germany is very reluctant to enter through a new way, but as soon as it has entered it rushes forward on that way with unexpected speed and energy. Certainly much still remains to be done, and he who listens to the radical speeches of certain revolutionary reformers would fancy that the greatest part is still to be done. But every sober spectator is bound to acknowledge that the change is simply astonishing, even if he does not sympathize with every feature of it.

Yet we ought not to forget that while this movement is something new for recent Germany, it is not at all new for the Germans as a historic people. The Germans of mediæval times were in the same situation in which the Americans were in their pioneer days. The men's hard work absorbed their energies so completely that every cultural interest, especially education and learning, was left to the church and the women. They were the refined element as against the barbaric men, and their superiority was acknowledged and sung. To learn from books was considered unmanly, and only after the Renaissance did the hour arrive when the new scholarship became men's work. In the sixteenth century the German woman was decidedly considered the equal of man; in the seventeenth century man alone enjoyed the higher education, and this scholarly education then became more and more the condition of professional life. The position of women steadily went down, entirely through the inferiority of her education. It needed concerted action at the end of the nineteenth century again to effect a fundamental change

in the social possibilities of German women.

But it would be entirely misleading to fancy that this new German movement has a unified character. In reality it is a large number of movements, which to a certain degree even interfere with one another and which have very different tendencies. Common to all of them is only the desire to improve the position of the female members of the social organism.

II

The most conspicuous efforts of the women of the last decade were those which tried to secure open paths for the woman of unusual gifts. Such a movement was necessarily most conspicuous because it dealt with a prominent few, and not with the colorless masses. It was so easy to point out the injustice and the harm done to the community, if the genius of a talented woman had no chance for the highest development of its inborn energies. A woman with unusual talent, perhaps, for scholarship in a special field, had to remain intellectually sterile because the highest schools were closed to her and the universities forbidden. The scientific life of the whole nation had to lose from such a narrow policy. This was the argument which appealed most easily to the German mind, and steadily the hindrances were removed. There is to-day no longer any reason whatever why any woman of unusual gifts should not enter into full competition with any man and should not reach the highest point of which her powers are capable. Public opinion even favors her work.

And yet it can hardly be said that this particular movement which refers to the cultural aristocracy of women has brought any important change. We see efforts upon efforts, but the total

outcome is, after all, disappointing. The German experience demonstrates again what the experience of more radical countries has shown before, that the creative work of women is fair and may represent highly estimable qualities and values, and certainly does not stand below the average of men's, but nowhere reaches the highest mark.

Just as in America, so in Germany, no woman has as yet attained a scholarly achievement of striking character, still less of true greatness. We must not forget that fields like literature and painting and music have always stood open to women, and that there the same limitations are observable. Germany has some splendid women painters and some delightful authoresses, but no one feels impelled to connect with their names the hopes for a new great upward movement. There is no one among them whom the Germans would compare with Arnold Böcklin, the artist, with Gerhardt Hauptmann, the poet, or with Richard Strauss, the musician. All that the women have given here, as in America, are some best-sellers in fiction, and their like in painting and scholarship. The movement in favor of the exceptional woman is thus, after all, the least important and the least characteristic.

What has truly social significance and marks the change in the beginning of the twentieth century, are those reforms which concern the millions; but here we have the greatest diversity of needs. To distinguish the chief directions we may acknowledge the following needs which had to be satisfied. The average woman of to-day, rich or poor, feels a longing for a serious interest and a significant content for her existence. The reform aimed to overcome the emptiness of woman's life. Second, millions of women have to earn their living. Their opportunities had been too limited and too little adjusted

to modern society and to the technique of modern life. The reform aimed to secure a decent livelihood for the unsupported woman. Quite different circles are touched by a third effort. The women of the lower classes found their time and energies absorbed by hard work which kept them away from the house and encroached upon their home life. For them a disburdening had to be sought, in order again to give them an opportunity for dignified family life. The reform aimed to overcome the anti-domestic effect of woman's labor. Fourthly, married life meant subordination for the German woman. The reform aimed to secure equality between husband and wife. Fifthly, the average German woman was confined to domestic influence. She had no chance to become a power in the community. The reform aimed to secure for her full influence in public life.

There are many other partial tendencies in that great forward movement of recent years, but even the few which we have pointed out show with sufficient clearness the antagonism involved: the emptiness of the life of the upper classes demanded a change which would take the woman away from the home, and the overburdening of the lower classes demanded a change which would bring the woman back to the home. Yet we can instinctively feel that there is a certain inner relation between all these movements, and that it is by no mere chance that they came into the foreground at the same time.

We spoke first of the emptiness of woman's life. It has often been pointed out how this was a necessary result of the great changes in the technical conditions of modern life. Domestic activity could really fill a busy woman's time in the past; it can no longer do so since weaving and knitting and baking

and a hundred other good works of the German housewife of the past have long been taken out of the German woman's hands. Factory methods control the life of our time. Even the rearing of children has been simplified through the modern division of work for the German mother: her energies lack fit objects. Far from any question of money-earning, the desire for a useful, regulated, systematic activity in life was the necessary result of these changed conditions. Of course the talents and inclinations show every possible variation, and any single reform would not have been sufficient to satisfy this millionfold need. But it was increasingly clear that more than superficial dilettantism was needed, that a more thorough achievement was sought than the traditional playing of the piano or reading of French novels. The essential basis for a new arrangement of woman's life was improved education.

The girls' school of Germany in the rather recent past stood immeasurably below the boys' school. It was, measured by German standards, superficial, and led nowhere. The school career of a well-educated girl was completed at sixteen years, while her brothers went on with their much sharper work to the nineteenth year in school, from which they might go on to the university. All that led beyond the typical girls' school had a professional, normal-school character. This has been fundamentally changed by the new institutions which the laws of a few years ago have established.

The old schools have been greatly improved; and, above all, they have been supplemented by a complex system of upper grade schools through which any possible goal of an intelligent girl can be reached. She may go on to the same examination which the boys have to pass in order to enter the

university, or she may seek a higher humanistic education without any university end in view, or she may enter higher schools for special professional preparation: in short, she can secure in regular channels, without any difficulties and without finding any prejudices, an independent serious lifework, and may develop her personality and prepare herself for her rôle in the community as well as in a refined and stimulating home. Any one who examines carefully these new regulations must acknowledge that they are almost radical, and that the German governments, after a too long period of neglect, under the influence of the new demands have gone almost to an extreme, offering especially in those so-called 'lyceum' schools a course more complex and more thoroughly modern than the energies of young women are likely to be able to carry through. Certainly, their chances are now not inferior to those of boys, and yet in a careful, deliberate way the whole work is adjusted to the special interests and special spheres of womanhood.

Public opinion has completely adjusted itself to this new order. In every family, in the large cities especially, — but, slowly, the change has entered the small towns, too, — it seems beyond discussion that the daughter shall prepare for a definite line of activity. The girl who does a little embroidery and otherwise waits for the fiancé to come, is dying out. The German experience seems to confirm the American one, that under this new rule the fiancé may come a little later, but not less certainly. It is true that many a girl with a serious interest in life now refuses a husband whom her mother at her time would have accepted because she would have dreaded the emptiness of an unmarried life; but just for that reason, the marriage which she finally prefers is on a higher level.

III

The problem of a girl's life interest cannot be separated from the question of life support. The girl of the well-to-do family who pursues university courses or devotes herself to the activities of the social worker, may follow certain lines of interest which would never yield an earning sufficient to pay for her gloves. But, on the whole, even those women who are well supported are encouraged in their serious devotion to earnest work by the thought that in possible days of need their training may make them independent. For by far the larger part of the German population the practical side of the question stands in the foreground from the start.

Two economic conditions force this on Germany much more than on America. The great excess of the female over the male population, giving to the adult women a lead of a million, makes it necessary that there remain more unmarried women by far in Germany than in the United States, the more so as a tenth of the adult men prefer to remain bachelors. Most of these unmarried women are obliged to seek their livelihood. On the other hand, the wages of the laboring classes are low, and make it in a higher degree than in America necessary that wives and daughters contribute by their labor to the earnings of the family. Hence the number of female breadwinners in Germany is exceedingly large.

In America not more than 14.3 per cent of the whole female population is engaged in gainful occupations as against 61.3 per cent of the male. Moreover, even this 14.3 per cent becomes much smaller when only the native whites of native parentage are considered, as the average for the whole country results from the participation

of the negro women. In Germany the percentage of workingmen is the same as in America, 61.1 per cent, but the percentage of workingwomen is 30.4 per cent. Almost ten million women are breadwinners in Germany. There are three and a half million women engaged in industrial work and business, as against ten and four-fifths million men; and especially characteristic of the German situation seems the fact that 738,000 women are independent owners and heads of establishments. One and three-tenths millions are laborers in factories. In the textile industries, for instance, the women are in the majority, — 400,000 women as against 371,000 men. In the clothing industry, 228,000 women stand against 97,000 men.

If the intensity of the woman movement were to be measured simply by the amount of participation of women in the work of the nation, the German women would have had for a long while no reason whatever for complaint. It could always have been shown to them that even in America the women had a much smaller part in the labor. But the true progress of woman's rights demands, of course, a very different standard. The aim must be to disburden woman from the labor which injures her home life; and, on the other side, to open for her the fields of higher activity. In both respects the last years have shown a decided improvement, and all the more characteristic efforts of systematic reform are concentrated on these points. The higher professions, like those of the physician, the high-school teacher, and similar engagements, which in Germany demand four years and more of graduate university work, are open to women under the same conditions as to men. The number of such women students at the university this year is about twenty-four hundred.

But, in a way, still more important is the great variety of occupations fit and favorable for women which do not demand university graduate work, and which have been conquered by women in recent years. All German states nowadays, for instance, allow the appointment of female factory inspectors and industrial inspectors, a calling in which, on account of the great number of female workers, women can be most beneficial. A much favored career for women is also that of librarian, which only a few years ago was still unknown as an occupation for them; while to-day in Berlin alone two large library schools supply Germany with more female librarians than the public libraries can possibly use. The important position of professional nurse, with long systematic training in the hospitals, has become another much-sought function for the daughters of educated families. Literary and artistic work, especially arts and crafts, high-class gardening and fancy farming, interior decoration and artistic photography, management of bureaus for typewriting and translating, and a hundred similar half-professional activities for intelligent and energetic young women, are eagerly sought to-day.

How far this new type of female breadwinners is successful, it may be too early to judge. Public opinion is still somewhat undecided. In former times, when the better educated women in cases of need had practically no other resources than working as elementary teachers in girls' schools or as piano-teachers, as housekeepers or as governesses, or in small business enterprises, there was no criticism and no doubt as to their fitness. They undertook the characteristically feminine work in the community, and no competition with men stirred up the discussion.

Now it is decidedly different. Almost

all the new callings have been taken away from men, and in this economic struggle of the sexes the characteristic qualities have come to sharper expression. These deciding qualities are, of course, not only the personal ones but also the social, especially the woman's freedom from financial obligation for the support of a family. Woman is everywhere able to underbid man.

The dangerous consequences which have resulted from this social condition in the United States in the teachers' profession, where teaching had entirely gone over into the hands of the women as lowest bidders, have not shown themselves in the school situation of Germany. This is made impossible by the fact that with the exception of the rural primary schools there is hardly any coeducation in Germany, and Germany stands out against women-teachers in the boys' schools and, at the same time, insists on a strong participation of male teachers in girls' schools. All this is settled by state law, and the mere underbidding of salaries can have no influence on this general principle. But in every other field the competition is strongly felt. The girl who lives in the house of her parents and wants to earn only a little spending money, and, moreover, expects to get married, may easily do secretarial or library or artistic work for a salary which a man would feel to be inadequate.

So far as the character of the work itself is concerned, it is only natural that there should be widespread complaint about a certain lack of physical strength which brings quick fatigue and too frequent interruptions by little ailments in times of hard work. But it is more surprising that complaint is so often heard about carelessness, lack of accuracy and thoroughness, even of disorderliness, — the same type of objection which the university professors

make as to, the female students in the laboratories and hospitals.

There is no doubt that the practical success has not been complete, and the outcome has been even to many friends of the woman movement a distinct disappointment. Some claim that this is necessary; that in a land which makes such high demands on the accuracy and thoroughness of man, woman will never be perfectly an equal, and that a reaction against the present onrush of women toward the higher callings will soon set in. Others insist that the period of readjustment has so far been too short, that too little experience existed for every woman to find the really fitting place, and that all the complaint will disappear as soon as a still greater expansion of her professional activity has been developed.

Certainly one anti-professional feature cannot and ought not to be removed. Just this type of active intelligent women who create an important lifework are marrying like others: they marry late, but finally their marriage, too, closes their career. The number of female physicians who are really practicing in Germany is very small compared with the number of those who are prepared for it. The others have generally married, and have given up their medical ambition. There is no doubt that this interferes greatly with the enthusiasm of the teachers who are to prepare women for a higher calling. The country cannot fully overcome the feeling that there is a certain want of seriousness, almost an element of play and of dilettantism, in the work; because neither the women themselves nor the spectators really believe that it will be their calling to their life's end.

But it would be unfair to deny that there is also no lack of praise for the positive qualities of the woman's contribution to the nation's higher tasks. All agree that the women are industri-

ous and eager, that they bring an element of freshness, humanity, and moral inspiration into the business of the day, and that they do their work with patience and discretion and serenity. The chief success, which is beyond dispute, is that they have eliminated the prejudices of their parents' times. Even those who are skeptical as to the objective results have long ago given up repeating the old-fashioned arguments that the daughter of an educated family ought to confine herself to the sphere of the home.

This, however, does not touch that circle of thoughts which appear to some as prejudices, too, but which are entitled to demand more consideration. Is this public life-work in harmony with the functions of woman as a wife and mother? Again, it may be said that Germany has not come to inner clearness on this point. Many German physicians argue seriously that the strenuous occupation makes too many tender girls unfit or less fit for later motherhood. A woman's physical energies are exhausted and she enters into married life less strong. Sympathizers reply that the burdens of the old-fashioned housewife and house-daughter were often more exacting and exhausting than any position as librarian or secretary. Moreover they insist that the discipline and the intellectual training which the well-educated breadwinner gains through her calling is a perfect training for her true duties as wife and mother, and that it is, as preparation, far superior to the idleness to which nowadays most girls of that social standing would be confined.

IV

It is evident that almost no one of these arguments holds for the work of the lower classes. To a certain degree the situation is almost the reverse.

The physical injury to the organism by the constant exhausting labor, the lack of free time for any inner development and even for the cultivation of her home activities, the paralyzing monotony of her factory work, all these are surely antagonistic to the desirable status of individual and family life. Here, therefore, the reform has taken the opposite character. The aim has been, not to expand the woman's work, but to reduce it, and to protect the workingwoman against injurious demands. This element of the woman movement was at first somewhat in the background, or, rather, it was at first left to the Social Democratic political party.

The real so-called woman movement in Germany started with refined women who were more touched by the inner misery of empty lives of women in their own layer of society than by the suffering of the lower classes, — sufferings of which they knew little, and which seemed to them more or less inevitable. The cries for help in these lower social regions naturally appealed more to those who were not interested in the position of woman and man, but in the position of poor and rich. The socialistic war-cry in the interest of the women-workers was therefore, 'Down with capital!'

The tremendous growth of Social Democracy in political Germany was to a high degree due to its effective and sincere fight for the laboring woman. But, meanwhile, the social conscience of all Germany has been stirred up, sympathy for the laboring population has led to those unparalleled measures of state insurance and factory legislation by which the women have profited as much as the men. At the same time the trade-unions have grown rapidly, and are dominating industrial life as perhaps in no other country; and here again the women have their full share.

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More and more has the non-socialistic public movement in the interest of women turned to this field, and through the efforts of brilliant women-leaders recent years have witnessed reforms of really organic character. It has become increasingly clear that the characteristic difficulties of women at work are untouched by the problem of socialism. It has been felt that the real difficulty was to be found in the fundamental fact that, through the changes in the modern home life and technique, woman has been forced into an industrial life which has been shaped in adjustment to the energies of men. This has involved a misuse of the female organism, and the great demand of the women reformers to-day insists on a better adjustment between woman and work. Under their influence the reforming tendencies have turned no less to those who were entirely helpless because they were entirely scattered: the servant-girls, the waitresses, even the agricultural workers, and, on a higher level, the business employees. Organized associations have been formed for all of them, with and without political or religious background; and almost all of them aim toward social and cultural improvements as well as the strictly economic and legal ones.

The progress of women in that conquest of the professions, and in the improvement of legislation regarding female work, can be demonstrated by figures and paragraphs, but much of the best which these movements have brought to modern Germany cannot be demonstrated or measured, and does not show on the surface at all. Nevertheless, the careful observer, who knew the Germany of a quarter of a century ago and who now comes in contact with a great variety of homes, must notice a thorough change which for the national life is perhaps more import-

ant than any question of woman-study and of woman-labor. The essential point is that the position of woman in the structure of the family has become more dignified by the development of a stronger sense of comradeship between husband and wife. The German family life has always been healthy and sound: in the home has always lain the strength of the community. There has never been lack of love in the typical German house, but all the feelings of affection went together with a sincere belief in inequality. The woman did not feel that as unfair or unjust, inasmuch as it had been a German tradition since the seventeenth century that the wife, in all intellectual and non-domestic questions, naturally had to subordinate herself to her master. She was accustomed to being guided; and while, of course, her personality gave warmth and meaning to the home, she herself felt it as her ideal duty to devote her energies to the building up of a home which received its stamp from the husband.

This attitude has passed. The better education of women, their greater importance in public life, the disappearance of old-fashioned prejudices, the greater leisure of present-day women for intellectual interests, and the constant airing of the problems of women, have quietly worked together to convince man that the place of woman in the home is a place on an equality with his own, and that true comradeship can intertwine with real love. The frequent commanding tone in which the cheaper kind of men so long indulged in their intercourse with their wives would to-day simply be considered as rudeness and would not be tolerated by any one. Nor would the right kind of woman, however ready she might be in her love to make the greatest sacrifice for her husband, any longer think of that self-effacement which to previous genera-

tions so often appeared as woman's natural duty.

The German woman of to-day would not be afraid of the hardship in it, but she would shrink from the indignity. This new group of ideas does not begin to work on the wedding-day. It determines no less the choice of the companion for life. The ideal of the young man is no longer the girl without thoughts of her own. Certainly the immature marriages of the very young seem to decrease. To-day the age at which the greatest number of girls marry is twenty-three. Only 25,000 girls marry at the age of nineteen or twenty, 39,000 at the age of twenty to twenty-one, 52,000 at twenty-one to twenty-two, 55,000 at twenty-two to twenty-three, 53,000 at twenty-three to twenty-four, and 47,000 at twenty-four to twenty-five. For men the age at which the largest number of marriages occur is twenty-six.

Of course Germany, too, shows one effect of the new order of things which seems necessarily to belong to this more liberal view of woman's position, — an increase of divorces. In the years 1903 to 1907 the average among 100,000 inhabitants was still only 18.8 divorces, in 1908 it had already grown to 21.2, and the statistics show clearly that the figures are lowest in the least developed parts of Germany, in the eastern provinces in which the old order of ideas prevails, and greatest in the most progressive parts, especially in the large cities. In Berlin there are 87 divorces among 100,000 inhabitants, in Hamburg, 76.

One other figure may raise still more doubt as to the degree of happiness which the change has brought to womanhood. The increase of divorces may still be interpreted as not meaning subjective unhappiness. On the contrary, it may indicate that in earlier times women had to suffer lifelong

misery in marriages which they are now more ready to give up in order to gain their freedom. But there cannot be two interpretations of the other figure which indicates that the number of female suicides has also relatively increased. And not only is this increase characteristic of the general tendency to suicide, which may be the result of the more complicated conditions of present-day life, but the number of female suicides in relation to the male suicides has grown as well. The percentage of female suicides in relation to male suicides has grown in the last ten years from 26 to 29 per cent. But there is no progress without its cruelties. The new freedom and the new responsibility, although they will grow steadily and beneficially, will demand their victims and will unbalance many a weak personality.

The movement toward equal rights and emancipation from her obedience was from the beginning not limited to the circle of the home. The new influence was more modestly, and yet persistently, claimed in public life. The demand for equal suffrage, to be sure, has remained entirely in the background. Those elements which give to the suffrage movement in America its greatest strength, the desire for purification of politics and for the elimination of corruption and graft, and, on the other hand, the need of

women in the legislature in order to secure industrial legislation favorable to women, are both inapplicable and negligible for the German situation. The women themselves feel that their suffrage would simply duplicate the number of votes, without changing anything in the character of the parties or of the legislature. But all the more are the reformers eager to secure for the women an influential share in public functions: in municipal offices, in the schools' administration, in the public care for the poor, in the inspection of factories and domiciles, in police positions, and many similar activities. The number of such positions is growing from year to year with the enlarged supply of well-trained women.

The German women who seek advance in any public lines know well that there cannot be rights without duties. They know that the real demand of the hour for the progressive woman is the study of social problems and an earnest training in social activities. Excellent schools for the social education of women have been established, and a corps of well-trained helpers and reformers is growing up to-day and will do more for the spreading of progressive ideas than will the mere declamations of radical orators, whose time has on the whole passed away in so far as the woman movement of Germany is concerned.

WHITE HORSE WINTER

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE little house where I was born, and in which I passed the earlier years of my life, stands about a hundred yards back from the beach and a little more than a mile down shore from Old Harbor. What we always knew as the 'Creek' runs in there, with plenty of water even at low tide to float my father's dory; and the flawless yellow face of a dune used to stand up behind the house, sheltering us from the northerlies that pick the scud from the ocean, a mile back across the Neck, and spatter it in the bay at our front door. My father and mother still live in the house, but the dune has shifted to the westward, and it is colder there on a winter night.

My older sister was born before my father and mother came from the Western Islands, so she had a recollection of green country; but we younger children knew nothing but the water and the sand. Strangely enough, my most vivid remembrance of the water is not from any of its wilder moods: I picture it with the tide out at evening, reflecting the face of the western sky, flat, garish-colored, silent, with a spur of mute fire reaching out at me along the surface of the Creek.

The dunes were the magic land, full of shifting shadows, and deceptive, where a little covey of beach-plums made themselves out as a far-away and impenetrable forest, especially when the mist came inland, and a footprint in the sand across a hollow appeared a vast convulsion of nature at the other end of a day's journey. And one felt

the dunes always moving, rising up out of the sea, marching silently across the Neck, and advancing upon the little house. I can remember the spring when the sand ate up a pear-tree my father had brought from the Islands.

The dunes entered our lives, and became a part of them. Even now the sight of a strip of sand gets a queer grip on me, and to this day I am apt to catch myself spying out the sky-line with an indefinable and portentous dread. I cannot shake off this sensation, although I know perfectly what it is: It is a relic from that time which we have always called, in our family, White Horse Winter.

I remember my father's coming in one October day and standing a long time before the barometer which always hung behind the kitchen door. After a while he said to my mother in his broken English, —

'It weel be ver' bad weather to-night — to-morrow.'

That night when I was trying to get to sleep, I heard the skirmishers of a great wind feeling at the shingles above my head.

My next recollection is of the tumult of a gale outside, mingled with beating on the door downstairs, and distracted fragments of men's voices calling to one another of a vessel come ashore. I knew it must be at Round Hill or they would not have come past our house.

Then I was out, myself, where no boy of ten had any business to be, isolated in the centre of a vast disruption,

except when an occasional agitated phantom passed in the rocking darkness toward Round Hill Bars. I had an acute consciousness of doing wrong, and with all the fight to keep my feet in the chaos of sand and wind and scud, the thought of what my father would do if he came upon me lay heavy on my mind.

After a time one of the shore-dunes came up before me, black, with an aura of distracted sand about its crest and the sky behind it gray with the labor of dawn. The silhouettes of men, and of a few women, were running about over it and pointing to sea with jerking arms. But I was afraid to go up there, — still with the fear of my father's anger, — so I ran to the northward in the hollow a hundred yards or so before I felt it safe to venture upon the ridge, where I cowered down, a very small and very tired-out boy.

It was a full-rigged ship. Her main and mizzen were already gone, and her foremast writhed in dismal and contorted circles toward the sky, a frail, sensitive needle-point marking every onslaught and repulse of the fight below, where the vessel wallowed in the smother between the outer and inner bars. Inshore, on the torn and clamorous beach, the figures of the life-saving crew moved about their boat with futile gestures, lifting curved hands to their faces to scream soundless words at one another. The wind was like a blast from the colossal explosion that flared behind the eastern clouds.

But it was the water that fascinated me that morning. The Round Hill Bars make a talking, even in a moderate breeze, which can be heard in our kitchen across the Neck. Now their shouting seemed to me to fill up the whole bowl of the visible world, rumbling around its misty confines in tangled reverberations. I could see the

outer bar only as a white, distorted line athwart the gray, but the shoreward shallows were writhing, living things, gnawing at the sky with venomous teeth of spume, and giving birth in agony to the legions which advanced forever and forever upon the land.

My mother used sometimes to sing a little Portuguese song to my brother Antone, the baby. It had a part which ran: —

The herd of the Sea King's White Horses
Comes up on the shore to graze . . .

It pleased my boy mind, on this morning, to figure them as ravening, stung to frenzy by the lash of the gale, tossing maddened manes, and bellowing, — for horses were not common in that fisher country. Try as I might, my eyes would not stay on the wreck, but returned inevitably to those squadrons of white horses advancing out of the mist. They were very fearsome things to me at that time, although I was old enough to know that they were not alive and could not possibly get at me.

Then a tremendous wave broke and flattened out in a smother on the beach, and I was sure for a moment I had seen an actual horse struggling there. The next breaker overwhelmed the place, swirling, thunderous, shot its thin mottled tongue far up the sand and withdrew it seething into the undertow, — and now there could be no doubt that a horse was there, screaming, pawing at the treacherous sand, his wide glistening back horribly convulsed, and eyes and nostrils of flame.

Many and many a time since then I have had it all in a dream; and in the dream, even now, I am swept back into something of the elemental terror that held the boy cowering on the ridge of sand while the great white stallion staggered up the face of the dune and stood against the sky, coughing and coughing and coughing.

Of a sudden, I knew that I must run away from that thing, and I scrambled out of my little burrow and ran, not daring to look back, not daring to ease my pace when the sand dragged too cruelly at my shoes, — ran and ran, — till I found myself in the safe heaven of the front room at the little house, and my mother stirring a pan over the kitchen stove.

I staggered out to her, crying that a horse had come out of the water and run after me. She thought that I was feverish, had had a bad dream, and it occurred to me that I need not let her know I had been where I should not have been that morning. She packed me off to bed again, and when I woke in the afternoon I was of even minds myself whether I had dreamed it all or not. Certainly it was cut from the cloth of a dream.

During the weeks that followed I heard a deal about the wreck, from my father and from others who came past on the state road, and stopped to chat. It was a bad affair, that wreck. The shore people could see her men, now and then when the rack drifted aside for a moment, swarming over the deck like ants disturbed by a pail of water. One of these glimpses showed them the crew clustered about the boats on the lee side, and then the life-savers burned in vain the signal which means, 'Do not attempt to leave in your own boats'; the next lifting of the curtain discovered the ship's decks bare of life, and seventeen bodies were dragged from the surf that day.

But a strange thing happened when the life-savers rowed out to the hulk after the sea had gone down. In the cabin they came upon a young man, dry-clothed, sitting before a fire in the stove, plainly much shaken by the experiences of the night, but still with a grip on himself. He asked if the boats had come ashore all right, and when

Captain Hall told him, he seemed taken aback.

'Nothing come ashore?' he asked.

'Nothing alive,' said the captain. The other looked into the fire a while, white, and shaking a little.

'I was afeared to go with the sailors,' he said, after a time.

Of course the story did not come to me in this straight sequence, but merely as haphazard snatches from the gossip of my elders, some of it not clearly till years afterwards — for the details of a great wreck are treasured among people of the sea so long as the generation lasts.

It was almost a week before I went out on the dunes again. Although I was now convinced that I had seen something that was not, still even a bad dream is not a thing for a child to shake off lightly. But my sister Agnes's eighteenth birthday was coming soon now, and it was always a custom in our family to signalize such events with a cake and bayberry candles. So I was off this day to the north of Snail Road, where the bottom of a certain hollow is covered with a mat of bayberry bushes. It takes a good many bayberries to make even a small candle, and the dark was beginning to come down when the basket was filled and I started back across the sand-hills toward home.

The dunes were very silent and very misty and very lonely that evening; I trudged along with my small head going about like the mythical owl's, but the dusk remained empty of any horror till I had come across Snail Road and into the region of black sand where one may scoop out a little hole and drink fresh water. I almost always did this, whether I was thirsty or not, but that night I was saved the trouble of scooping the hole — or would have been had I cared to take advantage of the great glistening gash that lay in

my path. It was no work of human hands. All about the place the sand was churned and scarred by enormous, deep tracks, and a double thread of them led away over the eastern skyline. Then I was running again, as I had that other morning, running all the way to the little house, careless of the bayberries that strewed my backward trail.

Two nights after, we were all sitting around the fire in our kitchen. There was no wind that evening and the tide was down beyond the flats, so that all was very quiet outside the little house, and a note of distant trumpeting came plain to us through the crisp night. It was surely a queer sound for our country, but its significance passed me till my father spoke to my mother.

'It's the white horse again,' he said.

My mother nodded, without curiosity or surprise.

'Yes,' she answered, 'we must keep Zhoe' — that was I, Joe — 'off the dunes more.'

But they could not keep me off the dunes entirely, now that the white horse had become actual and an object of common gossip. I took an adventurous pleasure in climbing to the top of the hill behind the house and overlooking the country of hummocks. Especially was this fine to do of an early evening, when the light had left the sand and the ridges stood out black against the sky.

I saw him many times from this point of security — always as a dark, far-away silhouette, tremendous, laboring over the back of a dune or standing with his great head flung up and tail streaming on the wind. His presence there gave the whole dune-land a new aspect for me — as of a familiar country grown sinister and full of the shadow of disaster. Nights when the wind was northerly, his racketing sometimes came to me in the loft where

my cot stood; then I would shiver under the clothes and fall asleep to dream of being lost in a wilderness of shifting dunes, and that great shaggy white beast above me on a ridge, coughing and coughing and coughing. Once he must have come plunging down the face of our own hill, because we were startled by a splashing of sand on the shingles of an outhouse, followed by a great snorting and a ripping of fence timbers. That night even my father and mother were pale.

For I was not the only one who was afraid. Some of the men came out from Old Harbor with lines one day to take the animal, and at first sight of him, suddenly, over the angle of a dune, dropped their entanglements and fled back past our house, running heavily. And that was in the flat sunlight of midday. After that men went over to Round Hill Station by other and circuitous routes.

One of these evenings, while I was crouching on the hill with a delightful shiver playing along my spine, a strange man came up and stood a few yards to one side of me, looking out to the eastward. The white horse was there, perhaps a half mile off, outlined against a bank of silver that came rolling in from the ocean. The newcomer regarded him a long time without moving; then I, being a little afraid of the man, slipped out of the bushes and down the hill to the little house.

The dusk was already thick when he came down the dune and stopped to pass a word with my father, who was working over a net near the gate. I remember my sister Agnes peering curiously at the figure indistinct in the gloom, and my mother whispering to her that it was the man they had taken off the wreck. That made a tremendous impression on me. I was glad when my father asked him to sit a while by the fire.

From my vantage-point behind my mother's chair, I could examine him better than I dared do on the ridge. He was a smallish man, of a wiry build rather uncommon among our own people, whose strength is apt to come upon them with an amount of flesh. His skin was not brown but red, hairy about the wrists, — I thought of it as brittle. His hair was almost the color of his skin, his features were heavy. He sat or stood with elbows out and thumbs tucked in his belt, and he had little to say. I can give his age definitely as twenty-eight at that time.

From the moment he entered, the stranger seemed unable to keep his slow-moving gray eyes away from my sister Agnes, who stood leaning against the door which led into the front room. Those two were as far apart as the two poles. It is hard for a small boy to know how his brothers and sisters really appear, but looking back out of later years I remember her as rather tall for a girl, full-formed, straight, dark as the rest of us, and with a look of contempt in her black eyes for this alien whom she had no means of comprehending.

For a time my father talked about the wreck, putting questions, hazarding technical opinions in the jargon of the sea. The stranger's replies were monosyllabic and vague. Then in a pause the neighing of the white horse came in to us, and the man started up with an abrupt scraping of his shoes on the boards. I am sure that Agnes believed he was frightened, and that she took no pains to hide it. After that the talk turned naturally on the white horse, going back and forth between my father and mother, for the stranger had even less to say now than before.

Jem Hodges (that was the stranger's name) came the following day and sat on the front porch, watching father who was tarring weir twine in the yard. He had nothing to say — simply sat

there with his thumbs tucked in his belt. Agnes came in and said to my mother, —

'He's a dummy — I never seen such a dummy, ma.'

'I don' know, Aggie,' my mother answered her. 'He ain't our kind, an' you can't tell about things you ain't used to.'

That was my mother's way.

Agnes flounced out of the kitchen in a manner which had no significance to me then, for my rudimentary wits could perceive no possible connection between her action and the silence of the little man on the porch outside.

I think I can say now what the connection was. Among other things the world has taught me this — that no two men do the same thing in exactly the same way. Jem Hodges was wooing my sister Agnes. Little wonder that her spirit was restive under that wooing, when all the blood of the race in her veins sang of the lover's fervor, the quick eye, the heart speaking in words, the abandon of caresses. And here was a man, fulfilling none of our conventions of beauty, who sat imperturbable, impassive, saying nothing, and making her come to him. I am sure that he did it without planning or analyzing, — I think half of it was constraint and all of it instinct. And Agnes might flounce out of the room as she would: sooner or later I saw her again at the front of the house.

This went on for two or three weeks. Jem Hodges came almost every day to sit on the porch a while, after which he sometimes wandered away in the growing evening over our own dune. Again and again I saw him standing there, as on the first evening, for a long time without motion, looking over the hummocks. Sometimes I could hear him whistling under his breath an air that was very strange and outlandish to me, then, who had never heard the like.

Many years later I heard one of the great tenors of the world sing the same air, and it thrilled me, but not in the same way.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth of November (I have the date from Agnes) I was ensconced in my bushy retreat, watching the night take hold of the world of sand. Jem Hodges stood on the ridge to the east of me. Every minute that passed robbed his motionless figure of some detail, and lent to it a portion of the flat mystery of the night. I had seen the white horse once that evening, topping a rise far off to the northward, and then no more till I was suddenly aware of a gigantic, indistinct form moving up hill toward me amid a vast *shuf-shuf* of troubled sand.

I was terribly frightened for the instant; then I knew it was a matter only of hopping over the bank behind me and sliding down to the very back door of the little house. I had slipped from the bushes and was almost to the bottom of the smothering slope, when I heard such a plunging in the sand above that my wits came near leaving me again; I made wild and futile plunges, and cried out to my sister, whom I saw in the open doorway. I had no thought in the world but that it was the white horse charging down. I had almost gained the house, a pathetic small figure of panic, when I felt myself brushed aside with a violence which left me sprawling, terrified, on my back in the sand, with a confused impression as of something passing through the doorway where my sister had stood. It was not beyond me at that moment to imagine the white horse, overcarried by the impetus of his charge, blundering right on into the kitchen of the little house.

Jem Hodges had passed completely out of my mind, and it was Jem whom I found in the kitchen, ill at ease, con-

fronted by my sister. Agnes I hardly knew that evening — she was like a new and strange person, aflame with anger and a high, emphatic beauty, speaking tensely, with the nerve-twangling upward slur at the end of the phrase which discovered the blood of the Island race through all the veneer of public school. The accumulated unrest of weeks had found a vent at last.

'You — you — Oh, you coward!' she reviled him, 'you little sneaking coward, you! — an' they call you a *man*!' Her voice was a whispered shriek, her clenched hands moved before her as though to do him harm.

Jem was white, and still breathing hard.

'A man,' Agnes went on, 'they call you a man — an' you knock over little children so's you can save your own little hairy hide. You lose your eyesight — an' your mind — from seein' a horse walkin' over some sand. Agh!'

Then she turned to me with a fierce gesture of protection.

'Zhoe, — poor little Zhoe, — he hurt you, did n't he? There, don't cry no more — you're more of a man 'n he is, — ain't you, little Zhoe?'

My face was in the folds of her skirt and I still sobbed out the after-swell of the terror, but I could hear Jem's voice speaking. He always seemed to me, when talking, to be expending his words with immense care.

'The horse would n't harm Joe,' he pronounced.

That was a signal for Agnes to fly at him once more.

'No! — won't harm him — you slip that out easy because Zhoe's no folks of yourn — an' never will be either. Agh! — God! — I could kill you if you were n't such a worm!'

'He would n't harm Joe, nor nobody.'

The man's words were unsteady but assured. Agnes's voice went from her

control completely; she came close to him and screamed in his face, —

‘Harm nobody? — Oh! — Oh! — Little man, go an’ bring me that white horse — You been makin’ eyes at me — Oh, I seen ’em! — Now if you want me — *me* — go out an’ get the white horse that won’t harm nobody, — with your two bare hands, — an’ bring him to me.’

For that moment, my sister was out of her mind.

Jem came over and laid an absent hand on my shoulder, as if he had thought to comfort me, and then had fallen into abstraction before the act was accomplished. After a moment of vacant quiet he looked up at Agnes.

‘An’ you tell me that, too,’ he said.

All that evening I was haunted by a picture of the silent man, with his hard red thumbs tucked in his belt, pursuing a shadow of horror through the black dune country. This distressed me so much that I finally crawled out from beneath the table, where I had been lying, and whispered my fears in my sister’s ear. She had been very quiet all evening, but when she understood what I was saying she gave a little bitter laugh and put her arm around me.

‘Don’t be afeared, Zhoe,’ she whispered her answer. ‘The little man is tight behind his own door this night.’ Then she fell to brooding once more.

When Jem came to the little house the following day he carried a piece of line in one hand. He sat down as usual on the front steps. The picture of him that evening has remained to me the most vivid memory of my young days, — why, I cannot say. I peeped out of the front window and saw him there, silhouetted against the blazing waters of the bay — the vast, silent and expressive shout of the departing day casting out at me the unexpressive man.

Agnes came around a corner and

stood, looking down at the line in Jem’s hand. He looked down at it, too.

‘I been thinkin’ it over,’ he said.

‘You’re a-scared to do it!’ she answered.

For a long time they remained there without moving or speaking, both looking down at the line.

‘You’re a-scared to do it!’ Agnes repeated at length, and Jem got up from the steps and went out through the gate toward the dunes. Never have I seen the whole world so saturated with passive flame as it seemed to me, peering from the gloom of the front room that evening.

At supper Agnes talked feverishly of many things, but ate nothing. All of us noticed it, and my mother remarked upon it. The silence outside was so complete that the rattle of the coming tide was audible in the pauses, and once I heard the note of the stallion, far away over the sand. Then my sister broke out into a humming tune — the first and last time I ever knew her to sing at table. I remember wondering why her eyes, which were usually so steady and straight-seeing, turned here and there without rest, and why, after the meal, she wandered from window to window, and never stopped to look out at any.

That was to be a gala night for me. My father had been raking up the brush and leaves about the place for a week, heaping them, together with bits of old net and tarry shreds of canvas, in half a dozen piles before the house, and to-night I was allowed to set them off. I had them blazing soon after supper was over, and a fine monstrous spectacle they made for me, who danced up and down the lines full of elemental exultation, and then ran off to call Agnes to see my handiwork.

I could not find her anywhere in the house; I went through all the rooms and out and around the yard. No one

knew where she was. My mother thought she had seen her with a shawl over her head, but had taken no particular notice at the time. It did n't matter, at any rate — Agnes often wandered out toward town in the early evening.

The rest of us sat on the steps and watched the fires, baby brother and all, but they had lost something of their enchantment for me. I was pursuing an idea, an obscure apprehension.

'I b'lieve Aggie's gone to the dunes,' I proclaimed, at length.

'Dunes!' my mother cried out. 'No, — you're foolish, Zhoe. Why?'

Thus confronted by the direct question, I found my reasonings too diaphanous for a logical answer.

'I dunno,' I mumbled, abashed.

But I had set them worrying. It is a strange fact that fisher-folk are at once the bravest and the most apprehensive people I have any knowledge of. When worried, my mother was generally restless with her hands, while my father betrayed his anxiety by unwonted profanity and by aimless expeditions to inspect the dory mooring in the creek.

These things they did to-night, my mother on the steps, impassive save for her writhing fingers, my father visible in peripatetic red glimpses as he wandered, muttering, about the yard. He called out that he was going to step down and take a look at the boat.

After that he was gone a long time — half an hour I should say — while the flames died down over the fires, replacing the uncertain flicker in the yard with a smooth pervasive glow. When he at length reappeared, I wondered to see sand-burs clinging about the edges of his trousers. The nearest sand-burs I knew of were half a mile off toward Snail Road.

I don't know how long we waited after that. My mother put the baby to bed, and returned to sit with restless

hands; my father, muttering curses the while, added bits of driftwood to the fires, with the instinct inbred in sea-people of keeping a beacon alight.

Their coming was as the coming of an apparition seen suddenly in the fire-light, tottering forward on limbs too frail for its inexplicable and uncouth frame. Then my mother cried out, and my father's oath was a prayer, and it came to me that the apparition was not one but two figures, one bearing the other.

Jem staggered up between the fires and laid his burden down with her head in my mother's lap. My sister's face was a queer color, her eyes were closed. I was bewildered and afraid.

'Scared,' Jem panted. He collapsed rather than sat upon the lowest step. 'He never touched her — just scared her — out of her head.'

None of us doubted for an instant who 'he' was. I ran into the kitchen under my mother's order for water. She worked with a sort of feverish calm over the girl in her lap, while Jem sat, head in hands, and back heaving. After a little he got up and regarded my sister's face.

'She'll come round,' he said.

It may have been a question. If it was, the answer was at its heels.

Agnes's eyes opened at the sound of the words, — opened with a shadow of unutterable horror behind them, — her hands went out to him in an agony of rigid appeal. Jem knelt down with an arm about her shoulders.

'You're all right,' he comforted her, still expending his words, as it were, with care.

'He came out of the sand — right up out of the sand at me' — There was a certain queer quality of raving in Agnes's whisper. She clung to him with the impossible strength of terror. 'He came out of the sand — his eyes were red — oh, red — I could

see them — and — an' I could n't run — could n't step — not step —'

'Yes — yes — Home now, Miss Aggie.' Jem's red hand was on her hair, soothing, as one might a child.

'How did I come here?' She put the question abruptly — in her own voice now — took her arms from his neck with a gesture of shame and laid them across my mother's shoulders.

It was my mother who answered her query.

'Meester Hodges bring you, Aggie girl.'

Agnes's eyes went to the little man, but he was lost in abstract contemplation of the nearest fire-bed.

My mother went on, 'Ain't you goin' to thank Meester Hodges, Aggie?'

Jem turned at that, lifting an imperative hand.

'Wait!' said he. 'Wait! You told me — to bring the horse.'

Agnes cried out, 'No! — no! — Oh, please —'

'You told me. Wait — an' don't be afeared.'

He leaned against a post of the railing, his red skin seeming to take to itself all the dying light of the embers, and began to whistle, low at first, then filling out clear and high and throbbing. He whistled in a peculiar way which I have never observed in any other.

The air was half familiar to me, the one he had played with softly on the dune behind the house. But to me and to my people, bred to the cloying accents of the South, that clear, soaring, sweet thread of Northern melody came as strange and alien and tingling, filling our own familiar night with a quality of expectancy. Jem Hodges was a new man before our eyes; for the first time in our knowledge of him, he was giving utterance to himself. He swept through the melody once, and twice, and paused.

'He's far,' he said, and a note of whickering came to us from the eastward dunes. He caught up the air again, playing with it wonderful things, sweeping the little huddled family of us out of our intimate house and glowing, familiar yard, into a strange, wind-troubled country of his own.

And this time it was the night, not the sea, that gave up the great white stallion, rising to our fence in majestic flight, exploding from the flat darkness.

Jem cried, 'No! — no! — don't be afeared!' — for we were making the gestures of panic.

The animal came to him, picking a dainty way about the coals for all his tremendous weight, making a wonderfully fine picture with the fiery sheen over his vast deep chest, along the glistening flanks where the sweat stood, turning the four white fetlocks to agitated pinions of flame. Thus, I believe, the horses of the gods came to the ancients.

He stood over us there, heaving, mountainous, filling half the sphere of our sight. But his nose was in the bosom of Jem Hodges's coat, and his ears pricked forward to the breathing of Jem Hodges's song without words. The little man wandered on and on, picking a phrase from here and from there, wooing, recounting, laughing, exulting, weeping, never hating. When he suddenly began to speak in words, it was as though he had come down a great way, out of his own element.

'It had to be — after all,' he said. 'After all. — Now I suppose I've got to take you on to the rich American leddy? She'll keep you fine — in a fine paddock — you — you of the big wide moorlands — free gentleman of half an English county. — Ah, it's bad, Baron boy —'

Then he was talking to us — to Agnes.

'I been lying' to myself — tryin' to

make myself believe Baron was away off and wild — I wanted to have him free! like the air — long as he could. The rich leddy will pay five hundred pounds. — Why do I need it? — we're comfortable on our little place at home. Why? Because father says so — an' a man must do what his father says — till he gets a wife an' family of his own. I thought Baron was gone when the ship got wrecked — I was near glad of it — he's no boy to pen up — in a paddock — with a ribbon on, mebby. An' when I knew he was n't gone — why — I fair could n't do it — put it off an' off an' off. Ah, Baron, Baron, — they gave me you when I could pick you up in the meadow, — but a man's got to do what his father says —'

He fell to musing, then, running his

hand over the broad forehead, combing out the silk of the forelock, caressing a fine ear. Then, as if to himself, —

'Till he gets a wife of his own!'

He spoke to my sister.

'Come here, Miss Aggie.'

Agnes went to him, and at his command laid her fingers on Baron's nose. The animal arched his great neck — oh, an indescribable gesture! — and mouthed the back of her hand. I thought of Agnes at that moment as the bravest girl in all the world. Agnes was a stranger to me that night.

After a little time my mother got up, saying that I ought to have been in my bed long ago. My father came in with us, so that we left only the white horse and my sister and Jem Hodges, standing in a black group against the glow of the fires.

LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

A QUESTION OF TACTICS

BY O. W. FIRKINS

A CAUSE has been known to be retarded by its victories. One wonders if the principle is not sometimes exemplified in the crusade for the recapture of the stage by literature. Three examples will illustrate the tendency.

The status of *The Servant in the House* as pure literature may be referred to the arbitration of posterity; but its literary affinities are unquestioned, its author has risen to unmistakable literature in *A Winter Feast*, and it may be granted without cavil

that in the campaign for higher drama the earlier and more famous play has played the part, if it has not achieved the rank, of literature. What, then, is *The Servant in the House*? It is a play by itself, a curiosity, an exception, incapable of affiliating with an old class or originating a new one. It is partly mediæval mystery, partly mediæval morality, partly modern comedy or problem-play. Yet it is unlike anything mediæval, unlike anything modern, and, in spite of the unique instance

of conspicuous imitation in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, it is probable that it is unlike anything in the times to come. The natural inference in the mind of the young champion of the literary drama is that the least normal literature is best qualified to attract the theatre-going public.

Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife* is, perhaps, the best recent example in English of a play equally fitted to win admiration in the closet and in the theatre. Yet it is a curious fact that this very great and thoroughly deserved success has been achieved by a play which is, both as literature and as stage-piece, anomalous. It is anomalous that a play without love and without plot should prove highly interesting reading; it is still more anomalous that a play so handicapped, or, if you please, so emancipated, should prove a noteworthy theatrical success. There has been no trick in the matter; indeed, the absence of trick has been the distinction, and the success of that abstinence the miracle, in the whole affair. Mr. Galsworthy, with some help from cold and hunger, has lifted his characterization and his dialogue to a point which has made the renunciation of love and plot feasible. Could others do this? Could Mr. Galsworthy count on a repetition of his triumph? Literature has here, again, achieved a great success on the stage by a method hardly lending itself to imitation by other hands or duplication in the hands of its originator.

The Blue Bird is a third conspicuous instance of the prosperity of an indubitable work of literature on the stage. But *The Blue Bird* is not drama, but allegory and spectacle; as literature proper, it belongs to a special and meagre type, which even in Elizabethan days, when drama was literature and the fairy tale was a province of both kingdoms, appeared rarely in the public theatres, and was usual only in the

obviously undramatic masques. Its success in New York is no real victory for literary or any genuine drama. It would rather give color to the impression that literature becomes theatrical only by ceasing to be dramatic.

The point of significance is that not one of the three works just named is a normal stage-play; not one of them could be defined even as a normal stage-play with literature superadded. They diverge markedly from current theatrical practice and accepted theatrical standards; even in literature proper, one is a complete anomaly, another is a novel and daring experiment, and the third, though neither abnormal nor novel, belongs to an unprolific type. The natural inference from the prosperity of all three would be that the less a literary stage-play is like an ordinary stage-play, and the less it is like ordinary literature, the brighter are its prospects of success. Nothing, we believe, could more retard the real progress of literature in the theatre than the acceptance and diffusion of such a theory.

The terms of any practical *modus vivendi* between literature and the stage, like other rather obvious facts, seem for one reason or another to elude the grasp of not a few fairly intelligent people. In every alliance between an indifferent and an interested party, it is the interested party who must bear the costs of the accommodation. Now the average playgoer can get on very comfortably without the help of the literary reader and spectator, but the latter is in no such state of happy independence. The devotees of literary stage-drama are not sufficiently rich or numerous or concentrated to support the plays they want without the countenance and contributions of the unliterary playgoers. The result is that mutual concession is impracticable; we cannot set off so much literature

against so much theatricality, or ask the unenlightened spectator to take so much poetry or philosophy or art in lieu of a little less humor and excitement. The writer of literary stage-plays must meet every demand that is met by the unhampered and unscrupulous commercial craftsman, and must meet them with no less efficiency. He may think like Ibsen, and write like Shelley, but this will not excuse him for dereliction in any particular from the standards of pure entertainment maintained by writers on whom nature never wasted either a thought or a lyric inspiration. The average playgoer has no objection to literature if he gets the other things he wants in the customary measure; he is in the position of the plain business man who is quite willing to see a bunch of carnations on the breakfast-table, so long as it does not affect the amount and quality of the beefsteak. But let any one suggest the sacrifice of a part of the beefsteak to meet the cost of the flowers, and his protest will be instant and stormy.

The literary man who writes a stage-play puts himself under much the same obligations as the moral philosopher who writes a story. If the philosopher desires success, he must write a story as interesting as that of the writer whose sole aim is popularity, and he must at the same time inculcate his lesson. The writer of literature must rival the craftsman in attractiveness while he contrives to instill his more delicate ingredients. The degradations in the hackwriter's art he need not imitate, because they are non-essential, nor could he imitate them without the defeat of his purpose. But, in every respect which fidelity to literature permits, he should make his play the closest possible imitation of the normal stage-play. He should begin with that kind of literature which is near-

est to the stage-play, — the kind of literature, in other words, in which story, action, conflict, passion, humor, clearness, are the requirements. A man naturally crosses from one shore or one bank to its opposite at the point where the river or the channel is narrowest. We cross from craftsmanship to literature at the spot where the two domains approximate.

The obstacle to the popularization of literature is not its elevation or its beauty as such, but its strangeness or foreignness, which is really no part of its essence. This remoteness will obviously be least felt in its most everyday forms, in its nearest approaches to familiarity in theme and language. The less it suggests its own peculiarities, the less it recalls its own name, the better the prospect for its acquisition of a new or lost province. The best moral for narrative purposes is that which is least avowed; the best literature for stage purposes is that which screens its identity. It is obvious that whatever tends to deepen or bring out the effect of distance or estrangement should be avoided at those critical moments when literature is trying with much effort to regain a lost foothold in contested territory. Whatever may be thought of the absolute merits, even of the absolute theatrical merits, of the poetical drama, the mystical drama, the classical drama, the allegorical drama, the remotely historical drama, the chivalrously romantic drama, it is quite obvious that it is not by their assistance that literature can effect the reconquest of a highly modernized, strongly individualized, and (in mere externals at least) dominantly realistic stage. It would be rash to assert that some of these forms may not share in the fruits of the victory; what is clear is the imprudence of assigning them a place in the attack. The candidate for power, like the suitor

in courtship, may be compelled to submit to restrictions which, in the security of office, or the confidence of matrimony, he may find it possible to lay aside.

The choice of literature for stage presentation is often made in disregard or contradiction of these obvious and wholesome tactics. The likelihood of failure is thus increased, and success becomes a doubtful good or an unquestionable hindrance. The presentation of Greek classical drama, like the version of *Electra* in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell recently starred, or the version of *Œdipus Rex* which Professor Reinhart was not long since superintending at Covent Garden, must either fail, or else intensify the harmful sense of the width of the gulf between literature and the normal play. The success of an old morality like *Everyman* or a contemporary morality like *Everywoman* (if that be literature) comes to the same result. The revival of the less tractable Shakespearian plays, like *Love's Labor Lost*, or *Antony and Cleopatra*, is open to a like objection. Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives* and *Rosa Bernd* promote the resurgence of literature on the stage, but the vogue of *The Sunken Bell*, with all its undoubted beauty, is an obscuration of the only path by which lasting results are obtainable. When Mary Shaw succeeds with *Ghosts* or Madame Nazimova with *A Doll's House*, a point is scored for literary drama; but when Richard Mansfield succeeds with *Peer Gynt*, it may be questioned if the cause is not injured by its triumph. If *Peer Gynt* is dramatic at all, it achieves drama by methods too exceptional to become standards, and the logical inference from its popularity is that a great literary and theatrical success may be obtained by putting anything you please into a play, and putting it in anyhow. *Monna Vanna* is a stage

success by virtue of qualities which lie at the root of all normal and permanent stage successes — vitality, situation, character; the success of *Pelléas and Mélisande* is an encouragement to relaxed methods.

It may be contended that the success of excellence is its own justification, and that to blame as harmful in tendency acts which are themselves parts of the desired result is to blame the end for not encouraging the means. To this it may be replied that in the early stages of the campaign it is often better to postpone a victory than to hurry and scant one's organization. The peculiar conditions of theatrical success must also be kept in mind. The theatre is an institution that is portentously exigent in its ordinary demands, but curiously liberal in its spasms of complacency. In nineteen cases out of twenty it will reject all but a very few subjects and methods; in the twentieth case, its fickleness or caprice will lend countenance to something that disobeys or defies all its usual requirements. The passion for novelty in drama sometimes conquers the passion for drama itself. In the playhouse the least theatrical thing will naturally be the most novel; hence a way is opened for the occasional, the sporadic, the adventitious success of a very great variety of exceptional and extraneous material. The theatrical public does not like dreams, but it has accepted the *Hannele* of Hauptmann and *The Road to Yesterday*. The theatrical public does not like homilies, but it has listened with pleasure to Augustus Thomas's *As a Man Thinks*. It will frequently accept a play in spite of traits, or by virtue of traits, on account of which it has damned fifty plays in the immediate past and will damn fifty others in the immediate future.

Now, nothing could be worse for the permanence of the hold of literature

on the stage than the inclusion among its triumphs of a large proportion of these anomalous and incalculable successes. We have not yet reached the point where it can be said with any plausibility that the rarer, the more out-of-the-way, the less normal, a literary drama is, the better are its stage prospects; yet there are tendencies that suggest the arrival of a day when such an assertion may cease to be hazardous.

Besides the effect of novelty of matter, there is another group of extraneous or non-dramatic interests from the presence of which literature has derived a conspicuous but perhaps illegitimate and untrustworthy profit: the interest in spectacle; the interest in reputation, whether of author, actor, or play; the interest in comparing the effects of the play as read and seen; and the interest in propaganda. This body of external influences creates the singular possibility that literary drama may achieve its rare successes by virtue neither of its literature nor of its drama. *The Blue Bird* is probably a case in point; *The Servant in the House*, if its literary quality be conceded, is undoubtedly one. The difficulty is aggravated by the disposition to measure the progress of serious drama by the rarity and remoteness of the literature that succeeds in enlisting managers, and sometimes auditors in its support. The success of *You Never Can Tell* is no doubt gratifying, but *You Never Can Tell* is so interesting and amusing that very likely it would succeed if its literature were eliminated. The success of *Alladine and Palomides*, or *By Shadowy Waters*, would be subject to no such compromising innuendo.

Every good literary play includes in its audience a group of accomplished persons who wish to establish literature in the theatre. If the play is a success they are almost certainly a

minority, but they are an intelligent, courageous, eloquent minority, who should exercise a wholesome interest on the quality of plays and the taste of their companions. The difficulty, however, is to get from these people an untrammelled judgment or an unsophisticated sensation. We need not regret that they cannot speak for the general public; the general public may be trusted to speak for itself. What is regrettable is their failure to speak for the cultivated man, — for the cultivated man, that is to say, in a state of detachment, testing the entertainment by standards of present and personal, though at the same time refined and rational, enjoyment. Instead of asking simply, 'Does this please me?' they put the question thus: 'Ought this kind of play to please the kind of man I am?' They substitute a generic satisfaction for a specific delight, if, indeed, their self-delusion does not reach the point of substituting approbation for pleasure.

If a man were deeply interested in the introduction of lyre-birds or black swans into Central Park, New York, he would not be in a position to be hypercritical or even normally critical with respect to the quality of the first specimens imported; when the practice was confirmed, discrimination might be feasible. The champions of literary drama are subject to a like restriction. The experiments of literature on the stage in England and America are few, timid, and provisional; and encouragement of the endeavor is felt to be more to the purpose than sifting of the results. The insistence on quality grows with the increase of the supply, and declines in time of scarcity. The people who insist on literary merit in stage plays in an age when the literary resources of the stage are meagre, naturally feel that they must not insist with equal preceptoriness on dramatic

merit. From one point of view the position is entirely defensible, but the final result is a relaxation of demand, a toleration of the very slackness and colorlessness which impedes the success of literature on the stage, an amiable passivity, an enervating and unfruitful acquiescence.

Not long ago the dream-in-hell episode in Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman* was separated from the rest of the drama and 'successfully presented' at the Court Theatre, London. Many persons might regard this as an extraordinary proof of growth in the appetite for literary drama, but its real significance points quite the other way. No one can imagine for a moment that a body of persons with an appetite for literary drama, that is, work in which dramatic energy should be coördinate with literary grace and elevation, would have listened with patience to the dream episode in *Man and Superman*. They might as consistently have listened to *East Lynne*. One question inevitably suggests itself: By what qualities do literary dramas gain their occasional success, if this success is shared at times by pieces from which drama is shut out?

The utilization of these doubtful or anomalous pieces is partly accounted for by the deplorable scarcity of literary stage-plays. The present repertory of acting plays has drawn hardly more than a score of dramas from Shakespeare and three or four from Goldsmith and Sheridan out of the entire body of English dramatic literature produced up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The list of living literary playwrights in England is almost exhausted by the names of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. John Galsworthy. The names of Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones could hardly be added to the list without some condescension to

the men and some injustice to literature. In America one looks around doubtfully for a companion to Mr. Percy Mackaye and Mr. C. R. Kennedy. The number of available nineteenth-century plays by authors now dead is lamentably small.

To the rarity of men with the double aptitude must be added the rarity of persistence in adhesion to the double ideal. Mr. Shaw, who began with plays in which thesis was borne up by literature, has divagated into plays in which literature is borne down by thesis. Mr. Stephen Phillips begins with the competent stage-plays *Paolo and Francesca* and *Herod*, only to lapse into the inadequacy of *Odysseus* and *Faust*. The consolidation of literature and stage-drama receives only the divided support of that very small class of able men whose support is valuable.

Still another difficulty arises from the advent of a class of writers who wish to reform the theatre, but to reform it along other than literary lines. The literary and the serious drama were once only two names, two aspects of the same thing, and whatever thought and conscience was operative on the stage operated in the interests of literature. But, to-day, in the plays of Brieux, in the plays of Gorki, — we hesitate to add, in the plays of Tolstoy, — we have examples of the serious drama which is, in its own eyes at least, too serious to be literary. They fling aside mere beauty as a man preparing to cleanse a stable would throw aside a purple mantle or embroidered scarf. Their seriousness renounces, among other frivolities, what seems to them the frivolity of literature; and, without in the least admitting that literature is essentially or generally frivolous, it may be doubted if, in relation to the particular end of gaining a wide hearing through the theatre for the suggestion of social

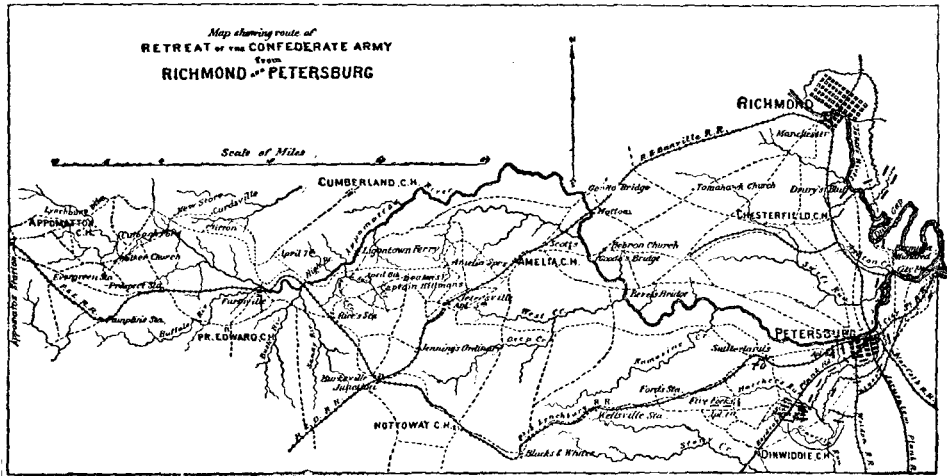
evils and reforms, their policy is not sound. However this may be, the loss of their aid and the effects of their example are serious drawbacks to the advance of literary drama. The effect is seen in the socialistic work of men whom the world once regarded as incurably literary. Hauptmann's *Weavers* is literature, but nevertheless shows an evident slackening of the literary standards conspicuous in his other plays. Should Mr. Shaw live another fifteen years and continue to write plays, it is quite conceivable that he may learn to say of literature with Cromwellian severity, 'Take away that bauble.'

We are confronted, therefore, with the following conditions: first, literature in which the theatrical element is obscured or subordinated often competes for the possession of the theatre with plays in which theatrical quality is the sole object; second, artists capable of combining literature with theatrical effect often write plays in which the latter element is attenuated; third, artists capable of serious literary drama prefer serious drama which is not literary. These are not things that call for invective: so far as the last two points go, artists will write and should write as they must and can, and the worst that can be charged against the first of the above-named conditions is want of tactics in a confusing situation. The lesson, nevertheless, is worthy of mark.

Literature cannot hope to possess itself of the stage in England and America until all of the very few artists who unite literary and theatrical gifts shall

be willing to give the best of their power persistently to the theatre, and until it learns to put its strength and its hope into plays closely akin in all points, except the cardinal points of beauty, seriousness, and elevation, to the non-literary plays that hold the stage. If specifications of the right kind of literature are wanted, we may name the following: Ibsen's *Ghosts*, *A Doll's House*, and *The Wild Duck* (in distinction from *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, and even *The Master Builder*), Sudermann's *Honor*, *Magda*, *The Joy of Living*, Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*, *The Feast of Peace*, and *Rosa Bernd* (in distinction from *The Sunken Bell* and *And Pippa Dances*), Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna* (in distinction from all his other plays), Bourget's *Un Divorce* and *La Barricade*, Hervieu's *La Dédale* and *Les Tenailles*, Lavedan's *Catherine* and *Le Duel*, Le-maitre's *Révoltée*, Galdos's *The Grandfather*, Shaw's *Candida* and *The Devil's Disciple*, Moody's *The Great Divide*.

There is only one difficulty with respect to this demand: its fulfillment. The task is hard, but the problem is fairly simple. Literature must be tactful, plastic, and in a fashion and up to a certain point, obsequious. It has no magic for the unbeliever, no power to impose itself by authority or prestige. Its part in the conversion of the theatre is a good deal like the part of Christianity in the conversion of the ancient pagans: it must preserve the attractions subsisting in the old paganisms, while at the same time it purifies them from their grossness and imbues them with its higher spirit.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

II

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

As the news of the evacuation spread through alleys and squalid suburbs, the scum of Richmond scented plunder, gathered, and soon gave themselves up to pillage, drunken debauch, and revelry.

In an account of his march through the city after midnight, the color-sergeant of the Eighteenth Virginia says: 'Met a band of women going hand in hand, singing and carousing.' The march of the last troops like troubled spectres along the dull, solitary, yellow-lighted, liquor-fumed streets, — for the civil authorities had had the barrels of whiskey and brandy rolled out of the saloons into the gutters and the heads knocked in (the scum lapped it up as it

ran), — the shouts and yells of the drunken wretches resounding on all sides, the exploding magazines of forts and fired war vessels shaking the earth and hurling bursting shells on flaming arcs through the midnight sky, and at last the almost utter destruction of the fated city by incendiary fires, — all this has been recorded and by abler pens than mine.

But what a satiric contrast it was to the torchlight procession on the night Virginia cut the tender cords which bound her to the Union she had nursed. 'A track of transparencies gleamed from Church Hill to the Exchange Hotel, and there was a vast crowd which hung on the speeches of orators speaking from balconies, imparting words of fire to the head

of the column that toiled for a mile in one of the main thoroughfares of Richmond.' And oh, wild and passion-swept multitude! hearken not to your inflaming orators, but to him who cried of old, 'Behold I will turn back the weapons of war that are in your hands, and I myself will fight against you with an outstretched hand and with a strong arm, even in anger, and in fury, and in great wrath; and I will smite the inhabitants of this city, such as for death, to death; and such as for the sword, to the sword; and such as for the captivity, to the captivity.'

The other day, as I walked through the Capitol grounds at Richmond dwelling on its past, I happened to look up as I drew near Crawford's celebrated monument of Washington. The setting sun had just sunk behind the roof of St. Paul's, and golden was the west. I lifted my eyes to the rearing horse, staring with such manifest terror off over Richmond to the southwest, and Washington's long outstretched forefinger pointing along the charger's neck apparently to the same terrifying object, and lo! both directly toward Appomattox. As I paused involuntarily, the query rose: What does the charger see, and what is the Great Virginian, the Father of our country, pointing to? And there came a Voice hoarse and deep from the field of Appomattox saying, He is pointing to me. I said to myself, 'What a prophetic analogue! and was the spirit of Jeremiah at Crawford's hand?'

The sun was just peeping over the tree-tops when the last of the troops crossed Mayo's Bridge. So, we will turn away from the scene of terror, — of Richmond in torment, — fire leaping from building to building, overhung by lumbering clouds of black smoke, away and back to where we left Lee's army getting ready to withdraw from the lines of Petersburg.

The supply trains were started in the early Sunday afternoon, and by eight o'clock the artillery began to draw out, followed by infantry. Dawn discovered them all across the Appomattox, marching as fast as they could up the roads leading to Bevil's Bridge. Mahone had left the Bermuda Hundred front, and it — as well as Richmond and the forts along the James — was deserted. The troops, including the cavalry whom Sheridan had defeated at Five Forks, and those who early in the morning had been cut off by the Second Corps from falling back on Petersburg, were bivouacking, forlorn and weary, beyond Namozine Creek. So passed the Army of Northern Virginia that April night, and hardly one of them got a wink of sleep.

And now, as we have set the Army of Northern Virginia in motion from Petersburg and Richmond, let that gallant soldier Theodore Lyman of Boston, on Meade's staff, tell us what took place after Hill's lines were broken.

II

'April 2nd. 7.30. Dispatch that McCallister of 3d. div. 2d corps had captured the picket line in his front — Humphreys', — a good deal of cheering from the right of the 2d. corps — Seymour of the 6th said to be on the south side track.

'8.15 A.M. Dispatch that Ord and Hays (2d. div. 2d corps) have taken the line in their front. (The 19th and 20th Mass. took a work with several guns and some hundreds of prisoners.) In fact the enemy were abandoning this part of the line as fast as possible, and moving to their own right. At this time the General rode off to the left, — *i. e.* to the west — with myself alone, so that, for some time, I wrote his orders and despatches.

'8.45 A.M. Sent telegraph ordering

Benham to move up at once to Parke, from City Point. We found Gen. Grant in an open field, in front of Dabney's Mill, and, after a few moments of conversation, Gen. Meade kept on to the left and followed our line of breast-works, the men of Mott's division cheering him loudly.

'9 A.M. Having notice from Mott that the enemy were double-quicking to their own right, Humphreys was directed to move with caution, as we had no supports to send him. At the Rainie house we found Gen. Humphreys. Miles's division, having been down the plank, was returning, and was ordered up the Claiborne road, while the rest of Humphreys's force was to move by the left flank and pass up the Boydton road. It was presumed (10 A.M.) that Sheridan and 5th. corps would be moving along the Cox and River roads, towards Petersburg. and would join our left (Miles's div.); so a dispatch was sent him saying that Wright was moving down (south) on the Boydton plank, with Ord covering his left, while 2d. corps was moving up. Sheridan, however, turned N.W. and followed that part of the enemy that went along the Namozine road, the 5th corps being still detached under his orders. Meantime, Wright, finding that no enemy lay between him and the advancing 2d. corps, faced about and moved on Petersburg, so that his left might swing to the Appomattox, while his right should touch the left of the 24th. corps that was reaching towards the 9th.

'Now we started for the most interesting ride that perhaps I ever had, a ride straight up the Boydton plank road, where hitherto none might go, save as prisoners of war! We passed the battery, whence came the fatal shot for poor Mills, and the entrenched line, with its abatis. Then descended to Hatcher's Run bridge, where our

men planted their flag at the first fight there. We crossed, rode up the ascent and came on the wide space of open land that surrounds the town. As we struck the rear of the column marching onward, the men broke into loud cheers which were continued all along. It was grand! We halted at 12, by the Harmon house, where Gen. Grant already was. Meantime Parke's men were holding on gallantly to their captures, while the enemy knew their only safety lay in disputing to the utmost. One lunette was retaken by them, but the rest remained with us.

'1 P.M. Gibbon took 2 enclosed redoubts by assault, after a desperate resistance, he losing heavily. They were near the plank road and were important.

'1.45 P.M. Word having been received that Miles had encountered the enemy entrenched at Sutherland's Station, Humphreys moved down the Cox road with Mott, to his assistance. Miles, however, at 3.30 attacked, flanked and routed the enemy, and took 3 guns. We took up our camp at Wall's house at the point where the Boydton plank turns east to go towards the town.'

So then, by sunset, the exultant Army of the Potomac encompassed Petersburg, and there is no doubt it slept well. The spring-time air was balmy, the peach and cherry trees were in bloom, in runs and swales the little frogs were piping, 'and the turtle and the crane and the swallow were observing the time of their coming' as of old; and perhaps, who knows, through the slumbering camps, dew faintly sparkling on guns and moistening youth-tinted cheeks, guardian angels whispered to each and all, 'Sleep deep and sleep well; for Victory, great and final Victory, is drawing near.' At any rate when morning broke, the Army of Northern Virginia was gone, and the

bridges over which it had crossed the Appomattox were on fire.

Grant, at once fathoming Lee's design, set the army a-going with all speed up the south side of the river, and for the first time in its history, as it marched by the flower-sprinkled fields and woods (violets, liverwort, dogwoods, and cowslips were abloom), every one of its battle-torn colors was unfurled. And in a book called *Stories Told by Soldiers*, my friend, General Woodhall of Princeton, writes, 'As far as the eye could reach, the curving country road was vivid with the lively but not boisterous blue and steel.'

Not long ago, starting early on a beautiful October morning, I made a trip from Petersburg to Appomattox over the roads the Confederates took. As I crossed the rumbling Pocahontas Bridge a thin veil of mist hung just above the river, cows were feeding along its low banks, — one a large, creamy yellow with spreading white spots, — and in a clump of blushing willows a sparrow was singing. The road, having cleared the mild ascent to Ettricks, which overlooks Petersburg, leads on, bordered here and there by lonely, tapering cedars, its Virginia rail fence, old and gray, masked by brushy thickets, lit up now and then by blazing leaves of tangled vines; — on, by fields with peanuts and corn in shock, through woods and woods, and by old plantations still and solemn, the dreaming silence broken every once in a while by a cow-bell's *kling, klung, klang*, sometimes clear, sometimes faint, and by the soft, pensively mellow notes of migrating blue-birds; — on and on toward Bevil's Bridge the road goes, over which the Army of Northern Virginia — our whole country's pride now — made its last foreboding march that April morning, 1865.

About twelve or fourteen miles from

Petersburg, a farmer, of large frame and stately manners, whose freshly-painted white house with open door and dahlias near it enlivens the lonely road, told that the van of the army reached there by daybreak; that from that time till the last one passed, his mother, with the servants, was engaged in preparing food for the hungry numbers; that the dooryard and the adjacent young orchard and garden were full of men resting, and that as a group of horsemen went riding by, he, a boy of thirteen, heard the soldiers say, 'There goes Marse Robert.'

And of the man whom this boy saw Colonel Fremantle of the English army, who volunteered to serve for a time with Lee's army, says: 'His [Lee's] cheeks were ruddy and his eyes had that clear light which indicates the presence of the calm, self-poised will. His beard and moustache, both grown gray, he wore short and well-trimmed, a gray uniform with no indication of rank save the stars on his collar, cavalry boots nearly to his knees, broad-brimmed gray, felt hat, which rested low on his forehead.' Another who rode with him that morning says: 'His seat in the saddle was erect and commanding, and he seemed to look forward to assured success in the critical movement which he had undertaken.'

What a scene for old age to dwell upon! And, since the alembic of a boy's love and admiration is so durable and active, how meagre and blighted would be the nature that would fall in its reveries, as that morning came back, to clothe every one of those earnest, poorly-clad, and hungry soldiers, as well as the cause they fought for, in raiments of Right and Glory. Yes, as we stood by the roadside and talked, — his hound was running a fox or a rabbit in the bottom below, — my stately friend thought that the army he saw that morning was fighting for

the right, and was one to be proud of; and as to the last I certainly agreed with him.

These forces, and the troops on the Hickory Road, on nearing Bevil's Bridge, found the flooding river spread away out over its sombre and deeply-wooded bottoms, so they had to strike for Goode's Bridge, the next above on the raging stream, which then, as always after a heavy rain, boiled into the color of liquid brick-dust. Notwithstanding the long march and the frightful condition of the roads, — every stream, creek, and run was bank-high, the mud churned into mortar by the trains, and in places almost knee-deep, — Field's division of Longstreet's corps and Wilcox's of Hill's reached Goode's by twilight and crossed over.

Ewell's, Kershaw's, and Custis Lee's columns camped at Tomahawk Church, away off on the Genito Road. Darkness overtook the remnants of Pickett's famous Gettysburg division, and the other fleeing troops, at Deep Creek on the south side of the Appomattox, and there before their camp-fires, weary, scantily rationed, and disheartened they sat, for the news of the abandonment of Richmond had reached them with its depressing and prophetic significance.

Lee himself bivouacked at Hebron Church six miles north of Goode's Bridge, and at half-past six, concerned by learning that the pontoon which he had ordered to be laid at Genito, farther up the river, for the forces from the Richmond and James River lines to cross upon, had not been laid, sent a note by a courier to Ewell giving him the situation and directing him to move toward Goode's.

This was the last unbroken night's sleep of the Army of Northern Virginia, and, as before my mind's eye its veterans lie resting at random around scattered camp-fires, I pity them, know-

ing, as I do, what is to befall them. And, Reader, so would you, had you in your youth contended for victory against them on the fields of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. A clerk in the Confederate War Department, who stayed in Richmond, kept a diary, and in it recorded that there were millions of stars out that night. If so, they saw the troops in bivouac as we have placed them, and the heart of Richmond a desolate, smoking ruin, its streets deserted save by patrols and guards, — for Weitzel had already left, — its houses dark, curtains drawn and blinds closed, their inmates some in tears and all weighed down by bitter defeat.

In contrast the stars saw the homes of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston lit up brilliantly and the streets packed with cheering multitudes. The War Department proclaimed the fall of Richmond, and ordered a salute of one hundred guns to be fired at each military post in honor of the event.

The news reached Boston about 11 A.M., and the Governor of Massachusetts, Andrew, telegraphed to the Secretary of War, Stanton, "Our people by a common impulse abandon business to-day for thanksgiving and rejoicing." State Street was packed, the bells, including the Old North, rang for an hour at noon, and a salute was fired on the historic Common. The next day, Tuesday, a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and above the clock was an arch bearing the legend, 'Stand by the work of your fathers.' 'Work of your fathers!' and that suggests that when the news of Cornwallis's surrender reached Richmond in 1783, it was made known by the policemen on their beats calling out, 'Past twelve o'clock — a starlit night — and Lord Cornwallis t-a-k-e-n!'

The Governor of Illinois, Oglesby, notified Washington: 'We are firing salutes over the restoration of the

Union, and the hearts of our people are throbbing in unison with the reverberation of Grant's artillery. God bless Abraham Lincoln, E. M. Stanton, U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, Phil Sheridan, and the soldiers of the Union.'

In Philadelphia the State House bell clanged, all the fire engines came out, ringing their bells in front of Independence Hall; flags were waving, men embraced each other, courts adjourned, and schools were dismissed, and cannon boomed till night.

Champagne flowed like water, and in the clubs of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia men could be heard singing long after the millions of stars were out, 'We'll drink stone blind.' The theatres were crowded, boxes, balconies, and the stages decorated with flags and bunting, and as the orchestra played the national airs, wild and still wilder were the cheers. And well might they cheer over the downfall of Richmond, and excused may they be for carousing in the clubs and hotels; yet better far were the prayers of thankfulness made on bended knees by fathers and mothers in the dimly lighted homes on the farms in the North, for their country's deliverance, and for the prospect that their boys might be spared and come home.

But, Army of Northern Virginia, sleep on! The Confederacy's star will hang in your country's sky, and the day is coming when your children will rejoice in the fact that to whatsoever height of glory the reunited country rises, prouder will it and they be of you and your valor, and, above all, in those trying times to come, of that display of willingness to lay your lives down for a political principle that is the very foundation on which our whole governmental system is based. Sleep on, then, and if after the fires have died down, there be borne to your ears through the vast hush of night, not the

bells of the North nor the sighs from home, but streams murmuring to the fields and the woods in which you lie, may you dream of Peace and see the land you love as it is to-day.

The courier, whom Lee sent to Ewell, rode all night but could not find him; and on regaining headquarters, the general made this postscript to the communication, and started it on its way again: —

'April 4, 7:30 A.M. The courier has returned with this note, having been able to hear nothing of you. I am about to cross the river. Get to Amelia Court House as soon as possible, and let me hear from you. R. E. L.'

As it is not more than nine or ten miles from Goode's Bridge to the court house, Lee must have covered the distance by half-past eight at the latest, and there his hopes met a staggering blow, for to his utter consternation he found not a single ration for man or beast. On reporting his surrender six days later to Mr. Davis, Lee said, 'Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal.'

In view of the calamitous nature of the consequences due to want of supplies, as alleged by Lee, Jefferson Davis in his history of the Confederacy claims, and establishes almost beyond dispute, that no orders were given or received for rations to be sent to Amelia Court House. Notice, if you will, that Lee used the word 'placed' and not 'sent.' The explanation of it all is found, I think, in the misapprehension of Lee's verbal suggestion made at least a month before the evacuation, whereby quite an amount of artillery ammunition was sent to Amelia, but nothing else. It is obvious now that he meant to have supplies of all kinds placed there, anticipating his present

move. In any case the Commissary-General at Richmond knew or ought to have known that there were no supplies at Amelia, and as soon as he was told that the army would concentrate at that point should, without orders, have seen to it that they would meet supplies, of which he had an abundance within reach. Storehouses at Danville were crammed with them. So on his shoulders lies the responsibility for this neglect; and the momentous incident may be dismissed with this single observation, that it only adds another and striking proof of the panic which seized the authorities in Richmond, from high to low, and leads one to suspect that every one was thinking of his own personal safety, and not of the wants of the hard-trying veterans.

That Tuesday, April 4, 1865, must have been a long and harassing day to Lee. A drizzling rain was falling, and wet, tired, and famishing troops, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were pouring in every hour, and all dumbfounded at not getting the supplies which they had been told would meet them there. Great was their disappointment, and grounds for complaint were abundant, but so far as I can learn there was nothing like mutiny or even fault-finding, and their conduct testifies convincingly of their deep and steadfast loyalty both to Lee and to their cause.

It was late in the afternoon before the rear of the divisions of Field, Wilcox, and Heth came up, but all with courage unshaken. Longstreet formed them in lines of battle east of the town, looking for a chance to strike the heads of our pursuing columns which he imagined to be immediately in the rear of MacKenzie's cavalry who were making a bold and persistent attack.

Anderson, Wise, and Pickett, who had come up the south side with their badly disorganized, if not demoralized men, — Sheridan and the officers who

report on the operations of the day all say that the resistance was feeble, the roads strewn with arms and the woods full of stragglers, — were in ragged lines along the Bevil's Bridge Road east of Amelia, confronting Merritt's cavalry.

The positions of the troops not yet in the vicinity of the Court House, and the progress his army had made in concentrating there, are indicated by a letter dated at nine o'clock P.M., which Lee wrote to Ewell, saying that he was very much gratified to learn of his, Ewell's, favorable prospect of crossing the river on the railroad bridge at Mattoax, that he hoped he was safely over by that time, — the last of the column, however, did not cross till after midnight, — that Gordon who had brought up the rear of the Petersburg forces was at Scott's shop, which is about midway from Goode's to Amelia, and that Mahone was between Gordon and the bridge.

Lee's headquarters were pitched in the dooryard of a house occupied by a Mrs. Smith, a refugee from Alexandria, — so we are told by that gallant confederate officer Captain Frederick M. Colsten of Baltimore; and when I stood before it last October, no troops worn down with hunger and fatigue, no jaded horses with staring eyes, drooping heads, and panting flanks, no trains, guns, or cavalry, met my eye. A saddle-horse or two stood, tied, dreaming before a store, a group of little girls wended their way to school, and intermittently a mocking-bird, in a locust tree with a blasted top, trilled joyously, and the church spires looked up into a cloudless sky.

That had been a trying day for Lee, and it must have been late when his head touched the pillow; and whether he slept or not, it was an awful and eventful night. Let the truth, and the whole truth, be known. Darkness had

barely set in when the Army of Northern Virginia, the army of Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, began to melt away. 'At morning roll-call,' says the historian of a Richmond battery, 'a number of men did not answer to their names.' Nearly a whole company of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry left the army on the night of the fourth and fifth, so it is recorded in the regiment's history; and there is but little doubt that all through the lone hours, singly, and in squads, men were shoaling away toward home. A member of Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry tells us that, on reaching the village the following morning, Wednesday, 'I beheld the first signs of dissolution of that grand army which had endured every hardship of march and camp with unshaken fortitude, when looking over the hills I saw swarms of stragglers moving in every direction.'

The main reason for this abandonment of the colors is not far to seek. With the fall of Richmond, hunger and want, which had long been the grim companions of the army, were joined by two figures that had dogged it from the Wilderness, and whose footsteps had been heard growing nearer and nearer since leaving Petersburg. Suddenly, as the sense came over them that the cause was lost, the poorly-clad and half-starved veterans found themselves looking into the hard, glaring eyes of the Inevitable and the Inexorable; and that look for many was decisive. There were other reasons, too, the cries from home, cries that grew louder and keener at every step they took bearing them farther away.

Reader, if you and I, worn out, spirits low from want of sleep and food, and convinced of certain defeat and probable imprisonment, had been in their places, I wonder what we should have done. Would it have been Duty's call or the cry from home that would

have determined our course? Well, it might have been the former; if so, God bless you, and here is my hand; but it might have been the latter too, for, like yourself, they were brave men. So let us be charitable to those who through the dark, mist-shrouded fields and woods stole away, and whose guns were found, some standing upright in the field with bayonets thrust into the rain-soaked ground, some leaning against fences, others against the trunks of trees. The haversacks and equipments which these men had borne with great valor on many a field were scattered here, there, and everywhere; now and then one was left dangling on a bough, in testimony of the wearer's affection. It was told me that a cavalryman or cannoneer, — I have forgotten which, — after leaving his horse that night, stumbled on a shock of fodder, picked up an armful and carried it back to his dumb companion, and then they parted, forever. But how about those who stood faithful? Garlands, garlands, for every one of them, say I.

In the forenoon of Wednesday all the surplus artillery was assembled under command of General Walker, and, after a number of caissons were destroyed, struck off on the road leading toward Farmville. It was not till one o'clock that Lee, with Longstreet at his side, put himself at the head of the infantry — Ewell's and Custis Lee's columns had not yet got up — and started for Jetersville, some eight or ten miles below Amelia. The troops were preceded by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, which, on approaching the station, found itself plump up against Sheridan who, as early as half-past four on the day before, had thrown Crook's division of cavalry across the line of retreat at that point, and by dark had reinforced it with the Fifth Corps. During the night these forces had built a strong line of works, and

Lee's cavalry was not strong enough fully to develop Sheridan's position or his strength. While information was sought from the neighboring farmers as to roads and the lay of the land, Lee held a long conference with Longstreet, and the afternoon melted away. And now let the narrative turn and give as rapid an account as may be of the marches which had brought Lee to check.

III

As soon as Mr. Lincoln at City Point heard that Petersburg was ours, he hurried thither; and on meeting Grant, who had awaited his coming before following the army, grasped and held his hand, as his eyes and warm heart poured out their thanks. Grant, meanwhile, had told Sheridan that, 'The first object of the present movement will be to intercept Lee's army, and the second to secure Burkeville,' which, as any one can see who consults a map of the field of operation, was a vital point in case Johnston had an understanding with Lee to hurry forward from North Carolina and join their forces.

Sheridan replied, — he did not get Grant's dispatch till 1:45 P.M., — 'Before receiving your dispatch I had anticipated the evacuation of Petersburg and had commenced moving west. My cavalry is nine miles beyond Namozine Creek, and is pressing the enemy's trains. I shall push on to the Danville Road as rapidly as possible.'

Spurred on by Sheridan's contagious intensity, his cavalry dogged the retreating Confederates fiercely throughout the livelong day. At 4 P.M. he sent word to Grant, — Sheridan was then at Namozine Church, — 'The enemy threw their ammunition on the sides of the road and into the woods, and then set fire to the fences and woods through which the shells were thrown. The woods are strewn with burning and

broken-down caissons, ambulances, wagons and débris of all descriptions. Up to this hour we have taken about 1200 prisoners of A. P. Hill's corps, and all accounts report the woods filled with deserters and stragglers.'

When night fell, that flaming and relentless soldier had his headquarters at the home of a Mrs. Cousins on the left-hand side of the road leading to Amelia Court House, having covered at least half the way to the point he was aiming for on the Danville Road to head off Lee. His cavalry, the troopers of the valley, now joyous and confident, were some miles in advance at Deep Creek, a sluggish stream, beyond which toiled on their disorganized and down-cast enemy. Behind our cavalry lay the Fifth Corps and, stretching away behind it on the Namozine River Road, was Humphreys with the Second, and then the Sixth. Ord followed by Parke had taken the railroad and was bivouacking at Wilson's Station, while Grant and Meade had pitched their headquarter tents at Sutherlands. This was Monday night.

At eight o'clock, possibly about the hour Lee at Hebron Church was wording his note to Ewell, Sheridan was writing his orders to the unpretentious, big-hearted Crook to move at three, and to the tall, surly-looking, and stalking-gaited Griffin to move at 5 A.M., for Jetersville, a station named for a celebrated Baptist clergyman, about half-way between Burkeville and Amelia Court House.

When the morning of the second day (Tuesday) of the pursuit broke, Meade took the road Sheridan was on, and Grant went with Ord, who was aiming for Burkeville. It was a heavily overcast and drizzling day, the rain at times breaking into showers, drenching men, fields, and woods. I am inclined to think that that day, and the day which followed it, were the crucial days of the

campaign. Speed now was everything, but the streams rose and had to be bridged, the water stood in pools in the low places and tussocky swales, and the mud in the road deepened, churned at last into mortar knee-deep so that the wheels were up to the hub, and it was almost impossible to move the trains, which in their hurry had doubled up, the poor exhausted floundering animals blocking the way. Miles and miles had to be corduroyed for them; but on, regardless of weather, the water spurting from their shoes at every step, and rain dripping from the soaked brims of their hats, went the gallant infantry. Never, never did coming events so breathe on an army as on the Army of the Potomac that day. Sometime about noon the news came that Richmond had fallen, that the stars and stripes were waving over the capitol, and the columns broke into long and mighty cheers, that rang through woods and fields.

Sheridan, meanwhile, was hastening on to Jetersville. Crook, the brave, the simple-hearted, reached there about three in the afternoon, and threw his division across the road, interrupting a stream of men, hungry and low-spirited, fleeing homeward from Lee's army. Sheridan, himself, joined his able division commander an hour later, and by the time the sun was setting, Griffin, grim as an old eagle, having marched nearly thirty miles, came in sight and took position on the right and left of the cavalry, and at once went to work throwing up a line of breastworks.

While these moves of Sheridan so fatal to Lee were being made, Mackenzie, Merritt, and Custer, my friends of cadet days, all now asleep, and God bless their ashes, were crowding Anderson, Pickett, Wise, and Fitzhugh Lee back with such vigor on Amelia that Lee thought that the infantry of the Army of the Potomac was right behind

them, and arrayed his forces, under the valiant Longstreet, to meet them, losing thereby most valuable time.

Meanwhile Meade's and Ord's columns were pushing on. At seven o'clock, — the storm had passed, and in the overarching dome the glittering constellations marched, looking down who knows with what absorbing interest, — Sheridan wrote to Meade, —

'The rebel army is in my front, three miles distant, with all its trains. If the Sixth Corps can hurry up we will have sufficient strength. I will hold my ground unless I am driven from it. I understand that Humphreys is just after the Fifth Corps. My men are out of rations, and some rations should follow quickly. Please notify General Grant.

'P. S. The enemy are moving from Amelia Court House via Jetersville and Burke's Station to Danville. Jeff Davis passed over this railroad yesterday to Danville.'

This dispatch reached Meade's headquarters at the house of a Mr. Jones, on the east side of Deep Run, at a quarter of eleven. He was quite unwell and after it had been read to him he retired, but sent for Sheridan's staff officer, the brave Colonel Newhall, and asked him as to the situation and what Sheridan said about it. In effect Newhall's report was that Lee could be balked, and if Meade would forsake everything but arms and ammunition and at any sacrifice hurry forward and join Sheridan, Lee would have to surrender. Meade forwarded the dispatch to Grant, who was in camp at Wilson's Station on the South Side Road, telling him that Humphreys was partly across the run, that his men had been moving, working on the roads, and standing for fourteen hours, and were out of rations, — the cavalry on the right had cut across to the left intercepting his march during the afternoon, — that in a general

order for him and all the troops to move at 3 A.M. he had said, —

‘The Major-General commanding feels he has but to recall to the Army of the Potomac the glorious success of the oft-repeated gallant contests with the Army of Northern Virginia, and when he assures the army that, in the opinion of so distinguished an officer as General Sheridan, it only requires these sacrifices to try and bring the long and desperate conflict to a triumphant issue, the men of this army will show that they are willing to die of fatigue and starvation as they have ever shown themselves ready to fall by the bullets of the enemy.’

When, after midnight, the tired, wet, and hungry men were aroused by the pealing bugles and heard Meade’s order, they broke into cheers and took up the line of march. And that on this narrative may fall the glow of the spirit of the army, and for the sake of the chords of sympathy which bind us all, let it be told that men whose shoes had given out wrapped cloths around them and, smiling over their own appearance, at the command, ‘Forward!’ stepped off with their comrades. Others who were wounded refused to stay in the hospitals and rejoined their regiments, nursing their wounds only when the troops halted. We cannot account for this inspiring zeal and fortitude unless we realize that up and down the high valleys of the mind God’s heralds were blowing their trumpets; trumpets that stir the hearts of men and have been heard down the ages, and lo! the generations had prophets: religion, literature, poetry, and glory.

Humphreys’ Second Corps moved between one and two o’clock without food; Wright with the Sixth got to Deep Run at seven, his men having come on, like those of Humphreys, rationless. The former reached Jetersville at half-past three, and took posi-

tions on the right and left of Griffin. About 6 P.M., the advance of the ever-gallant Sixth Corps, the flags unfurled which it had carried on so many fields with valor, bore up, marching strongly. This was Wednesday.

Meanwhile, in fact, the day had barely begun. Sheridan, determined to find out what Lee was up to, seeing that he did not attack, sent a brigade of cavalry under Davies to Lee’s right. At Paine’s cross-roads, some five or six miles west of Amelia, Davies struck a train of wagons and artillery, several miles long, heading towards Rice’s Station on the road running to Lynchburg, and captured five pieces of artillery, a number of prisoners, several hundred wagons, and eight or nine battle-flags.

Fitzhugh Lee, Dearing, and Gary attacked him viciously as he withdrew, but Sheridan advancing several brigades of cavalry to his aid, he was able to bring in his telltale captures, although not without losing some heroic fellows. Shortly after the return of Davies a Negro was led in, bearing a brief note given him by a Confederate officer, which ran as follows, —

April 5, 1865.

AMELIA COURT HOUSE,

DEAR MAMMA: Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Shyron left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this evening. General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause and that of God. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since. Bernard Terry [he] said was taken prisoner, but may get out. I send this by a negro I see passing up railroad to Mecklenburg. Love to all.

Your devoted son,

WM. B. TAYLOR,

Colonel.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and it is easy to read in this letter the despair that had come over the Army of Northern Virginia.

At three o'clock Sheridan sent a dispatch to Grant, inclosing the above letter and reporting Davies's operations, adding, 'I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee.'

IV

While the scout to whom this dispatch was intrusted makes his way to Grant who was some twenty miles distant with Ord heading for Burkeville, let us go to the side of his great antagonist, whose advance, when the narrative left him, had come up with sudden check against Sheridan's entrenched lines at Jetersville, Griffin being athwart the railroad on a ridge crowned with an open oak wood, Humphreys on his right, and the cavalry on his left.

No one whom Lee sent to reconnoitre these lines brought back a single hope of carrying them: they were too grimly strong, and, moreover, the stiff bearing on the part of the skirmishers in front of them told the story of what the attacking soldiers would meet from the men behind them; in other words, that Sheridan was ready to play the desperate game of battle. Notwithstanding, however, had Lee had all of his army there, I have no doubt that he would have assaulted; but Ewell was not up, in fact he had barely reached Amelia. So Lee's fighting spirit had to yield, and he decided to move toward Farmville. He owed all this to Sheridan, who, that day, and on to the end, was the lion in his way.

Longstreet tells us that 'no orders came, the afternoon was passing, further delay seemed perilous, I drew the

command off and filed to the right to cross Flat Run to march to Farmville. The infantry, trains, and artillery followed, and kept the march up until a late hour.'

Lee bivouacked at Amelia Springs, and I do not know how that great man felt that night, but trust that, like Griffin's, his camp was in an open oak wood, that the ground sloped away gently, that every wandering south wind breathed sweetly through the tree tops, and that sleep fell softly over his thwarted, troubled mind.

At five o'clock in the afternoon — about the hour probably when Longstreet started his trains and artillery — Grant was at Notaway Court House and notified Meade: —

Ord has covered fifteen miles today to reach here, and is going on. He will probably reach Burkeville tonight. My headquarters will be with the advance.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

Toward sundown Sheridan's intrepid and more-than-once-tried scout, Campbell, wearing the uniform of a Confederate officer, his horse in a lather, emerged from the woods on the right of Ord's marching column and, on being taken to Grant, handed him Sheridan's dispatch, written on tissue paper and rolled up in a pellet covered with tinfoil. Grant as soon as he read it dismounted — he was riding 'Jeff Davis,' a middle-sized, stocky, black pony; those who served at headquarters will remember the fast-pacing little fellow well — and, with the saddle for a rest, wrote a message to Ord. He then mounted Cincinnati, his high, thorough-bred bay, — how proudly he stood, ears alert, that second day at Spottsylvania when his rider and all headquarters were under fire, — and, with Campbell in the lead, set off

through the dark, tangled woods, now up narrow lanes, now by lone barns, on past unlighted houses where the watchdog alone was awake, and, once more, across gray, night-mantled fields for Jetersville. 'I wish you were here yourself,' Sheridan had said, and that was enough; no distance, fatigue, or darkness could be so great or so deep as to stay the quiet and mighty-hearted Grant from answering the call.

It was well past ten o'clock when he reached Sheridan at the Childres House near the railroad, and, after hearing how things stood, sent a note to Meade saying, 'I would go over to see you this evening but I have ridden a long distance to-day. Your orders directing an attack to-morrow morning will hold in the absence of others, but it is my impression that Lee will retreat during the night and, if so, we will pursue with vigor.'

That Lee withdrew as Grant predicted, we already know. And now we hope that after all that day's work was done, this modest, true, magnanimous man had, like Lee and Griffin, a bed under towering oaks; that sleep, sweet sleep, came to him as I trust it came to them, and that every night wind breathed of the days to come, and he saw visions of his country moving upward in splendor and glory.

The road from Amelia Springs by which the weary, sleep-longing, hungry, yet dauntless Confederate army, moved toward Rice's Station and Farmville is narrow, winding, and lonely; one that never before that fatal day had seen a battle-flag, heard the clattering march of cavalry or felt the heavy tread and jar of thundering guns. Nor had it ever dreamed of the sounds it was to hear before the sun went down: the shriek of disemboweled horses, the piercing cries of the wounded, and the faint, intermittent, muttering, delirious speech of the dying.

No, it had heard the voices of Peace only: care-free Negroes singing in adjacent fields as they ploughed, hoed, and stacked the ripened grain; wagons chuckling happily under their loads of cotton and tobacco, wheat and corn for the mill; carriages rolling softly to and from the country churches, and now and then the natural glee of a light-hearted, whistling boy. It is bordered for long reaches by unfenced woods of haggard pines and brushy oaks, which rise scornfully above a dense undergrowth. On leaving Amelia Springs it shuns the frequent tributaries of Flat Creek by swerving around their swampy heads up among billowing, cultivated uplands creased by many ravines, the cradles of living streams, along whose thickety banks wild plums and azaleas bloom and red-birds build their nests.

The soaking rains of a few days past had made the road very soft, and the heavy trains and cavalry soon so cut up the low places that they were almost impassable. It is tiresome enough to march all night on good broad roads, but from marching over a narrow one like this, crowded with stalled trains, and packed with men whose hearts are bowed down, spare us, good Lord!

So through fields alternating with woods the road goes on, and after a while comes to Deatonsville, a hamlet of three or four houses. There, after crossing the historic Genito Road, one of Virginia's oldest highways, it loiters along as before till it gets well over Sandy Creek, when it bends southwestward. About a mile and a half this side of Sailor's Creek, another road sets off to the right, running northwest, skirting the creek's timbered shoulders till, with the stream, it is almost within sight of the Appomattox, when it turns abruptly toward the setting sun and, plunging down into the valley, crosses the creek at a bridge and several fords.

The main road, after the other leaves it, changes a little more to the southward and soon catches the light of the eastern boundary of the Captain Hillsman Plantation, which slopes into the narrow valley of Sailor's Creek. Just before reaching the house, it passes, and I think reverentially, the old graveyard where lie the gallant Captain's ancestors under moaning pines, then by the dooryard it goes into the creek's shelving, scored-out valley which, from bluff to bluff, if the shouldering sides may be called bluffs, is six or eight hundred yards wide. The stream itself is at the foot of the western bluff, and is not very large or very deep, but has very miry banks planted densely with willow, wild rose, and alder, and gilded richly on the margins with tufted cowslip.

At the time of the retreat the creek was high and well out of its treacherous banks. The road crosses it on a low rickety bridge opposite the mouth of a considerable ravine which reaches up to the timber on the west side, the birthplace of a cherished and singing little brook. It then turns to the left, and at once begins to mount diagonally the right bank, through scattering wild plums and young pines whose roots are beneath quilts of daisies and broom grass, which were stained that afternoon by much rare and gallant blood.

If you look over your left shoulder as you mount the road, the valley of the creek, and the old Hillsman home-

stead, with its big chimney and venerable dooryard, evergreens, and all the sloping fields greet your eye. Having gained the top of the ridge, the road disappears in a forest stippled with dogwoods and now and then blazing with an azalea, and through them wanders on to Rice's Station, some four or five miles away.

Perhaps we have dwelt with too much particularity and too long on this road. But that was a crucial day of the great war between the States, and on this road, as a whole, and for the last time, marched the Army of Northern Virginia. Here, too, as the sun was going down, the Confederacy, under Sheridan's mortal wounds, sighed out its last hope. Moreover, this was the scene of much valor and much suffering; and I think, dear friend, were you to sit down beside it, and in the silence let your mind dwell upon the past, the old road would unburden itself to you as it did to me; for I know right well that you are a true, kind-hearted man, one to whom old highways, church-spires, and battlefields would love to tell their memories and to talk, as the evening shadows deepen around you, of life's strange, immortal, and fruitful mysteries.

Well, then, such is the general character of the road Lee's army took, hoping to pass around Grant's left on Thursday, the sixth. It is probable that Longstreet got back to it from Sheridan's and Meade's fronts at Jettersville toward midnight.

(To be continued.)

TO LONELY YOUTH

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

So, lean your head against my knee,
And cry, and tell it all to me.

You need not play-act now, poor child;
You of the windy heart and wild,
Whom all the boys and girls pass by
Because you are not like them.

Cry!

Cry till the laughter flickers through,
Bright from the good brave pride in you,
Bidding you know how young you are,
Happy with sunbeams or a star
Or sea-storms or a butterfly.
You, whom the boys and girls pass by,
Have merrier thoughts each dawn of day
Than in a year of dancing, they!

And yet, you envy them. Ah, there!
Toss back your tangle-top, and stare
Straight in my eyes, you child.

How deep

The full-grown passionate wonders sleep!
You cannot guess how rich you are,
Lover of silence and a star: —
Longing (great eyes and gleaming curls)
Just to be like all other girls;
Just to be gay, and quick, and wear
The same wide ribbons in your hair,
To talk the same sharp chatter, change
The same small jokes.

While you — can range

The Silver Mountains of the Moon
In curly-footed elfin shoon;

And feel the Spirits of the Air
Whisper across that tumbled hair;
Can hear, not very far away,
True Joy and Sorrow calling, 'Lay
Your childhood by! We come to meet,
Full soon, the twinkle of your feet:
But we shall make you wise, and strong,
And gay as gods, not girls, ere long!'

Oh, lean your head against my knee,
And listen, breathing quietly.

For all the ribbons and the curls
You are not like those other girls. —
Dear heart, you cannot laugh as they,
Who never know what makes you gay:
You must be lonely, often; yes,
And learn to love your loneliness. .

Yes, lonely, — wistful eyes!

Oh, child,
Vexed by the windy heart and wild,
Youth hurts you, and must hurt you. Yet
Hold to your dreams! nor once forget
They shall be utter Youth for you
When other's dancing-days are through.
Hold to your dreams!

What if, to-night,
You seemed so stupid, and the light
Young laughter lashed you? — Some day, sweet,
Your turn shall come! your turn, to greet
High Friends, deep Love: no puppet-play,
But Love's last pain and pride, some day.
And nights like this, Tired Heart, will seem
The least queer shadow of a dream!

And yet (great eyes and tear-wet curls)
You would be like those other girls!
So be it! Run! Blow out the light.
But — no more tears! — You child, good-night!

MY BOOK AND HEART

BY MARGARET LYNN

ON the prairie one had time to read. I heard Arthur's mother say that there was so little time for children to read when they were going to school, and I wondered. I did n't see how there could be such a thing as not having time to read. You don't think about taking time to read — you just read. The only occasion when we thought of time was when we were hurrying through one book to get to another; for there was almost always another waiting, and holding out a fascinating promise that hastened our progress toward it. And then it was so quiet on the prairie. The general whooping of life was so far away that it did not call us from books with the insistence of its noise. Its activity became history or romance before it reached us.

Arthur's mother said, too, that the days were so much longer at the plantation than in town; and that also made me wonder. But, of course, it would account for Arthur's not having time to read. I was not strong on science, and I pictured the sun as rising at school-time in the city and setting just as Arthur got home again. Certainly Arthur had not read anything, except a few children's stories which we had left behind long since. We tried him in every department of literature and found him wanting everywhere. To him a poem was a piece to speak, and prose was something one found in the Fourth Reader. If he had not kept us in place by his superior knowledge of the world, we might have become priggish and pharisaic over his limitations.

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But, of course, there was no reason why any one should feel lofty over the simple and natural indulgence in reading. The only wonder, if there was one, was that any person could exercise such self-restraint as Arthur did. As for us, there were the books and there were the long summer days and the long winter evenings. Why not read and read again?

There were the books, to be sure. And by good fortune they were such as led us into the ways of literature. Of all libraries the most satisfying and the most lovable is not that obtained out of hand by one man in one period, but that which is made up of the accretions of years, and even of generations. A real library can hardly be got by any man in one life; it takes the successive tastes of grandfather and father and son, with possibly the happy inheritance of books chosen by collateral members of the family. Such a library is full of surprises and by-paths, and even of suggestive gaps that stimulate desire.

I suppose I say this because that is the kind of library the plantation held. It was not a very large collection; freighting books from the east in those days was too expensive. A book had to show reason why its passage should be paid. But, carefully limited as it was, such a library was not merely a library; it was a family tree mentalized, a racial epitome, a record of ancestral mind and taste. Grandfather and even great-grandfather had chosen and worn the books, great-uncles and dead-and-gone

cousins had thumbed and ruffled the leaves, tributary and confluent family lines had made contributions. Angular writing of generations before ours appeared on fly-leaves and margins, along with the glossy labels of far-away booksellers. Some of the children who visited us, like Arthur, did not think our library looked attractive. The sober shelves had a look of brown middle-aged respectability, very different from the enticing variegation of a shelf of new novels in their parti-colored dress, or so-called children's books, garish affronts to childish intelligence. Another advantage of living on the prairie is that new books do not wander in every day, and that there is no public library. One has time to read a good book twice.

The foundation of our library was laid by the austere taste of a New England great-grandfather and his evidently like-minded son; the taste of a people who did not care for any nonsense. It is hard to believe that there ever was a time when people really read Cotton Mather and Roger Williams and Jonathan Edwards, especially grown persons who could read what they liked. Even *Charlotte Temple*, doubtless a concession to frivolity on my grandfather's part, seemed to us to show a very rudimentary sense of what was entertaining. An inheritance from a Covenanter ancestor lent moral support and sympathy to the New Englander's literary taste. From him came the various Lives of Cameronians and Covenanters generally, the treasured copy of the Covenant, numerous 'Confessions of Faith,' copiously and devotedly annotated, a rich collection of sermons and letters, histories of all stages of Presbyterianism, — between which and Royalist Scott we became hopelessly bewildered, — and dear yellow, old collections of Scotch poetry. He must have been a man worth knowing,

that ancestor, with his love of songs and of sermons — his *Tales of the Borders* and his tattered *Kilmeny* and well-worn Rutherford's *Letters*.

Then from some romantic feminine source — a great-aunt, I think — came volumes of early Victorian verse, with faint sentimental pencil lines on the margins, and an occasional 'Sweet!' or 'True!' in a genteel hand. From her, too, must have come the *Ladies' Book of Anecdotes* and certain 'best-sellers' of another time, now long past their day, like dried-up and passé toasts; such as *Children of the Abbey* and *Alonzo and Melissa*. We did n't have to open these books to know whose name we should find daintily set on the fly-leaf. They were small, usually, with faded colored bindings and gold stamping. Lady hands had held them and slender pencils had marked them, and they had come to us unsmudged and unthumbd. There was no likeness between them and the plain shaky brown books of the Puritan or the Covenanter.

Other books had wandered to us through other by-paths. There was a little group, only a shelf-full, which stood always by itself, the scanty mental food of a young uncle — or was it a cousin? Whoever it was, he was not much talked of now, and we had a general impression that he had been a sort of ne'er-do-well, if such a sober and practical person as an uncle could be a ne'er-do-well. But anyway he had been a dilettante youth who had passed away before he had reached the period of settled-down taste, and had left, to fix his reputation forever, such signs of his judgment as N. P. Willis and Fanny Fern, and several highly-colored *Annals*, and novels whose once up-to-date flippancy was now an out-of-date flatness. Poor uncle or whoever he was! Beside his Puritan ancestor's collection his looked garish, indeed, and he never could return to correct the impression

he continued to make by his youthful following of fashion in reading. The shelf might have furnished a suggestive object-lesson to the thoughtful grown-up, and made him wonder how his own library would look to the critic of a generation later, and whether it would be worth handing down to his heirs.

Different from these was the sweet maiden collection which my mother had brought with her to her new home and which still stood in her room: the *Flower of the Family* and *A Garland of Verse*, and Mrs. Hemans and Jean Ingelow and à Kempis and the *Christian Year* and the *Golden Treasury*, and others. When, with chastened mind, I was spending an afternoon in retreat, I went to her room and read those books.

And then, of course, there were my father's own volumes, gathered through all his years; books thoughtfully collected and soberly hoarded, as by a man who thought a good book a precious thing. There were few among them that had not won their way to place, and none — save the few forbidden books — that could not safely be ours. A man with half a dozen young readers coming on does not choose his books lightly.

All these and others that I cannot account for now, were our range. There were not many among them all that we did not investigate, first or last. We smiled, in more sophisticated years, to think that there had been a time when we judged a book by a merely superficial standard, such as the attractiveness of its title or the amount of dialogue it contained. But the introductory mistake we made as to the probable relative value of the solid paragraphs of *Robinson Crusoe* and the promising pages of conversation in *Sandford and Merton* or the Rollo Books, for instance, taught us a salutary lesson.

The fact is, we found, it is unwise

to pass by any book without a thorough investigation. I shuddered later to think that I had made three separate attempts to read *Ivanhoe* before I could get past its initial lesson in linguistics and politics. And what if I had not made a fourth effort, — with certain saltatory movements that took me past this barrier! For a long time we ignored the golden *History of Granada*, supposing it to be an ordinary history, and the luscious *Life of John Martin*, bound in dull brown with plain lettering, which we had passed over as a mere biography. Such mistakes as these made us wary. Diamonds might lurk anywhere. It behoved us to be up and looking.

And look we did. I doubt if there was at last a single dramatic element left undiscovered in all our small library. The old books were of two classes generally: books whose soft yellow pages with their frayed edges fell open of themselves, showing cleavage most notably at places which we at once knew must be the best; and books with starchy unhandled leaves and creaking protesting backs, books which had kept an unbroken newness through all the generations that had owned them.

There was something pathetic, I thought at first, about an unread book, standing on a shelf in endless waiting, and offering its unused meaning year after year to unasking owners. I used to take one down occasionally and make an attempt to read it — like Sordello with his pitiful caryatides. But I generally found that there had been reason for its rejection by my predecessors. The ancestral literary taste was not to be despised, I found as the result of my investigations, and I readily returned the stiff lines of *The Pleasures of the Imagination* and the moralities of Martin Tupper, to their accustomed repose. But there continued to be for

me a wistful look about even the back of a neglected book.

On the other hand, if a book were ragged and wobbly in its covers, that was reason enough for examining it. It had evidently been popular and could probably show cause. It was so we found *Pilgrim's Progress*, a mere tatter of a book, and we never had reason to regret the time we spent upon it. Until we were absolutely certain that a book was essays or science or theology or a footless stuff called philosophy, we gave it a fair chance. Almost any book has something in it, except such as these. Even diaries and biographies, for the judicious and persevering skipper, have dramatic moments. All books, in our judgment, were to be tasted.

Of course there were Dickens and Scott and Mrs. Whitney and beloved Miss Alcott. But reading them was like getting money out of a bank. The true searcher for gold finds it in the rough and in unassured places. There was real excitement in turning the pious leaves of the unpromising *Life of James Renwick*, with expectation of entertainment low, and then suddenly finding him escaping across the moss-hags, his horse guided by a Power that evidently approved of his views on church polity, while the prelatial Claverhouse men in pursuit floundered up to their shoulders and gave up the chase. Such a finding as that stimulated us to make acquaintance with other Covenanters, men who lived a life of daring and risk and escape — or dramatic martyrdom — that put them in a class with Robinson Crusoe himself.

Even in the dun-colored old *History of the Covenanters* there would suddenly appear, set in between dull acts of Parliament and unexciting politics, a secret conventicle in the mist and the heather, where the excitement of the hazard run must have compensated for the solemnity of paraphrase and

sermon. And then would come in those Claverhouse men again, and the Presbyterians would drop to cover in the heather or bracken, except the few who were always taken and led away to the boot or the maiden — instruments we tried in vain to visualize or invent.

Patches like this would enliven any history. We could not help regarding them as accidents in historical narrative, which left to itself would cling by nature to the dullness of acts of Parliament and the monotonous performances of Whig and Tory. But accident or not, such bits were too delightful for us to chance missing them, and led us to the examination of other histories in the hope that they, too, were enlivened by dramatic episodes.

Nor were we unrewarded. The divorce trial of Katherine of Aragon, and the simple elemental Henry neatly disposing of wife after wife; Lady Jane Grey and her Greek and her execution; Luther meeting the devils on the roofs of Worms — so our confused imagination syncopated the affair; the adorable Mary, irresistible we did n't know why, Mary with her Rizzio and her Bothwell, and her two small hands clasping her own slender neck; the great Catherine, so naughty the books did n't tell what she was up to; Catherine Douglas, another Catherine, sacrificing her white arm for a bolt to the rude door to save the kingly James; the good-looking Charles stepping out through the wall to have his handsome head cut off — episodes like these enriched the sparsely-set pages of history, and partly reconciled us to the moments when we were bidden to read it.

In fact, except the negligible classes I have named, there is scarcely any book that does not have something interesting in it. The whole art of being entertained lies in two things — in being a good skipper and in seeing things as they are. There is *Pilgrim's Progress*,

for instance. However it may be for the pious or literary grown-up, there is no book that more invites skipping on the part of the discriminating ten-year-old. The long array of Golden Texts and dialogued religion seems made to be skipped. What is the use of having Sundays on week-days? But, ah me, the Delectable Mountains and the House Beautiful!—do you have such a rested feeling anywhere else in literature?—and the country of Beulah and the Valley of the Shadow of Death! Everything in the book could be seen as plain as day. Prudence and Piety and Charity looked like some pretty maids I had seen once at a hotel, and Mercy looked like the mild young wife of our doctor, and Christian looked like just any man. They were all such genuine flesh-and-blood that I could have pinched them. But that was no credit to either Bunyan or us. When you are ten, things easily turn into flesh-and-blood. It does n't matter much whether books are illustrated or not. After you have shut them up once you can hardly remember whether the pictures were on the page or in your head.

L Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, however, was illustrated. I don't suppose it would ever occur to any wise person selecting five hundred books or five yards of books or five hundred pounds of books for the juvenile, to include that gory chronicle among them. I am sure there is no warrant in pedagogical principles for supposing that any normal child could be induced to read it. But we did, and more than once—whether on advice or not, I don't remember. What pleasure any youngster could find in that long panorama of flayings and fagots and rackings and blood and stern refusals to recant, I cannot surmise now. But we were so well acquainted with it that the martyr became for us a distinct type of person,

like the gypsy or mover or robber, the sort of person whose function it was to have his head cut off bloodily or be hung on a pole upside down.

As I say, the book was illustrated with an innocent art that spared no detail, and an incongruity of martyrly expression that modified the horror, even for us. The chubby bishop of Arethusa, seated aloft on a clothes-basket, evidently borrowed for the moment from the family washing, and gazing in round-eyed and bewildered perturbation at an approaching flock of something, whether bees or buzzards I don't know; a thickly whiskered but knock-kneed persecutor, neatly removing Francis Gross's muscular tissue with an implement that looked like a milk-skimmer; one of the seventy martyrs, a sample, I suppose, coyly dropping a corner of her round chin on the blade of the broad corn-knife that was cutting her head off; that was the sort of picture that illuminated religious fervor for us. I suppose we found a novel as well as a dramatic element in the suffering,—a thing that lay entirely outside of our experience; and enjoyed at the same time the opportunity for indignation against the persecutors,—a large righteous sort of feeling. Anyway, we fell back on that book on many Sunday afternoons when public opinion appeared to demand that we read something appropriate to the season. It seemed to be a religious work.

There is nothing in our later explorations among books that is comparable to the delight of those early searchings. The more undirected they were the better. Of course when They, who were supposed to know everything, gave us a book and bade us become acquainted with it, we assumed that it must possess some well-established merit, and set ourselves to find it. Sometimes we found it and sometimes we did not. There was *Sandford and*

Merton. I don't know that any reason was offered for inflicting that book upon us, except that it contained useful information, — no reason at all, — and that our grandfather Johnson had had to read it when he was a boy. I leave it to any lover of real entertainment if either of those reasons was sufficient. I don't see now how my grandfather's generation grew up with the incubus of that book upon them. It is a poor book that can't be read more than once, but I really thought I should rather forget how to read than follow a second time the misadventures of the dull Tommy or the noble example of the paragonic Harry.

Afterwards I read somewhere the life of this informational Mr. Day, and how he educated a girl to be his wife, and when she was all properly educated and ready she would not wear the kind of clothes he prescribed and so would not do, and how three other young ladies in succession refused him, and I was glad of it. I wished forty young ladies had refused him and he had died of cumulative broken heart.

That was the kind of book that might be imposed upon us when officious elders selected our reading. In spite of the generally accepted view of Their omniscience, I sometimes suspected them of offering us books that they had not read themselves, and never would read. *Sandford and Merton* seemed evidence enough of that. But generally such direction as we got was largely negative. There were certain books that we might not read — openly — but it was usually assumed that when we were reading we were safe. So we were left to the long joys of the discovery of literature, joys that were incomparable and manifold.

There is no other delight like that of finding something fine for yourself where no one has pointed it out to you. You may be fairly sure that in time all

the substantial and sensible merits of literature will be shown you more or less forcibly, and that you will have an opportunity to test them for yourself. But there may be a thousand shy or remote things that no one will ever tell you about. That is one reason why it is wise to search widely and unflaggingly. One gets to have a sweet proprietary interest in bits of literature discovered for one's self. Sometimes the treasures are so rare that one does not tell any one else about them at all. For me, I had a secret hoard of beauties that I did not discover even to John or Mary — Henry was quite out of the question, of course. In time these were taken from me by the annoying discovery that no end of people knew them already, that they were even vulgarized by common quoting.

One day, in prowling through an unpromising old gray book I found 'a green thought in a green shade.' That was a moment! I lived on the phrase for a day and returned to it for weeks afterward for sweet æsthetic sips. When I lay on the grass under the box-elder tree and looked up through its rather scanty leaves, I used to say that over to myself and wait for an appropriate thought, which never came. For years I thought it was my verse and only mine. Who else would think of looking into an old gray book for it? To that I added from time to time such sister joys as 'with the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.' That was a good bit to say to myself when I leaned from my window at night, after saying my prayers, to take a last look at the sky and postpone for an instant the undesired moment of final retirement.

I found that in a book of extracts. Books of extracts and quotations — the difference is that an extract is longer than a quotation — are excellent good things for the discoverer of literature. If you are taken with the sample you

can hunt up the whole fabric and find many joys in that way. They are great books for tasting. So it was I first discovered *Lalla Rookh* and the *Songs of Seven*. And while I was tracing the samples to their sources I might come upon other delights by the way that nothing had pointed me to. The excitement and happiness of exploration were endless. To Columbus the tinsel joy of finding America — my own discoveries for me! That thousands had already made them for themselves did not matter. And yet I did not show John and Mary everything I found.

The corner of the Forbidden Books added a zest and a perilous excitement to our explorations. The grown-ups certainly had curious notions about what it was inadvisable for children to read. I read a good many of the Forbidden Books, almost all of them, in fact, and found nothing bad in them. Some of them I found merely dull and returned them unfinished. I tasted Balzac, for example, but did n't like the taste. Of course in later years, with the tremendous knowledge gained by grown-upness, I should probably have coincided with Their view, but you have to know a good deal about badness in order to recognize it when you see it. If you are only young enough you can read almost anything, skimming lightly and safely over unguessed depths of wickedness. It really was Ellen and the elders whose reading should have been restricted.

But having books forbidden makes them irresistibly alluring, and adds the excitement of hazard to the reading of them. Did you never sneak a book away to read it, prudently sliding up the other books on the shelf so that no betraying gap might show? Did you never, for instance, read *Romola* under the bed in the spare bedroom, dividing your righteous condemnation of Tito with your own conscientious scruples,

and your fear for Romola's safety with shivers lest you yourself be caught? Did you never make your way through *Vanity Fair* by cautious half-hour snatches, fearful every moment lest some one in authority should interrupt?

There was one horrible day when I sought the tranquil though badly-lighted seclusion under the spare bed, forgetting that one of the frequent visiting preachers was sojourning with us. I had reached the third chapter of *Children of the Abbey*, thousands of miles from bed-springs and figured carpet, when the preacher entered. I had forgotten his existence. But there he was, and there he stayed. He read and he wrote; he even practiced a sermon, — not much of a sermon, I thought. And all the while I, rolled to the very limits of my retreat, waited for him to go. What if he should, like another minister that once stayed with us, do without supper! That was one of the things I was afraid of. The other was that he might pray. We had wondered a good deal what the ministers did when they stayed in their room so much, and had decided that they spent most of their time in vocalized devotion. At least, that is what the preachers in the Lives did. We had even paused outside the door sometimes, when no scrupulous elder was in sight, to listen for suggestive sounds from within. But it would have been one thing to hear him from outside and quite another to be shut in the room with him. I simply could not stand it if he prayed. It would be unthinkable embarrassing. And besides, his position of devotion might be an unfavorable one for me.

But this preacher was apparently not of the praying kind. At least he did not use this opportunity, but finally went off to the orchard to look for Red Junes, and I escaped. The only lesson I drew from that episode was, not to frequent

the spare room when we had company. I finished *Children of the Abbey* in the wheat-bin, and got it back to the house undiscovered.

It never occurred to us at that time that the matter of literary quality had anything to do with the limitations laid on our reading. I was much puzzled during my surreptitious perusal of *Fair Women*, to account for the prejudice that existed against it among the censors of our reading. We supposed that a book was forbidden on purely moral grounds, and were surprised and disappointed to find no palpable wickedness in it. We always hoped to find in one of them some time an unrestricted view of villainy such as would entirely satisfy our hungry imaginations. We craved a novelty in rascality that would really startle us, but never found it. I don't know how old you are when you begin to discover Canons of Taste, or whether you discover them for yourself or have them laid upon you, like the social conventions. But there is a pleasant time before you are aware of them and are still untrammelled and unashamed in all your verdicts. Then *John Gilpin's Ride* is not funny and *We are Seven* is, and *The Ancient Mariner* is a nice spooky fairy tale, and *Pilgrim's Progress* is in the same class with the *Arabian Nights*, and *Little Women* is about the best book ever written. An interesting book is an interesting book, in whatever company you find it.

There is nothing that furnishes greater promise of continued satisfaction in life than to know that whatever happens you can always read. However other interests may fluctuate or

fail, there are always books, and there is always an interesting one if you only search long enough for it. It gives a sort of certainty to life, and an assurance of its continued likableness, to know that there need be no dull interstices in it. Games may flag, and brothers and sisters may have moments of slightly damaged amiability, but entertainment need not pause while there are still books to read. If there are no new ones you can always read *David Copperfield* again.

The shaky old books were none the less shaky when we were through with them, especially if we had forgotten them in the orchard or the cottonwood grove for a few days at a time. But the orchard was the best place in summer, I found. I found, too, that it was a good thing to disappear into it early in the afternoon, before any one thought to say where was that child, and it really was time she was learning to sew or crochet or something. I don't know why it does n't tire your elbows or your back, when you are ten, to lie on the grass with a book in front of you for a whole afternoon. After you have passed another decade or two, you don't care much for the position.

Those orchard afternoons! When I established a pile of apples beside me and turned the first leaf of my book, the sun was high above me. Then a minute or two passed, and some one was calling me, and the sun was almost down, and the apples were all gone. That was the only thing that surprised me, however. I had been in a far country and the lapse of time was only natural.

THE MAN WHO FAILED

BY HELEN ORMSBEE

I

As Robert Brockton started across the bridge toward Brooklyn, he turned and glanced hopelessly at the skyscrapers behind him. In the gathering darkness they loomed, huge symbols of the triumphant force of New York. Brockton shrank from them because he knew that he was a failure; a failure in this country of ambition, this city of success.

The knowledge had come to him that afternoon in a flash of self-comprehension, and, in the blindness which followed, he had clung to one resolve: he would face the truth.

'Your department has n't made good,' Adams had said. He was the head of the firm, a short-spoken but kindly man. 'I know it's new, and we've taken that into account. But—' He paused and finished with a regretful upward inflection, 'we want results.'

The room swam before Brockton. In the next moment, he lived over his joy at his recent promotion. 'I'm — I'm not satisfactory?' he asked.

'That's it,' replied Adams reluctantly. 'We're going to put Fehrmann in your place,' he hurried on. 'I like you, Brockton, but you're not the man for the position. There's not enough go to you. Only last week you let that contract with Palmer slip through your fingers.'

Brockton nodded. What Adams said was true.

'Then I am to go back to my old place?' he asked.

'Well — no, the fact is, there is n't anything for you.'

It was then that Brockton realized his failure. He did not speak; he had forgotten Adams's presence. In the silence, his employer studied him. Brockton, in the late thirties, had iron-gray hair; straightforward, intelligent gray eyes, set wide apart beneath the forehead of a thinker; a nose strong enough, and a mouth and jaw sufficiently well-proportioned. It was the expression which puzzled Adams: keen, but not practical; quick, but too sensitive; far-sighted, but not shrewd.

The senior partner, owing to himself with annoyance that he had promoted Brockton not because of his fitness, but because he liked him, broke the silence.

'We've divided the work you used to do among four or five men. They crowd it in with their regular routine and it saves a salary. That's why there's no place for you.' He leaned back in his chair and continued, 'When we organized the draughting department, I put you at the head of it because I wanted to give you a lift. You'd been with us five years. It was a big move up for you. Jameson thought you were n't suited to this work; he wanted Fehrmann all the time. But I said I'd give you your chance.'

'I've had it,' said Brockton. His shoulders drooped and he leaned heavily on the desk beside him. He was confronted with his own inability, and he despised it with all the intensity of his American training.

Adams spoke again as he was leaving. 'I'm sorry for this; but the highest possible efficiency in every line is what we must keep in view. Brockton, — you don't make a bull's-eye hit every time. That's the kind of man we've got to have.'

Out between the bridge-towers Brockton halted while the homeward-bound throng hurried on in the early winter twilight. Leaning on the rail looking down the river, he remembered the first time he had stood there, when, a boy of fifteen, he had made a trip to New York. To-night he looked back pityingly on that boy as he remembered the youthful determination, 'Some day I'll come to New York and live.'

The desire to succeed was his birth-right, as it is that of every American. It is in the blood of the race, descendants of pioneers who made homes in a wilderness and conquered a continent. Brockton had been brought up on the gospel of success. He had believed in it; he still believed in it. And therein lay the bitterness of his failure.

He felt a despairing contempt for himself, for he knew that this was not his first lost opportunity. The others, he had told himself, were accidents, queer turns of fate; and he had fought on, pulling himself together after each rebuff. But through years of plodding, waiting, and hoping, he had kept a firm grip on his courage, believing that some day fate would relent. Now he saw clearly that the thing which held him back was not fate, but — himself. Each time he had failed because he lacked the power to dominate other people, to bend their wills to his.

As he started onward, leaden-footed, he remembered his wife's happy face that morning. 'You need n't hurry home to-night,' she had said. 'Dinner will be a little later. You know we're going to celebrate.' He had forgotten;

it was his birthday. He was thirty-nine years old, and — a failure.

The Brocktons' home was an old-time flat in an unfashionable part of Brooklyn Heights. They lived there because it was cheap and comfortable and so near Brockton's New York office that he could walk back and forth. They had had need to count car-fares on his forty dollars a week, but since his promotion, with a raise to seventy-five, they had been planning to leave the crowded neighborhood.

Edith Brockton met her husband at their door. 'Robert,' she cried gayly, 'we're ready and dinner's waiting. How dare you be late to-night?'

She looked very pretty as she stood with the light from the chandelier shining on her soft brown hair, while pleasure brought unusual color to her cheeks. She was five years younger than Brockton, with a buoyant disposition which had kept her face unlined. She had a child's sunny smile, offset by a courageous chin and a quick, energetic glint in her eyes.

She drew Brockton into the pleasant living-room, where several cherished bits of old mahogany were placed so as to cover worn spots in the carpet. The two children, in white frocks and their best sashes, welcomed their father joyously.

Edith caught her husband's hand. 'Don't think it's silly, Robert,' she whispered, 'but I've tried to have everything especially nice to-night because this year has meant so much to you, with the promotion, and more money, and all our wishes coming true.'

After dinner, Brockton drew close to his wife. 'Edith,' he said quietly, 'send the children out. I've something to tell you.'

'What is it, Robert?' she questioned, anxiously, when they were alone. As she faced her husband, she wondered

how she could have failed to notice his strained manner and the drawn look in his face.

‘I’ve lost my position.’

Edith stood still an instant, unbelieving. Then she ran to him and putting her arms around him looked up into his face. ‘Rob, my poor boy!’ she whispered. Then, after a pause, ‘How did it happen?’

‘I told you from the first that Fehrmann wanted the place,’ said Robert quietly. ‘He waited — he had Jameison back of him — and he got his chance. They’re going to give him the department — Edith, they’ve done away with my old position. I’m turned out.’

For a time, neither of them spoke. Then she said softly, ‘I’m so sorry, Robert. It does n’t seem right. You deserved the promotion after five years of drudging for the firm. But don’t mind it, dear; this is a setback, but better times are coming. You’ll get to the top still. You’ll win; you must. And then we’ll look back and laugh at all the troubles.’

Her words touched Brockton. For a moment, he longed that she might go on believing in him. Then loyalty to her made him ashamed of his wish; he could not let her think him other than he was.

‘Edith,’ he began, ‘it was my own fault. I lost the place because I could n’t make good. That’s the truth.’

He felt her arm tremble. ‘I don’t believe it,’ she said unwaveringly. ‘You’re over-sensitive, Robert. You are n’t fair to yourself. Don’t — don’t talk that way.’

Brockton gently pushed her arm away and made her sit on the sofa beside him. ‘Dearest, do you remember what your father said before we were married? He said that I would never — succeed, make money. I was angry, but before I could speak you took my hand

and told him that you believed in me; that you were glad to be poor with me; and that you only asked for time to show him that he was wrong. I was so proud of you. — Edith, what gave you such confidence?’

‘Why, I cared for you, Robert, so, of course, I believed in you. Everybody — that is, everybody worth while — succeeds in the end. Look at father, and your brother in Los Angeles, and my brother, Ed. Of course, your father died young, but he’d have had a reputation if he’d lived. Robert, I wish you would n’t speak of what father said; at least, not now. You’ve had a dreadful day, and things look worse to you than they are. To-morrow, you’ll feel different.’

‘Edith, Edith, don’t!’ groaned Robert. ‘Don’t fill both of us with fresh hopes that I’ll only disappoint. We’ll have to admit the truth. Your father was right; I shall never succeed.’

She shrank away from him. ‘Robert!’ she cried, rising. If she had discovered him stealing money she would have cried out in the same way.

Brockton, scarcely heeding her, continued, ‘You said I’d drudged these last five years. I have; and all the years before. And all the while, we’ve thought the work beneath me; that I only needed the opportunity to make a big success. Every time the chance went over my head or slipped through my fingers, we blamed it on luck. I won’t blind myself any longer. I won’t be such a pitiable fool as not to know my own limitations. I’ve done the drudging because I can do it, and do it well. But when I try something larger, push into the thick of the fight, I’m beaten. I’m a second-rate man; that’s why I can’t get on.’

His confession had cost him much, and he ended wearily. But his wife stood silent, uncomprehending. For twelve years her faith in his ultimate

success had never faltered. She was ignorant of the competition in the midst of which her husband worked. She believed in Robert simply because he was Robert, and she had been happy to work and wait with him.

She had planned and scrimped and drudged, had worn shabby clothes, had been her own cook, nursemaid, and dressmaker. With it all, she had never grown too tired to encourage him and to share his enthusiasms. Tonight, for the first time, in the face of fresh disaster she was powerless to comfort him; his own words had choked back her sympathy. Underneath all her feminine softness, lay the dogged temperament of her hard-headed father. She was confronted with a man who could admit that he was beaten, and this man was her husband.

II

During the next month, Brockton sought for a position, while Edith, at home, worked early and late to make the money last. Fortunately, they had not begun to make the changes they had planned after Robert's promotion, and they counted on the few hundred dollars they had laid by to tide them over. In addition, the firm had given Brockton four weeks' salary. He and Edith set this aside as an emergency fund; they had nothing else to fall back upon. Of course, there were always Edith's father and brother, and Robert's brother in California, upon whom they could call. But they had never done so. They tacitly agreed that this time it would be impossible.

Edith dismissed the weekly laundress and did that work herself. This, with the cooking, sweeping, dusting, sewing, dishwashing, and bedmaking, made a weary round which was never quite completed.

The tasks irked her. She had done

them before, cheerfully, to help Robert; but she had spurred herself on with dreams of better days. Now, she was disheartened, disappointed. Little by little, she unconsciously drew away from him. She kept the house with scrupulous care and she tried to talk with him cheerfully, but their old companionship was gone.

Thus Brockton found himself alone and discouraged, despising himself, searching for work. It was not easy for him to find it. His pride was hurt and he could not ask the few influential men he knew to place him. Several times his hopes were raised, but each chance fell through. He found that his age was against him. He did not know why until one day, on a street-car, he heard a man say, —

'I want young men in my business. By the time a man's thirty-five, he ought to be fixed so that he does n't have to come to me for a job, if he's any good. If he is n't, I don't want him, anyway. A young ambitious fellow, just starting, will do more work for less money.'

Brockton winced. He knew that he was one of the men whom people spoke of as 'a good fellow, but — unsuccessful.' And he knew that that phrase conveyed more contempt than 'He's clever, but his methods are questionable.'

It seemed to him that the men and women about him were wrapped up in the worship of achievement. It was in their everyday speech. 'There's plenty of room at the top.' 'Make good.' 'Nothing succeeds like success.' 'There's no place for the average man; it's the crackerjack who gets there.'

He knew that this spirit had been fostered in them by their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers, so that, to-day, in changed conditions, with chances fewer and bigger, their descendants crowded each other on to

the very limit of their capacities. Yet for the man who could not endure this 'speeding up,' they had only the disdain of the strong animal for the weak.

At one moment, Brockton resented this adoration of attainment; in the next, he raged at his own inability to cope with it. Why could he not do what other men — his brothers, his acquaintances — had done? Why could he not be one of the fittest who survive?

Late one afternoon, nearly a month after he had begun his search for work, Brockton unlocked his door and stepped into the narrow hall. He walked wearily down it toward the kitchen.

'Edith,' he said, stopping on the threshold, 'I've settled.'

His wife sat huddled on a chair by the dumb-waiter. Her face was buried in her hands. 'I'm glad,' she replied, without looking up.

'It's with Brooks and Company. They'll only pay thirty-five dollars, but it's sure and steady. I thought I'd better take it.'

Edith nodded indifferently.

Robert crossed the room. 'What is it, Edith? What's the matter?'

'I'm so tired,' she answered faintly, 'and my head aches.' She leaned against the wall and began to sob helplessly.

Brockton looked at the rack of clean clothes before the washtubs and at the irons set on the back of the range to cool. He took Edith in his arms. 'Poor little girl,' he whispered; 'I'll get the dinner and Alice can help me.'

Edith raised her head. 'Oh, Robert, I forgot,' she said. 'Brother Ed is in town on business. He sent a message to say he'd spend the evening with us. I'll sleep a little, but call me in time to get ready for him. — And see that the children change their dresses; those they have on are so worn. — And —

Robert, don't let Ed know I did the ironing. He would n't understand.'

Brockton closed the door, his face flaming.

As the bell rang that evening, Edith said hastily, 'Robert, you need n't tell Ed about — that is, you can just say you've changed and are with Brooks and Company.'

Edward Norton forced upon the observer an impression of his importance. He was a year or two younger than Brockton, a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced man, expensively dressed by a good tailor. He greeted the family gayly. 'How are you, Robert? Hello, Edith. Father and Mary sent their love. See here, Edie, you look rather played out. What's up?'

Edith's chin lifted as she answered, 'Oh, I'm all right. A bit tired, that's all.'

'Give her a little vacation, old man,' Norton suggested easily. 'Take her down to Old Point Comfort for two or three days.'

Then, dismissing the subject, he seated himself in the most comfortable chair with Alice on the arm and Betty in his lap. They adored their wonderful uncle, who came in a taxicab and never appeared without a present.

'No, thank you, I can't stay long. I've got to catch the sleeper back to Detroit to-night. I came in a hurry, to carry through an important deal. Well, I clinched it.' He broke off and looked around the room. 'Your place here is always so cosy,' he commented, patronizingly.

Brockton thrust his clenched hands into his pockets. He had seen Norton's home, and he knew how shabby the little room must look to him. He suddenly hated this self-satisfied, prosperous man who sat telling of his latest achievement in the varnish business.

Norton interrupted his story. 'By the way, Robert,' he remarked, 'I

called up your office to-day to tell you I'd come over this evening. But I could n't get you. They said you'd left.'

Brockton bit his lips and nodded. 'Yes, I'm with Brooks and Company,' he said shortly.

There was unmistakable condescension in Norton's 'Well, they say it's a good firm.' Then he went on with the account of his own affairs.

Brockton scarcely heard what he was saying. He was fighting the desire to rise and strike his brother-in-law in the face; to inflict on him a physical pain in return for the mental torture that he himself was suffering. Every word that the man spoke stabbed his already wounded pride. He had despised himself enough, without having to see his contempt reflected on the face before him. He glanced at his wife and children.

Edward Norton's recital was reaching its climax. 'But —' he said triumphantly, 'I saw through their game and —'

The two little girls sat awed. They did not understand the story, but they knew that it was a fight and that Uncle Ed was coming out on top. Edith leaned forward, her cheeks burning, her eyes shining. In her face Brockton saw the look of admiration which he had not been able to call up since the night when he had owned himself a failure.

He was dizzy with rage and jealousy. The air in the room suffocated him and he rose, saying, 'I hope you'll excuse me, Ed, but I promised to see Mr. Sherman to-night about the work at the office.'

A moment later, he had parried their protests and was plunging into the rain and darkness outside.

He walked rapidly to the next turning and hurried on, not heeding where he went. He wanted to get away from

it all — the conflict, the responsibilities. Of what use was he? Edith and the children would be well taken care of; better than he could do it. Why should he keep up an unequal struggle? He had made a mess of his life. Why try to mend it? Why should the wise, beneficent Providence, of whom people spoke, send him into the battle of life so equipped that he could not win? He shut his teeth defiantly. A God who dealt thus with a man was cruel. As he strode down the sloping street, he gazed up at the dark sky and the dim, deserted buildings and felt himself alone, an uncounted, useless atom in an uncaring universe.

He stopped short and looked about him. He had come out upon an empty wharf. He knew now why he had come, and he drew back in horror at himself. He was a coward, a traitor to his duty. He had made a failure and he had not courage enough to take the consequences. Afraid of the blackness around him and within him, he turned and fled.

III

A few minutes later, as Brockton wandered in a dark street, the light from the open door of a church fell upon him. Something, perhaps an impulse from his far-away ancestors of the Middle Ages, drew him toward it. It was not his church; the puritan trend of his training looked upon its rites as idolatrous. But he felt the blight of sin and weakness too strongly to care about dogmas or genuflections. He stepped into a pew and the quiet of the place stole over him. Here, at least, he was safe — from himself.

Presently, he found himself praying, calling out to the God he had defied. A cry in the dark, it was not the appeal of thought, or of religion, or even of superstition — but of instinct. His ideals, his hopes, his love, his courage,

all had failed him; he could not trust himself. The power, whatever it might be, which had placed him in the world, was all he had left to turn to. He did not question now; he simply asked for strength to live as a man should.

A woman in shabby mourning sat in the pew in front of him, reading from a little leather-covered book. Soon, she rose, dropping the book upon the seat. Stopping as she faced the altar, she knelt. Then she went down the aisle.

Brockton reached into the next seat and took up the little volume. *Of the Imitation of Christ*, was printed on the worn cover. The book fell open as he held it. On the page before him he read, 'Jesus hath now many lovers of his heavenly kingdom, but few followers of his cross.' He read on, heedless of the people who came and went about him. 'Set thyself, therefore, like a good and faithful servant to bear manfully the cross of thy Lord.' Finally he reached the quotation, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.'

The book slipped from his fingers. A consolation, old as the centuries yet always new to the individual, had come to him. Adversity, suffering, sorrow, were not meaningless accidents in life; through them men might build characters the greater for the difficulties they had overcome; clinging to this faith they might reach the heights where neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, could vanquish them.

As Brockton's key clicked in the lock, the door opened and Betty threw herself into his arms. 'Father, what made you stay so long?' she cried. 'Uncle Ed's gone and mother's sick. I thought you'd never come.'

The doctor said little, beyond, 'She has a fever. Overwork, I should judge.' The next day, he took Brockton out into the hall. 'It's typhoid,' he said.

Every evening Brockton slept until nine o'clock and then took his place beside the bed to relieve the nurse.

Edith was delirious. She talked of being 'at home' and called Robert 'father.' She imagined that she had a dress to make for Alice and could not finish it. When she knew Robert, she seemed to care very little that he was with her. She rarely spoke. Once, as she lay quiet, he took her hand and held it, hoping that she would speak to him. After a moment she drew it away without a word.

Brockton blamed himself for Edith's illness. He acknowledged remorsefully that, intent on his own disappointment, he had let her wear away her strength. He had failed again, and this time it was love which was slipping from his grasp. He loved Edith, yet, in an access of self-pity, he had forgotten to take care of her. He knew that his hours of watching were a poor atonement.

On the night when the disease had reached its crisis, he stood at the foot of his wife's bed. It was past midnight, and she had lain for hours in a stupor. The nurse was snatching a brief rest. The doctors had said that there was a bare chance of recovery. Brockton knew what that meant.

He looked at the frail figure in the bed, and tried to face the thought that Edith was dying. They had been too busy with life to speak much of death. It was very near them now. It seemed to Brockton that he might have borne it better if Edith had looked at him and said, 'I have been happy with you, Robert.' But she was leaving him without a word. He felt that this was because she had not cared to speak. He sank to the floor. 'I can't let her go,' he whispered.

He heard a soft sound in the room and turned, wondering. Alice was coming toward the bed, barefooted.

'I wanted to look at mother,' she said. Then she clung to him, crying softly. 'Oh, father, Betty's too little to understand, but I do. I'm afraid. If — if mother dies, what will happen to us? Father, do you think — God cares about us?'

He took her in his arms. He had asked himself these questions. As he began to comfort her, the answers came to him. Alice listened, and in a few moments she was asleep.

His heart filled with pity for the childish selfishness of Alice's cry for her mother. But suddenly he realized its likeness to his own wild appeals for Edith's life. He wanted her; he could not do without her, he had said. Now he felt the littleness of his petitions. How could he dare to beg that he might keep her? If she should come back at his call what could he, who had disappointed all her hopes, give her in return? He saw the grayness of the years before him. Was it love which begged to have her share them with him? He choked back his half-uttered supplication.

Early in the morning the doctor came again. 'She's better,' he said. 'It was one chance in a thousand.'

IV

Edith recovered slowly. At first she lay, too weak to think, vaguely glad of the quiet around her. Then, one morning, she woke to a renewed interest in her surroundings. She opened her eyes and saw the sunlight streaming in through the window. The brightness pleased her and, for a few moments, she was content to bask in it, untouched by any sensation save that of comfort.

Then she looked about the narrow room — at the battered furniture, the painted floor, and the worn rug. The shabbiness of it all was sickening. A flood of memories swept over her, carrying her back into life.

She remembered that she had been among marred, cheap, ugly things for years. She had loathed them, but she had looked upon them as a sort of cocoon from which she and Robert would emerge into the sunshine of success. Now she recalled the thirty-five dollars a week which Robert had been glad to take because it was 'sure and steady.' They had gone into the game of life to win. She had staked everything on her husband and she had lost. She drew the coverings over her eyes and wished that she had not come back.

As the days went by, she thought of the future continually. She had lived with poverty too long to have any illusions about it. She knew that it meant monotony and self-denial for her, the loss of all softness from the lives of her children. When Betty and Alice came into her room she pitied them as she looked at their worn little frocks and weather-beaten school hats. Betty was wearing 'hand-me-downs' from Alice, and Alice's dress had been made over from one of her mother's. After all, makeshift clothes were the least of their hardships. Edith yearned to give her children the little things which refine life. During her illness they had had nowhere to play but the street. Their voices were already becoming shrill.

She looked forward and saw them put through the great mill of the board of education, and ground out at twenty as school-teachers on six hundred a year. They might possibly escape the gray celibacy of that life by marrying clerks and going back to the gray drudgery of housework.

At last she understood why she had been taught to worship success. It was because success brings money, and money, in this country, is the maker of class distinctions. Without it, a man must throw in his lot with the underdogs. She saw herself and Robert as they would be in the years to come.

They would degenerate into one of a thousand limp, disheartened, middle-aged couples, Robert with bent shoulders and listless step, and she with rough hands and clothes three years behind the fashions; while over their faces would come the peculiar, blurred look left by unfulfilled longings.

Rebellion flamed up in her. She hated her unlovely surroundings, her humdrum duties, her hopeless future. She hated Robert because he had brought this fate upon her.

Edith nursed her rebellion during the long, idle days while Brockton was at the office; but in the twilight, when her strength seemed to ebb, the sound of his step as he opened the hall door brought her a sense of comfort to which she would not own.

One day he brought her a small bunch of violets. He had scrimped his luncheons for a week to buy it.

'You should n't spend your money for them, Robert,' she said bitterly. 'You know we can't afford such things'

She knew that her words had hurt. She had spoken wantonly, meaning to wound both him and herself. For, as he stood beside her, she had longed to take his hand and draw it close to her, and then to fall asleep with the sense that he was near.

It was this reaching out toward him which surprised Edith. She had told herself over and over that she could not care for an incompetent; that a man who owned himself beaten was not worthy. And she had believed that she could not love a man whom she did not respect. She had seen women who loved weak men, and she had despised them for it.

She was afraid of herself. She often pretended that she was asleep when he came into the room.

Brockton set himself to face the future alone. He would ask neither sympathy nor trust of Edith; but he would

do all he could to shield her from the poverty to which his inefficiency had bound her. He could not give her the pleasures they had so often planned, but loyalty, tenderness, and help he owed to her. He never spoke to her now of his work. He chatted or read to her. Sometimes, laughing at his own awkwardness, he struggled with the housework.

Edith resented his light-heartedness. Had success meant so little to him, she wondered, that he could willingly forego it? It annoyed her to see him sweep and dust. It was not a man's work. Against her will she found herself thinking of him. She remembered how, in the old days, he had craved her encouragement and how gladly she had given it. Now, when she had none to give, she began to realize that he no longer needed it.

Brockton reached home one evening to find Edith lying on the sofa in the living-room alone. He heard the children's voices in the kitchen where Alice was preparing her mother's supper-tray. Betty ran back and forth from the dining-room, helping and hindering the washerwoman, who cooked for them.

To Edith, the day had seemed unbearably dreary, but when Brockton crossed the threshold a feeling of warmth and contentment stole over her.

'Robert!' she cried softly, 'come here.'

She reached up impulsively and, drawing his face down to hers, kissed him. She had not meant to do it; something in his presence impelled her. She lay now with her eyes closed; and Brockton, thinking that she wanted to sleep, stole from the room.

She had shut her eyes to steady herself. She was dizzy with the self-revelation, which had come to her. She knew now that she loved Robert — not

the gifted man she had once thought him; not the success she had hoped he would become; but this obscure Robert, the man who had failed. She loved him; she could not help it. As she acknowledged this, she felt that she had sunk from the heights of her superior standards down into the ruck of women whom she scorned. She was one of the myriads who go on loving without asking whether that which they love is worthy; who go on giving toil and patience and affection because it is their fate to give. She looked ahead into the years which she had told herself that she dreaded, and she knew that she would willingly wash dishes, scrub, and mend, and grow plain and faded, if only she might have Robert. She despised herself, but she was happy.

V

One bright, warm Sunday in May, she and Robert started with the children on an excursion to the country. It was Edith's first outing, and a treat long promised to Betty and Alice as soon as their mother should be strong enough. They crossed the North River and landed on the New Jersey shore, nearly opposite Grant's Tomb.

There, on a sunny hillside overlooking the water, they spread a shawl for Edith and set down their picnic-boxes. Spring, with its tender greenness, was all around them. The children ran off to play, while their father sat beside Edith, who lay with her eyes closed, smiling.

Brockton looked across the river and saw New York. It lay stretched out for miles beneath him, a varied, colorful, mighty panorama. He, knowing the bitterness of its struggles, smiled. It was the city which had beaten but could not vanquish him. He was no longer afraid to think of himself as an unknown speck upon its surging tide.

He looked back wistfully upon his old ambitions, yet he could think of them without resentment; for he had come to question the ideals of this colossal city. It seemed to him that, often, the clanging dulled men's ears, the dazzle dimmed their sight, and the heat of the combat shriveled up their souls; instead of being freemen, they were prisoners in their citadel of power. And before his visionary eyes there towered above the city, dwarfing its contests, transcending its aims, a wonderful kingdom in which, despite his own narrow cares and disappointments, he might live each day.

Edith looked up and his expression caught her gaze. In his face she saw the light of a new courage—a courage come through facing defeat. Watching it, Edith thrilled with pride, for she felt that he had done what was very far beyond her. How had he dared to go on, she wondered? What was the power which made it possible for him cheerfully to live from day to day without hope? She looked up into his face again and read the answer to her question.

In his look was mastery; not of the men and things about him, but of himself. As she gazed, a mist seemed to fade from before her eyes. She knew that all these months she had been groping toward the understanding which came rushing in upon her. For the first time in her life Edith was caught up in the radiance of a vision. She saw that the goal on which she had been taught to set her heart was not the only one in the great race; that, among all the conquests in the world, one of the rarest was the triumph over self. This, then, was Robert's victory, this his greatness.

She sat up and touched her husband's arm. 'Robert,' she cried, 'you are splendid!'

And the man who laid down his life had found it.

THE IMMIGRANT'S PORTION

BY MARY ANTIN

I

Most good things came to me because I wanted them and sought them, but one thing that counted for much in the shaping of my life came in spite of myself. Hearing from my brother and sister enthusiastic accounts of Hale House, the social settlement on Garland Street, whose beneficent activities had attracted them, I was curious to see the place for myself. I did not mean to join any club, but before I knew it I had been adopted by the Natural History Club, composed of adult workers of Hale House. Now, I had a decided aversion from natural history, the very name of which chilled my imagination; but the miracles of science broke slowly through my ignorant prejudices, refashioned the world for me, and turned my thoughts into universal channels. From a book-worm I became an explorer of fields and woods. All my other enthusiasms paled before this new passion for outdoors. And among the men and women who ministered to me in this new life, I formed some of the friendships that mark the epochs of my spiritual history.

I did not always wait for my grown-up friends to guide me to delectable lands. Some of the happiest days of that happy time I spent with my sister in East Boston. We had a merry hour at supper, Moses making clever jokes, without cracking a smile himself; and the baby romping in his high chair, and eating what was n't good

for him. But the best of the evening came later, when father and baby had gone to bed, and the dishes were put away, and there was not a crumb left on the red-and-white checked tablecloth. Frieda took out her sewing, and I took a book; and the lamp was between us, shining on the table, on the large brown roses on the wall, on the green and brown diamonds of the oil-cloth on the floor, on the baby's rattle on the shelf, and on the shining stove in the corner. It was such a pleasant kitchen — such a cosy, friendly room — that when Frieda and I were left alone I was perfectly happy just to sit there. Frieda had a beautiful parlor, with plush chairs and a velvet carpet and gilt picture-frames; but we preferred the homely, homelike kitchen.

I read aloud from Longfellow, or Whittier, or Tennyson; and it was as great a treat to me as it was to Frieda. Her attention was inspiring. Her delight, her eager questions, doubled the meaning of the lines I read. Poor Frieda had little enough time for reading, unless she stole it from the sewing, or the baking, or the mending. But she was hungry for books, and so grateful when I came to read to her that it made me ashamed to remember all the beautiful things I had and did not share with her.

It is true I shared what could be shared. I brought my friends to her. At her wedding were some of the friends of whom I was most proud. Miss Dillingham came, and Mr. Charles; and the humbler guests stared in admira-

tion at our editors and school-teachers. But I had so many delightful things that I could not bring to Frieda — my walks, my dreams, my adventures of all sorts.

The way she reached out for everything fine was shown by her interest in the incomprehensible Latin and French books that I brought. She liked to hear me read my Cicero, pleased by the movement of the sonorous periods. I translated Ovid and Virgil for her; and her pleasure illumined the difficult passages, so that I seldom needed to have recourse to the dictionary. I shall never forget the evening I read to her from the *Æneid*, the passage in the fourth book describing the death of Dido. I read the Latin first, and then my own version in English hexameters, that I had prepared for a recitation at school. Frieda forgot her sewing in her lap, and leaned forward in rapt attention. When I was through, there were tears of delight in her eyes; and I was surprised myself at the beauty of the words I had just pronounced.

Truly my education was not left entirely in the hands of persons who had licenses to teach. My sister's fat baby taught me things about the origin and ultimate destiny of dimples that were not in any of my school-books. Mr. Casey of the second floor, who was drunk whenever his wife was sober, gave me an insight into the psychology of the beer-mug that would have added to the mental furniture of my most scholarly teacher. The bold-faced girls who passed the evening on the corner, in promiscuous flirtation with the cock-eyed youths of the neighborhood, unconsciously revealed to me the eternal secrets of adolescence. My neighbor of the third floor, who sat on the curbstone with the scabby baby in her bedraggled lap, had things to say about the fine ladies who came in

carriages to inspect the public bath-house across the street, that ought to be repeated in the lecture-halls of every school of philanthropy.

Instruction poured into my brain at such a rate that I could not digest it all at the time; but in later years, when my destiny had led me far from Dover Street, the emphatic moral of those lessons became clear. The memory of my experience on Dover Street became the strength of my convictions, the illumined index of my purpose, the aureola of my happiness. And if I paid for those lessons with days of privation and wrong, with nights of tormenting anxiety, I count the price cheap. Who would not go to a little trouble to find out what life is made of? Life, in the slums, spins busily as a schoolboy's top, and one who has heard its humming never forgets. I look forward to telling, when I get to be a master of language, what I read in the crooked cobblestones when I revisited Dover Street the other day.

Dover Street was never really my residence — at least not the whole of it. It happened to be the nook where my bed was made, but I inhabited the City of Boston. In the pearl-misty morning, in the ruby-red evening, I was empress of all I surveyed from the roof of the tenement house. I could point in any direction and name a friend who would welcome me there.

Off toward the northwest, in the direction of Harvard Bridge, which some day I should cross on my way to Radcliffe College, was one of my favorite palaces, whither I resorted every day after school. A low, wide-spreading building with a dignified granite front it was, flanked on all sides by noble old churches, museums, and schoolhouses, harmoniously disposed around a spacious triangle called Copley Square. Two thoroughfares that came straight from the green suburbs swept by my

palace, one on either side, converged at the apex of the triangle, and pointed off, across the Public Garden, across the historic Common, to the domed State House sitting on a height.

It was my habit to go very slowly up the low broad steps to the palace entrance, pleasing my eyes with the majestic lines of the building, and lingering to read again the carved inscriptions: *Public Library — Built by the People — Free to All.*

I loved to lean against a pillar in the entrance hall, watching the people go in and out. Groups of children hushed their chatter at the entrance, and skipped, whispering and giggling in their fists, up the grand stairway, patting the great stone lions at the top, with an eye on the aged policeman down below. Spectacled scholars came slowly down the stairs, loaded with books, heedless of the lofty arches that echoed their steps. Visitors from out of town lingered long in the entrance hall, studying the inscriptions and symbols on the marble floor. And I loved to stand in the midst of all this, and remind myself that I was there, that I had a right to be there, that I was at home there. All these eager children, all these high-browed women, all these scholars going home to write learned books — I and they had this glorious thing in common, this noble treasure-house of learning. It was wonderful to say, *This is mine*; it was thrilling to say, *This is ours*.

Here is where I liked to remind myself of Polotzk, the better to bring out the wonder of my life. That I who was born in the prison of the Pale should roam at will in the land of freedom, was a marvel that it did me good to realize. That I who was brought up to my teens almost without a book should be set down in the midst of all the books that ever were written, was a miracle as great as any on record.

That an outcast should become a privileged citizen, that a beggar should dwell in a palace — this was a romance more thrilling than poet ever sung. Surely I was rocked in an enchanted cradle.

From the Public Library to the State House is only a step, and I found my way there without a guide. The State House was one of the places I could point to and say that I had a friend there to welcome me. I do not mean the representative of my district, though I hope he was a worthy man. My friend was no less a man than the Honorable Senator Roe from Worcester, whose letters to me, written under the embossed letterhead of the Senate Chamber, I could not help exhibiting to my admiring schoolmates.

How did I come by a Senator? Through being a citizen of Boston, of course. To be a citizen of the smallest village in the United States which maintains a free school and a public library, is to stand in the path of the splendid processions of opportunity. And as Boston has rather better schools and a rather finer library than some other villages, it comes natural there for children in the slums to summon gentlemen from the State House to be their personal friends.

It is so simple, in Boston! You are a schoolgirl, and your teacher gives you a ticket for the annual historical lecture in the Old South Church, on Washington's Birthday. You hear a stirring discourse on some subject in your country's history, and you go home with a heart bursting with patriotism. You sit down and write a letter to the speaker who so moved you, telling him how glad you are to be an American; explaining to him, if you happen to be a recently-made American, why you love your adopted country so much better than your native land. Perhaps the patriotic lec-

turer happens to be a Senator, and he reads your letter under the vast dome of the State House; and it occurs to him that he and his eminent colleagues, and the stately capitol, and the glorious flag that floats above it, all gathered on the hill above the Common, do his country no greater honor than the outspoken admiration of an ardent young alien.

The Senator replies to your letter, inviting you to visit him at the State House; and in the renowned chamber where the august business of the State is conducted, you, an obscure child from the slums, and he, a chosen leader of the people, seal a democratic friendship based on the love of a common flag.

Even simpler than to meet a Senator was it to become acquainted with a man like Edward Everett Hale. 'The Grand Old Man of Boston,' the people called him, from the manner of his life among them. He kept open house in every public building in the city. Wherever two citizens met to devise a measure for the public weal, he was a third. Wherever a worthy cause needed a champion, Dr. Hale lifted his mighty voice. At some time or another his colossal figure towered above an eager multitude from every pulpit in the city, from every lecture platform. And where is the map of Boston that gives the names of the lost alleys and backways where the great man went in search of the lame in body, who could not join the public assembly, in quest of the maimed in spirit, who feared to show their faces in the open? If all the little children who have sat on Dr. Hale's knee were started in a procession on the State House steps, marching four abreast, there would be a lane of merry faces across the Common, out to the Public Library, over Harvard Bridge, and away beyond to remoter landmarks.

That I met Dr. Hale is no wonder. It was as inevitable, as that I should be a year older every twelvemonth. He was a part of Boston, as the salt wave is a part of the sea. I can hardly say whether he came to me or I came to him. We met, and my adopted country took me closer to her breast.

A day or two after our first meeting I called on Dr. Hale, at his invitation. It was only eight o'clock in the morning, you may be sure, because he had risen early to attend to a hundred great affairs, and I had risen early so as to talk with a great man before I went to school. I think we liked each other a little the more for the fact that when so many people were still asleep we were already busy in the interests of citizenship and friendship. We certainly liked each other.

I am sure I did not stay more than fifteen minutes, and all that I recall of our conversation is that Dr. Hale asked me a great many questions about Russia, in a manner that made me feel that I was an authority on the subject; and with his great hand in good-bye he gave me a bit of homely advice, namely, that I should never study before breakfast!

That was all, but for the rest of the day I moved against a background of grandeur. There was a noble ring to Virgil that day that even my teacher's firm translation had never brought out before. Obscure points in the history lesson were clear to me alone, of the thirty girls in the class. And it happened that the tulips in Copley Square opened that day, and shone in the sun like lighted lamps.

II

A busy life I led on Dover Street, a happy, busy life. When I was not reciting lessons, or writing midnight poetry, or selling papers, or studying

sociology, or interviewing statesmen, I made long entries in my journal, or wrote forty-page letters to my friends. It was a happy thing that poor Mrs. Hutch did not know what sums I spent for stationery and postage-stamps. She would have gone into consumption, I do believe, from inexpressible indignation; and she would have been in the right — to be indignant, not to go into consumption. I admit it; she would have been justified — from her point of view. From my point of view I was also in the right; of course I was. To make friends among the great was an important part of my education, and was not to be accomplished without a liberal expenditure of paper and postage-stamps. If Mrs. Hutch had not repulsed my offer of confidences, I could have shown her long letters written to me by people whose mere signature was prized by autograph-hunters.

It is true that I could not turn those letters directly into rent-money — or if I could, I would not — but indirectly my interesting letters did pay a week's rent now and then. Through the influence of my friends my father sometimes found work that he could not have got in any other way. These practical results of my costly pursuit of friendships might have given Mrs. Hutch confidence in my ultimate solvency, had she not remained obstinately deaf to my plea for time, her heart being set on direct, immediate, convertible cash payment.

That was very narrow-minded, even though I say it who should not. The grocer on Harrison Avenue who supplied our table could have taught her to take a more liberal view. We were all anxious to teach her, if she only would have listened. Here was this poor grocer, conducting his business on the same perilous credit system which had driven my father out of

Chelsea and Wheeler Street, supplying us with tea and sugar and strong butter, milk freely splashed from rusty cans, potent yeast, and bananas done to a turn, — with everything, in short, that keeps a poor man's family hearty in spite of what they eat, — and all this for the consideration of part payment, with the faintest prospect of a future settlement in full. Mr. Rosenblum had an intimate knowledge of the financial situation of every family that traded with him, from the gossip of his customers around his herring barrel. He knew without asking that my father had no regular employment, and that, consequently, it was risky to give us credit. Nevertheless he gave us credit by the week, by the month, accepted partial payment with thanks, and let the balance stand by the year.

We owed him as much as we owed the landlady, I suppose, every time he balanced our account. But he never complained; nay, he even insisted on my mother's taking almonds and raisins for a cake for the holidays. He knew, as well as Mrs. Hutch, that my father kept a daughter at school who was of age to be put to work; but so far was he from reproaching him for it, that he detained my father by the half hour, inquiring about my progress and discussing my future. He knew very well, did the poor grocer, who it was that burned so much oil in my family; but when I came in to have my kerosene can filled, he did not fall upon me with harsh words of blame. Instead, he wanted to hear about my latest triumph at school, and about the great people who wrote me letters, and even came to see me; and he called his wife from the kitchen behind the store to come and hear of these grand doings.

Mrs. Rosenblum, who could not sign her name, would come out in her faded calico wrapper, and stand with her hands folded under her apron, shy and

respectful before the embryo scholar; and she would nod her head sideways in approval, drinking in with envious pleasure her husband's Yiddish version of my tale. If her black-eyed Goldie happened to be playing jackstones on the curb, Mrs. Rosenblum would pull her into the store, to hear what distinction Mr. Antin's daughter had won at school, bidding her take example from Mary, if she also would go far in education.

'Hear you, Goldie? She has the best marks in everything, Goldie, all the time. She is only five years in the country, and she'll be in college soon. She beats them all in school, Goldie — her father says she beats them all. She studies all the time — all night — and she writes, it is a pleasure to hear. She writes in the paper, Goldie. You ought to hear Mr. Antin read what she writes in the paper. Long pieces —'

'You don't understand what he reads, ma,' Goldie interrupts mischievously; and I want to laugh, but I refrain.

Mr. Rosenblum does not fill my can; I am forced to stand and hear myself eulogized.

'Not understand? Of course I don't understand. How should I understand? I was not sent to school to learn. Of course I don't understand. But *you* don't understand, Goldie, and that's a shame. If you would put your mind on it, and study hard, like Mary Antin, you would also stand high, and you would go to High School, and be somebody.'

'Would you send me to High School, pa?' Goldie asks, to test her mother's promises. 'Would you really?'

'Sure as I am a Jew,' Mr. Rosenblum promptly replies, a look of aspiration in his deep eyes. 'Only show yourself worthy, Goldie, and I'll keep you in school till you get to something. In America everybody can get

to something, if he only wants to. I would even send you farther than High School — to be a teacher, maybe. Why not? In America everything is possible. But you have to work hard, Goldie, like Mary Antin — study hard, put your mind on it.'

'Oh, I know it, pa!' Goldie exclaims, her momentary enthusiasm extinguished at the thought of long lessons indefinitely prolonged.

Goldie was a restless little thing who could not sit long over her geography book. She wriggled out of her mother's grasp now, and made for the door, throwing a 'back-hand' as she went, without losing a single jackstone.

'I just hate long lessons,' she said. 'When I graduate from grammar school next year I'm going to work in Jordan Marsh's big store, and get three dollars a week, and have lots of fun with the girls. I can't write pieces in the paper, anyhow. — Beekie! Beekie Hurvitch! Where you going? Wait a minute, I'll go along.'

And she was off, leaving her ambitious parents to shake their heads over her flightiness.

Mr. Rosenblum gave me my oil. If he had had postage-stamps in stock, he would have given me all I needed, and felt proud to think that he was assisting in my important correspondences. And he was a poor man, and he had a large family, and many customers who paid as irregularly as we. He ran the risk of ruin, of course, but he did not scold, — not us, at any rate. For he *understood*. He was himself an immigrant Jew of the type that values education, and sets a high price on the higher development of the child. He would have done in my father's place just what my father was doing: borrow, beg, go without, run in debt — anything to secure for a promising child the fulfillment of the promise. That is what America was for. The land of

opportunity it was, but opportunities must be used, must be grasped, held, squeezed dry. To keep a child of working age in school was to invest the meagre present for the sake of the opulent future. If there was but one child in a family of twelve who promised to achieve an intellectual career, the other eleven, and father, and mother, and neighbors, must devote themselves to that one child's welfare, and feed and clothe and cheer it on, and be rewarded in the end by hearing its name mentioned with the names of the great.

So the poor grocer helped to keep me in school for I do not know how many years. And this is one of the things that is done on Harrison Avenue by the people who pitch rubbish through their windows. Let the City Fathers strike the balance.

From my little room on Dover Street I reached out for the world, and the world came to me. Through books, through the conversation of noble men and women, through communion with the stars in the depth of night, I entered into every noble chamber of the palace of life. I employed no charm to win admittance. The doors opened to me because I had a right to be within. My patent of nobility was the longing for the abundance of life with which I was endowed at birth; and from the time I could toddle unaided, I had been gathering into my hand everything that was fine in the world around me.

Given health and standing room, I should have worked out my salvation even on a desert island. Being set down in the garden of America, where opportunity waits on ambition, I was bound to make my days a triumphal march toward my goal. The most unfriendly witness of my life will not venture to deny that I have been successful. For aside from subordinate desires

for greatness, or for wealth, or for specific achievement, my chief ambition in life has been *to live*, and I have lived. A glowing life has been mine, and the fires that blazed highest in all my days were kindled on Dover Street.

I have never had a dull hour in my life; I have never had a livelier time than in the slums. In all my troubles I was thrilled through and through with a prophetic sense of how they were to end. A halo of romance floated before every to-morrow; the wings of future adventures rustled in the dead of night. Nothing could be quite common that touched my life, because I had a power for attracting uncommon things. And when my noblest dreams shall have been realized, I shall meet with nothing finer, nothing more remote from the commonplace, than some of the things that came into my life on Dover Street.

III

To be alive in America, I found out long ago, is to ride on the central current of the river of modern life; and to have a conscious purpose is to hold the rudder that steers the ship of fate. I was alive to my finger-tips, back there on Dover Street, and all my girlish purposes served one main purpose. It would have been amazing if I had stuck in the mire of the slum. By every law of my nature I was bound to soar above it, to attain the fairer places that wait for every emancipated immigrant.

A characteristic thing about the aspiring immigrant is the fact that he is not content to progress alone. Solitary success is imperfect success in his eyes. He must take his family with him, as he rises. So when I refused to be adopted by a rich old man, and clung to my family in the slums, I was only following the rule; and I can tell it

without boasting, because it is no more to my credit than that I wake refreshed after a night's sleep.

This suggests to me a summary of my virtues, through the exercise of which I may be said to have attracted my good fortune. I find that I have always given nature a chance, I have used my opportunities, and have practiced self-expression. So much my enemies will grant me; more than this my friends cannot claim for me.

In the Dover Street days I did not philosophize about the immigrant and his ways. I lived the life, and the moral took care of itself. And after Dover Street came Applepie Alley, Letterbox Lane, and other evil corners of the slums of Boston, till it must have looked to our friends as if we meant to go on forever exploring the underworld.

But we found a short cut — we found a short cut! And the route we took from the tenements of the stifling alleys to a darling cottage of our own, where the sun shines in at every window, and the green grass runs up to our very doorstep, was surveyed by the Pilgrim Fathers, who transcribed their field notes on a very fine parchment, and called it the Constitution of the United States.

It was good to get out of Dover Street — it was better for the growing children, better for my weary parents, better for all of us, as the clean grass is better than the dusty pavement. But I must never forget that I came away from Dover Street with my hands full of riches. I must not fail to testify that in America a child of the slums owns the land and all that is good in it. All the beautiful things that I saw belonged to me, if I wanted to use them; all the beautiful things that I desired approached me. I did not need to seek my kingdom. I only had to be worthy, and it came to me, even on Dover Street. Everything that was ever to happen to me in the future had its germ or impulse in the conditions of my life on Dover Street. My friendships, my advantages and disadvantages, my gifts, my habits, my ambitions — these were the materials out of which I built my after life, in the open workshop of America. My days in the slums were pregnant with possibilities; it only needed the ripeness of events to make them blossom out in realities. Steadily as I worked to win America, America advanced to lie at my feet. I was an heir, on Dover Street, awaiting maturity. I was a princess waiting to be led to the throne.

(The End.)

THE LADY OF THE GARDEN

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE moonlight drifted down through the orchard, flooding the garden with dreamy radiance. It was a young moonlight, and its quality was misty and ethereal; visions lurked in it. The deep grass of late June wove snares for it, and the silent, full-leaved trees bowed beneath its benediction, letting it interpenetrate them as closely as it would. All was silent. The hills beyond the garden and the orchard stood in a dim blue multitude against the soft night sky; the valley held its peace.

In and out among her flowers the Lady of the Garden moved on light spirit feet. She had died six months ago, and this was, therefore, her first summer of free ministry. When she was living, she had loved her garden with the peculiar tenderness of those who have grown old at the cost of many a cherished occupation and interest, and who have found a last outlet for unflagging vitality. Nay, it was more than that; that sounds selfish. Hers was a nature that must give itself in some fostering love and care. The garden had responded as gardens have such exquisite means of responding — in bloom and perfume, color and grace; it was a notable feature of the summer valley. The orchard behind it, the old white house set in its midst, even the meadows and mountains were the fairer for its presence. The birds and the butterflies loved it, the light lent it the witchery of its treatment all day long and, sometimes, all night. It was a personality; no common, typical garden at all, but

a gentle creature, alive and following its own peculiar destiny under its natal star. It would have seemed the Lady's last child, if she had not rather desired of it a last sisterhood. The two understood each other well, and lived constantly together.

Hard work? Yes, it was that, of course. That was part of its excellence in the beginning, for the Lady had always been one who had gloried in taking resolute hold upon life. But the years bring manacles to the most eager hands and feet; and, during the last season or two, there had been a deepening shadow in the creeping admission that, by and by, experiment would have to be abandoned, even committed enterprise would have to be called in and dismissed. Fortunately, the Lady had never faced and accepted either of these two dreary conditions; she had dug a new bed and planted new flowers one month before she died. Her hope for the next spring was higher than ever. Well, it was justified.

In the first wonder of her liberation, she forgot all about the garden, pretty much all about the earth. That was natural: death is always so much more engrossingly interesting than any one quite thinks that it can be. There was everything to occupy her: love, understanding, knowledge, old mysteries rent asunder to show still more alluring mysteries behind them, surprise, revelation, ecstasy; such an unveiling of Divinity as no most breathless, reverent human word can presume to adumbrate. One has to speak of it all in

abstractions; but to the Lady it was a distinct, vivid experience. Her love — oh, her dear love — recovered again after all these years.

Meantime, the garden slept in earth's winter, and all was well with it.

It is good to think that earth's children are loyal, true to the mother who bought them forth and nourished them on her bosom and gathered the mortal part of them back again in a last healing embrace. Set free of the universe, they are not forever forgetful of green hills and valleys and garden plots. With the first stirrings of spring the Lady stood in her garden again.

She had never been there so early before. The snow still lay deep on the beds, and the ground underneath it was hard with frost. But the air blew softly at last; there was a hint and a promise in it, a touch of reconciliation. The Lady felt it as she had never felt earthly airs before — not outwardly with any senses, but inwardly, through and through, as if she and the air were one. There was power in the experience, power and a suggestion: she breathed on the root of her favorite larkspur, and, sure enough, life stirred in it, awaking; she had given her dear flower its first summons to the joy of another year.

It was some time before she fully realized the extent of her new influence in her garden. The knowledge dawned on her little by little, in the delicious gradual manner of all deep understanding. She hardly knew what miracles she was working (miracles from her old point of view) until she had coaxed the shoots out of the ground, unfurled the little leaves, set the stems straight. Then, sometimes, she paused and said, 'How did I do that? Surely, I never did it before. Yet it seemed very natural.' The most amazing facility was that of color — oh, wonderful to determine the hue of a pansy! The little

pansy buds set themselves, swelled and grew, and began to turn back at the edges; and the Lady hung over them, in her old manner, watching, wondering what color they were going to be. Suddenly, she knew: she entered into the folded heart of the blossom before her and found it all purple and gold; the fragrance was as her own thought. So was the color; and, that being so, she could control it. With a touch of her fancy she dimmed the purple, blew a fine dust of meditation across the gleaming gold; and that pansy came forth a pensive, instead of a buoyant, thing.

The secret of color! Most spiritual, most mysterious of earth's manifestations, it seems rather a manifestation of heaven, hovering, vanishing, persisting in every nook and corner of earth. Intangible, evanescent, it lifts the sense which perceives it to the dignity of the imagination. We ought none of us really to need to die in order to find heaven. However, it is perhaps well that we do; for revelation is an inestimable boon.

People wondered at the beauty of the garden that year. The winter had been a hard one; many neighboring gardens had suffered a heavy loss. Moreover, the old white house remained closed all through the spring, and no loving human hands came to take the place of those that now lay folded far away in a green cemetery. There was a drought, there were high winds; but the garden blossomed safely. Ah, excellent delight, to cast one's self adown the current of a streaming wind, and, blowing with it, in it, see that it wrought no harm to the flowers that one loved so well! Ah, tender joy, to bring the moisture of hidden springs to feed the roots in the thirsty ground! The Lady of the Garden, never having known such service, had never known such full contentment as was hers this summer.

How about those folded hands in that green spot far away? Did the Lady ever think of them? Hardly ever. Why should she? She was gladly quit of them, a great deal better off without them; they meant nothing to her now, save an occasional reminiscence which always made her sigh. She intended to forget her grave as soon as she could. But the Lady's friends and children, still on the hither side of death, were not so brave and strong in spirit as to forget.

Perhaps it is not well to blame them; perhaps, indeed, they might be blamed if they could quite forget. Love clings to form and substance, prizing the spirit always more, but cherishing the instrument through which the song has run. It was a strange, an awful void which the dear Lady's disappearance had left in the world.

That was the reason why the house in the midst of the garden stood so long unoccupied. The void was at its keenest there, and those who loved the Lady shrank from facing it. Silence, emptiness, no answer — those are dread conditions when one has never failed of comradeship and a swift reply.

The Lady knew this. She was sorry. In her long earthly life she had faced too many voids, and suffered too intensely through them, ever to forget their bitterness. But knowledge, though it may pity ignorance, can never realize again the full pang of its doubt. The Lady wondered at the tears of those who mourned her, just as, looking back, she wondered at her own old earthly tears. 'How can they? But then, indeed, how could I? And yet I did.' She would have tried to comfort them, if they had left a path open for her feet; but quietness is the name of the road along which spirits must travel to touch one another, and grief is noisy. The Lady could not find her way through the tortured, bewildered

labyrinth that involved and surrounded the hearts of her children; therefore she gave up the effort and turned her attention to her garden; that was quiet enough. After all, what did it matter? Grief, at the longest, lasts but a day; comfort and knowledge come surely to all, even if they have to wait out the rest of their lives to experience it. Meantime, grief has its own beneficent office; it humbles and softens. God, at least, keeps his own way open through all labyrinths.

When the old white house was at last occupied, the Lady had hopes of a sweet adjustment. Surely the silence and peace of the valley, surely the strength of the surrounding hills, surely the very associations of the old happy days would give comfort. As for the garden — could any one look on that full thriving beauty of color and line, that lusty, luxuriant growth, and not know that the Lady herself had been there, caring for the last darling of her earthly life, as nobody else could care?

Ah, it was beautiful, that garden, in the young summer moonlight! The 'globed peonies' opened their hearts, deep red and pure white and sea-shell pink, heavily fragrant; the tall larkspur lifted its spires against the orchard's grassy hill; the sweet-william stood in straight pungent rows; the dames' rocket scattered sweetness from its thickly-starred branches. Foxgloves crowded one corner, erect, and delicately separate for all their close association; pinks ran riot along the edge of the grass; a few late irises held splendid heads upright on long stalks.

The Lady loved her white peony dearly — great snowy blossoms with petals that were like the plumage of a bird, a wounded bird, streaked with crimson at the heart; she loved her trailing rose; she doted on her larkspur. But better than anything else in the garden she loved two plants of pink lady's-

slipper that had been brought to her from the woods several years ago. She had set them out with great care, in shady places underneath the foliage of other plants; and she had watered and tended them always with peculiar vigilance. Now, this spring, she had devoted to them the best services of her new powers, entering into their secret life with an exquisite pleasure that, in the old order of things, would have verged on pain. With them she had stirred underneath the ground, awakening to the new season; with them she had crept up to light and air; with them she had grown and put forth leaves and gloried in greenness. Finally, with them she had set the buds of the beautiful quaint flowers and dreamed the gradual color into them — faint streaks and brushings of delicate pink, deepening as the blossom expanded and unfurled. To know the color of the lady's-slipper was the most thrilling delight of this eventful spring.

One flower on each plant had come to perfection and hung, full-orbed, exquisite, in the moonlight of the summer evening. The Lady could not keep away from them. In her old earthly fashion, she went the rounds of the garden again and again, lingering here and there, no longer to pull up a weed or pick off a dead leaf, but to touch with the dew and steal with the wind and quicken with the magnetic forces of the earth and air. But oftener than to any other spot, she returned to the shadows where the lady's-slippers lurked and dimly gleamed. Once she took a shaft of moonlight and sent it straight through the leaves of the larkspur to fall softly, caressingly, on the bent head of her dearest blossom. Again, she gathered the dew in her hands and bathed the broad green leaves. Constantly she hung breathless, watching, loving, delighting — oh! who could have thought a garden would mean so

much more when one was dead than when one was alive?

On the steps of the broad piazza looking out into the garden, the Lady's children sat, very sad and very silent. Their silence was good as far as it went, but it came from the outside and did not penetrate far enough to affect their hearts. Those foolish organs were loud with grief. 'No use,' the Lady thought, shaking her head, and smiling a little, but pityingly. 'I can't touch them yet; I must bide my time.' She had forgotten that in a few days her earthly birthday was coming, the first she had ever missed, and that her children were, therefore, sadder and lonelier than ever. Earthly birthdays! How should she remember? That whole human experience seemed remote and unreal now. The birthday of her death was the only event that counted, if one must still take note of time in eternity. Therefore, she went on her way through the garden, absorbed and happy; she breathed a caress on the lady's-slipper, she turned and blessed her poor blind children, and vanished in the boundless blue that was now her familiar home.

Earth habits cling, however, especially when one is newly dead; and time's rhythm still beats faintly in the memories of those who have just escaped from it. 'Ah! my birthday.' The Lady remembered the day when it dawned far below her, and once more she paused and turned, with the old need of mortal things upon her. Her garden — of course, that was the spot for her to visit to-day: she wanted her flowers' congratulation, the welcome of her tall larkspur, the shy wishes of her lady's-slipper. For wishes are just as precious in heaven (what we call heaven) as they are on earth, and a good deal more potent. Perhaps her children would welcome her, too, on this day that had always been the day of days to them. With a sweet rush of gladness

the Lady entered her waiting garden on the wings of the summer breeze.

But what was the matter? Before she crossed the green-shadowed lawn at the foot of the orchard, she knew that something was wrong. Something? A great deal. It was as if, instead of a dear face turned toward her, she had found a back obstinately presented. Her garden was not watching for her at all with its larkspur and peonies. Even in heaven, one feels disappointments; they are part of the nature of things to a soul that eternally hopes and desires. One feels perplexity, too; the Lady could not understand what had happened. She had left larkspur and peonies in full bloom, with many buds waiting to open; she had fully expected a wonderful welcome of color and fragrance to-day. In the keenness of her new powers, she was prepared for the best birthday celebration she had ever had. But where were the flowers? Gone. Only the green, hard little buds left — no hope from them for many days to come; only the bare spaces where single blossoms had stood in their rarity. Had there been a tempest whose warning had not reached her in her far pursuit of unimaginable new occupations and ecstasies? No; the long grass in the orchard was not ruffled, the trees had lost none of their leaves. Had there been robbery? The Lady glanced at the old white house, and, lo, it was empty again — not closed, but unoccupied.

Intuitions come the more swiftly to spirits when free from their bodies than when clogged by sensation; and the Lady had always been one to leap to sure conclusions. She knew in a minute, now, what had happened. Her sorrowing, loving children had picked every flower in her precious garden and had carried them all away to lay them on her grave. All of them? Even the lady's-slipper? The poor Lady sped

to the shady corner, and there, sure enough — But she could not endure it; she sat down and cried. May not spirits weep now and then? Such tears are dew to the earth.

It was a forlorn birthday celebration. Deserted by her children and flowers, bereft, disappointed, there was nothing for it but that she should turn her attention to that distant spot of earth which was being made the centre of the day's commemoration. She did not want to go there at all — the very thought was distasteful to her — but wistful loneliness drew her.

Alas! She bent over her grave, dismayed at the sight of her flowers laid low in the grass — as low and faint and frail as she in that dim hour of her death which she vaguely remembered. The roses had lost their petals, the peonies were limp and crumpled, the foxgloves were scattered; across the head of the grave, in front of the shining new stone, lay the two pink lady's-slippers, shrunken and bruised.

'My flowers! my flowers!' — It is not a scene on which one can bear to linger. While it endured, not even the raptures of heaven availed to lighten the burden of baffled love and grievous disappointment.

There is not really much to be said in excuse for that dear Lady's children; nor, indeed, in excuse for the whole cloud of mortal blindness. The ages have done their best to open our eyes. A Holiest Person came long ago expressly to teach us the lesson which gardens and seasons have illustrated, sages and our own hearts have repeated constantly, ever since. Death has nothing to do with graves, anniversaries are no affair of the spirit. Life renews itself at every turn, and feeds on living memories and eternal expectations. But we seem to have made up our minds that we will not understand.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XXII

GRANDMAMMA RENEWS HER YOUTH

WHEN Philip and Mary returned to Grandmamma's, with their inmost thoughts centred upon a dish of tea, a great surprise awaited them. The sitting-room overlooking the sea was in the occupation of no less a person than his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia. He had come, it appeared, to thank Grandmamma personally for the loan of her apparatus and to commemorate the amount of good it had already done the complaint from which they suffered in common.

Long before Philip, accompanied by Mary, returned in his unconventional footballing costume, these two interesting persons were getting on like a house on fire. The past was reconstructed and repeopled; the present was deplored, and alas! abused not a little. Mrs. Cathcart had known Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, — whom she could n't abide, — Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Bright, and Garibaldi. Comparisons are invidious, but where are the persons of that type nowadays?

Mary and Philip undoubtedly interrupted an agreeable tête-à-tête. But the ex-Ambassador shook hands with them both, and informed Mary once more how devilish obliged he was for the improvement that had already been wrought in his rheumatism. Mary was delighted to hear that, of course; and she rang for more tea and ordered

heaps of hot buttered cakes; and Papa was so genial that this might never have been the creature who had stolen a march on Adela.

Mr. Philip, it must be admitted, was not very conversational. Even in the most favorable circumstances he was a silent young man. But Mary could talk enough for two, or enough for twenty if it came to that, being one of those gifted young women who are never at a loss in any society. Yet she was tactful of course with this Grecian gift.

The tactful young madam hoped that Lord Warlock would excuse their unconventional attire. They had been playing football for the benefit of the widow and five young children of the late Joe MacPherson, and ten thousand people had been present, and quite a substantial sum was likely to be raised, and if Lord Warlock would be so kind as to give her the sovereign he had promised for the fund she would have great pleasure in forwarding it to the treasurer, who she was sure would have equal pleasure in receiving it because the cause was so deserving.

Papa paid up there and then, like a fine old Irish gentleman and a sportsman to boot; and Mary promised to send on the receipt as soon as she received it; and my lord said the receipt was of no consequence; and Mary, with her square and sensible face, said a receipt was always of consequence; not that she contradicted Papa at all rudely, you know, as we fear another young person has been known to do on occasion.

She then explained that their side had won the match by two goals to one, and that the winning goal had been scored by Philip; and my lord remarked that a devilish good game was polo, and it was a great pity we had allowed the Cup to go to America, and we must send a good team and plenty of ponies and get it back again; in which the Siddons-Cap-of-Real-Lace concurred with great spirit, and affirmed her conviction that there had been negligence somewhere.

'Oh we shall just muddle along until Uncle Jonathan annexes us, and then we shall begin to wake up a bit, I dare say.'

And everybody laughed loudly, of course, at the caustic ambassadorial humor.

But it was n't polo they had been playing, says little Miss Newnham, with her passion for exactitude. Of course it was n't, my dear. Then why did n't Mary say so? Her tact again, my dear. It always bores a real live ex-ambassador to have to stand corrected; and football is so plebeian that polo sounds nicer; and it really did n't matter a straw, so there was no use in being tediously literal, was there?

Had Mary been tediously literal she would probably not have received an invitation to Hurlingham any afternoon she cared to come during the season, which she promptly accepted with becoming gratitude; and then before the ex-Ambassador could take up his hat and rise from the sofa, she had asked the important question: Could Lord Warlock be so *very* kind as to give her advice how to get Philip into Parliament?

The ex-Ambassador fixed his monocle, of course, with a little pardonable magniloquence of bearing as any other ex-ambassador would have done; looked about as wise as you make 'em, and said, in the sharp dry manner that

he had really copied from his father, who had copied it from Mr. Rogers, although that was a secret that lay with him in his grave—And what did the ex-Ambassador say? He said the best way to get into Parliament is to see that you keep out of it.

How very deep and subtle; quite worthy of Mr. Punch at his best, say all parents and guardians.

That was the ambassadorial reply; and real tact—the genuine guaranteed article—in the person of Mistress Mary was delighted with this brilliant *mot*; and the Real-Lace-of-Siddons immensely admired its esprit and said quite audibly to the crochet-work antimacassar 'that it was worthy of dear Dicky Milnes'; and the ex-Ambassador, still feeling quite comfortable on the sofa, in spite of the fact that the springs were broken and that the stuffing was distributed so unevenly, thought he might just as well stay another five minutes.

There can be no doubt that the extension of the visit was entirely due to Mary's tact. And now let us see the use that she made of it.

'If only there would be a vacancy at Blackhampton, I think I could get him in myself, because I really think I have got Blackhampton in my pocket.'

'A very right and proper place in which to keep a borough; it was in our time, Mrs. Cathcart, eh?'

The Siddons cap and the inheritor of the Rogers tradition had this delectable morsel all to themselves. The brain of Mary the Tactful was much too busy marshaling its battalions, and Mr. Philip was far too much interested in hot buttered tea-cake, which he had certainly earned, to be able to follow the conversation except at a very respectful distance. Therefore the continued esprit of my lord was like to have gone unhonored save for Granny,

who could have imagined Sydney Smith, etc.

So after all it was really as much due to the Siddons cap that the five minutes grew into ten; and this further extension was rather important, since Mary was busy posing the mighty problem how could she get this absentee Irish landlord, who was bound by the nature of the case to be a Vandeleurite, to play the game of a perfectly ferocious Balsquithian, which she always had been, and please God she always would be.

'You see, Lord Warlock, I want my Philip to go into Parliament, but we don't know anybody who has got any influence with Mr. Balsquith, because all our friends are on the other side.'

Very nicely calculated candor, Tactful Mary. Well might the ex-Ambassador incline his ear and look cynical.

'Seems to me then you had better apply to the other party.'

'Oh no, Lord Warlock. My Philip is nothing like clever enough to be a Vandeleurite.'

Rather sacrificing her lord though, was n't she, on the altar of high diplomacy? Not that Mr. Philip minded that particularly. Hot buttered tea-cake was of far more consequence than anything that had been said by anybody up to the present.

The ex-Ambassador was constrained to feel that the ambitious young woman's reasoning was sound. The young hussy then proceeded to draw her next card out of the pack, and it was n't a very bad one either.

'You see, Lord Warlock, I am so keen for my Philip to go into politics, because, you know, I really want people to say that the best day's work he ever did was when he married me.'

There was only one reply for an old diplomatist to make to this engaging candor; and you may be sure that no time was lost in making it.

How did Mary, who is really too pushing to be quite nice in my opinion, receive the obviously insincere compliment that was paid to her? says our little friend Miss Newnham. She did n't say a word, my dear, but she blushed quite charmingly — at least the ex-Ambassador thought she did — and then that absolutely staunch straight glance of about two thousand candle-power came right at the noble earl, who proceeded to register on the tablets of his worldly-wise old mind the following pearl of wisdom: —

NO WONDER THE YOUNG FOOLS MARRY
'EM NOWADAYS.

'So you want to get him into Parliament do you — as a Rag?' mused the old cynic.

'Dear Lord Warlock, if you would only give me a little advice, because I'm so ignorant!'

There was just room for two persons on the decrepit sofa that had the honor of holding my lord. Would it bear the weight of both of 'em? was another poser for Mary the Tactful. She would risk it anyhow, and so she sat down beside the ex-Ambassador in a charmingly impulsive manner, and said, 'Dear Lord Warlock, do help me,' and very nearly slew one who had grown old in diplomacy with her good gray eyes.

It may almost be laid down as an axiom that ex-ambassadors are pretty deep as a rule. This one was certainly not an exception. Not only did his dark and self-contained appearance suggest considerable guile, but this picturesque impression was amply confirmed by the fascinating curves of his intellect. In fine, my lords and gentlemen, his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia was a long way from being a fool.

Therefore he made no immediate reply to Mary the Tactful. But the Pushful Young Hussy — as every young married woman should be, mark you —

knew perfectly well that she had given the fellow occupant of the sofa something to think about. As a matter of fact, the fellow occupant thought considerable, and somewhat in this tenor.

I am not very pleased with Vandeleur just now. He as good as promised me that vacant Thistle, but he gave it to Blougram instead, who, of course, has not rendered one tenth of my services to the Empire. Then this young fool is the eldest son of an old fool who takes himself far too seriously; an old fool who has jobbed his way into unmerited favor, and has done as much as anybody, outside the perfectly appalling Front Bench, to ruin the party. Well, I owe Vandeleur a grudge; I can't abide pompous mediocrity; I'm feeling rather mischievous just now with this ill-tempered girl o' mine left on my hands when she ought to have been settled five years ago; and if the successor to Van's very last and very worst creation goes over lock, stock, and barrel to the Rag, Tag, and Bobtails, legs are going to be pulled pretty badly all round, eh?

We hope the reasoning of the noble lord is clear to all parents and guardians. Certainly it is a little too advanced for the junior members of the congregation. We have done our humble best to make it as lucid as possible, but the mental processes of an ex-ambassador call for the very nicest skill on the part of our Pegasus, who was never a very agile beast at his best, and age don't improve him. Perhaps you may have caught the general drift at any rate, which is the best we are entitled to hope for.

Mary the Tactful waited quite a minute for the fellow occupant to break the silence. And then momentarily the silence was shattered.

'I don't say I've any influence with Balsquith, but I might throw out a hint to Huffham and MacMurdo and

the other Rag, Tag, and Bobtail wire-pullers that your man would like to stand for 'em, and a very able man, too.'

Tactful Mary was breathless with gratitude. But not for a moment did her statesmanlike grasp desert her.

'Some large manufacturing town — Leeds or Nottingham or Blackhampton, where they'd remember my Cinderella and where I've presented medals and where I've sung at concerts. If Free Trade and I can't get him in any of those places, where they know a Cinderella when they see one —'

The grand-daughter of the god-daughter of Edmund Kean burst into a peal of laughter.

There was the grim light of humor also in the ambassadorial eye.

'Best thing you can do, Mrs. Sheldine,' said Worldly Wisdom, 'is to see that your young chap writes a nice sensible letter to Balsquith, stating his views clearly in as few words as he can; and in the meantime I'll sow a few myself, and get Huffham or MacMurdo to meet him at lunch at the Helicon; and if at the next bye-election one Vandeleur don't get his leg pulled, I'm better fitted to eat thistles than to wear 'em.'

Even Mary the Tactful, whose knowledge of the world was so immense, hardly appreciated the full flavor of the latter remark; but what she did appreciate, and quite as keenly as most, was the enormous importance of those that had preceded it.

She did n't overdo her gratitude, because ex-ambassadors are not at all partial to fuss. She thanked my lord very simply and sincerely; but she let the good gray eyes do most of the work, and very charmingly they did it, too. A very sensible girl, who will make a good wife for anybody, and I only wish that insolent wench of mine had got half her brains, thought the Am-

bassadorial One. Not that he said so to Mary the Tactful; although strictly between ourselves, young ladies of Newnham and Girton, she would n't have minded very much if he had.

Lord Warlock took his leave at last, having passed quite an agreeable hour, whereas he had but expected a formal and perfunctory ten minutes. It had been indeed a pleasure to meet Mrs. Cathcart again; and we have seen what an impression the grand-daughter had made upon the old diplomatist. Yes, he assured the latter, a word in season should reach the chiefs of the Party. It was rash to make promises, but he hoped and believed — particularly as the Rags were always glad to have young men of family in order to redress the balance a bit — Mr. Philip might find himself in the midst of a bye-election in the not distant future.

This was imparted to Mary in strict confidence while she conducted the visitor downstairs. And when the young minx had sped my lord over the doorstep with a merry smile, she came up the stairs again, two at a time, in a mood highly exultant.

'And now, Phil-ipp,' said she, 'you must go at once and have a nice warm bath; and I will go to the chemist's and get something for those poor feet.'

XXIII .

IS OF A POLITICAL NATURE

What had Warlock in his mind, was really the question of questions for Sir Joseph Huffham, Bart., M. P., a few weeks after the occurrences recounted in the last chapter. What Machiavelian subtlety lurked in the bringing forward of this very dark horse for the purpose of helping a party in which he was not interested? What private axe had he to grind? To be sure there was that little business of the vacant This-

tle, which all the world and his wife had smiled over. There was also the fact that this not particularly bright young man had disappointed the expectations of two families. What game was the old Jesuit playing? was the question that Sir Joseph felt constrained to ask.

Sir Joseph found the question by no means easy to answer, and we must confess that we share his difficulty. It would be idle, my lords and gentlemen, for us to pretend to throw light on the darkness. But candidly we do feel that the Principal Girl had had not a little to do therewith; although, of course, Sir Joseph could not be expected to know that, and he would have been frankly incredulous had anyone attempted to enlighten him. Things don't happen in that way, he would have said.

Sir Joseph certainly thought it was piquant that the son of S of P should desire to help the Party. His qualifications for public life appeared to be rather obscure, but being the eldest son of his father, he was not without a face value for the enemy.

'And so, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said the illustrious man smiling over the club claret, 'you think with your wife's assistance you might be able to win a seat like South-West Blackhampton for the party of progress.'

'My wife is sure she could win it for me,' was the answer of Philip.

It was not perhaps the answer to be expected from a champion of the democracy; and the illustrious man looked rather quizzically across the table at his host. Were he and his party going to have their legs pulled in company with Van and the other side? Never trust an Irishman, on principle, was one of Sir Joseph's axioms; and in this case he felt rather like living up to it.

All the same, the exigencies of the

situation called for a man somewhat out of the ordinary for South-West Blackhampton. At present that large and important industrial constituency was represented by a man of independent judgment who owed allegiance to none. The power of his personality had carried him to the top of the poll in a three-cornered contest, in spite of the fact that he had an official Rag, and an official Waggoner, able men both, against him. Good, sound, conventional candidates had failed against this Rawhead and Bloody-bones. It was just possible that the husband of a favorite actress, and a famous footballer to boot, might be successful where another might fail. That at least was the local opinion.

'I presume, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Sir Joseph Huffham, 'in the event of your being adopted as a candidate for South-West Blackhampton you would have no objection to signing a — er —' Sir Joseph paused while he took a typewritten document from his pocket-book — 'a football-league form for the Blackhampton Rovers?'

Mr. Shelmerdine was quite prepared to do that.

'And of playing for them occasionally, I presume, if your services were called upon?'

Mr. Shelmerdine had no objection to doing that either, although he was rather short of practice these days.

'I am informed, Mr. Shelmerdine, that you kicked three goals against Scotland in an international match.'

With excellent modesty the young man admitted this impeachment.

'Well, I think I am entitled to say, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Sir Joseph, who was himself a pretty shrewd Lancastrian, 'if you can kick three goals against Liverpool or Manchester City in an important league-match you are very likely to be returned at the top of the poll.'

Very simply and seriously and quite sincerely Mr. Shelmerdine promised to do his best in this matter.

A general election was expected in October. The head-office said things must be put in train at once. Communications had of course to pass between the constituency and Westminster, but within a month Mr. Philip had received an invitation from the Chief Tribesmen of South-West Blackhampton to come forth and make them acquainted with his views.

Then it was that Mr. Philip found himself in a bit of a funk. The fact was that he had n't any views; at least, any views to speak about. Party of progress; government of the People, by the People, for the People; greatest good of the greatest number, and so forth. That was all he knew, and you could n't very well make a speech out of that, could you?

With this, however, Mary did n't quite agree. She seemed to think you could. She had been reading up the subject lately. Therefore she sat down at once, pen in hand, and began to collect her ideas upon the subject.

In common with other ready-witted people, she had the useful faculty of being fluent on paper. By lunch-time she had covered ten pages of foolscap, writing on one side of the paper only; and after lunch, when over the cigarettes and coffee she read the result of her labors aloud to the future member for South-West Blackhampton, the young man found it hard to repress his enthusiasm.

'I shall have 'em absolutely stiff,' said he; 'that is, if I can only remember it all. But I say, old girl, what if they begin to ask questions?'

'Tell them, Phil-ipp, that you believe in Mr. Balsquith; and that anything he votes for you'll vote for because you know that he can't go wrong.'

'Yes, that's all right, old girl, but a chap is expected to have a bit of a mind of his own, ain't he?'

'Oh, no, no, no — pray why should he have? Trust Mr. Balsquith, and South-West Blackhampton will trust you. Now start learning your speech like a good boy; and you must repeat it to me word for word every morning from memory, so that you'll be all right on the night and absolutely word-perfect.'

As an instance of Providence in one of its less atrabilious humors, it befell that Philip was invited to meet the local committee in the evening following the one in which Mary was to appear at the Royal Italian Opera House for the benefit of Harry Merino. Thus they were able to stay together at the best hotel in Blackhampton, and to feel that they were killing, as it were, two birds with a single stone.

It was perfectly true that at Blackhampton the name of Mary Caspar ranked high with the population. It was in the largest type on every hoarding; her portrait appeared in the window of every other shop; her wonderful smile was to be seen on countless picture-postcards; an illustrated interview with the general favorite was printed in the press.

Yes, they were very hearty genuine people at Blackhampton. The principal girl of three Royal pantomimes was to them an imperishable memory. In the divine order of womanhood the Queen of England ranked first in their estimation; Mary Caspar ranked second; and the third place was reserved for the Duchess of Dumbarton, although local opinion was strongly averse from the peerage merely as such.

It was probable that one such as Philip would find a difficult row to hoe in Blackhampton. They had n't much use for frills as a general thing. If the young man was going to stand for

Blackhampton it was by no means clear that those white spats were not an error of judgment. But the general opinion was that even a future hereditary legislator might be returned for Blackhampton if he happened to be Mary Caspar's husband, and if he signed a league-form for the Rovers, and kicked a few goals against Aston Villa.

Alderman Slocock, J. P., the leading Rag statesman for twenty miles around, presided at the meeting of the executive committee at the Gladstone Club. The proceedings were of a strictly private character; ladies were not admitted; Mary could not be present; and, in consequence, the Candidate was horribly nervous.

Alderman Slocock made a very long speech from the chair. The prospective candidate would be given every opportunity to express his views at length; but before coming to that part of the programme Alderman Slocock, a master-hairdresser with no fewer than twenty-four shops spread over the district, spoke for nearly an hour. It was not a very opportune beginning, since the longer the master-hairdresser went on, the more nervous grew Mr. Philip; moreover, the other members of the committee grew decidedly restless. But at last the Candidate was called upon to express his views; and then arose the question for gods and men, would the Candidate be able to remember them?

For three solid weeks had he repeated to Mary from memory his speech, every morning and every night, in order that he should be thoroughly prepared for this great ordeal. When he entered the club he would have wagered that he could have recited it backwards; but as soon as he got on his legs he was paralyzed with the knowledge that he could n't remember a word.

To begin with, his throat was so ter-

ribly dry that he was bound to have recourse to a modest libation before he could proceed. But there were broad-minded men and advanced thinkers on the executive committee who rather approved this weakness, because it showed that the Candidate was human like themselves, and they thought none the worse of him for it. On the other hand there were representatives of Little Bethel in this august assembly who deplored the Candidate's early recourse to whiskey-and-water.

'Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,' began the wretched Philip in a thin small voice. Oh, joy! at the instance of those familiar words the speech suddenly flowed into his mind. 'Members of the Gladstone Club, Electors of Blackhampton,'—The cunning young minx had said that this style of address was bound to sound well in the ears of the committee,—'I have followed with the closest attention and, I may say, with deep admiration the speech from Alderman Slocock to which we have just had the pleasure of listening. I cannot understand how it is, gentlemen, that having a man like Alderman Slocock in your midst you should go outside your fine old city, of which I am sure you must be awfully proud, to look for a man worthy to represent it in Parliament.'

Loud applause which bucked up the Candidate considerably.

Certainly this felicitous opening seemed to put the Candidate on good terms with his audience. Things began to go swimmingly. The voice was good; the matter was sound so far as it went, and, very wisely, it did not go further than amiable generalities. He was the son of a lord undoubtedly, but it was clear that he was much above the average of his class.

The end of his ordeal was not yet, however. Alderman Slocock had a few questions to ask.

Would the Candidate be good enough to enlighten the Committee as to the nature of his views upon the subject of Free Trade.

'Sir, I shall be most happy,' said the Candidate, smiling graciously. 'Gentlemen, my views on the subject of Free Trade are those of Mr. Balsquith, and it is a matter upon which I trust his judgment implicitly.'

The Committee was much gratified by this statesmanlike reply.

'And the question of the House of Lords?' said Alderman Slocock. The Committee would be happy to have the Candidate's views upon that vexed subject.

The views of the Candidate in respect to the House of Lords were those of Mr. Balsquith; that also was a subject upon which he trusted his judgment implicitly.

This answer was equally successful; and as it did duty for all the questions that followed, the Candidate was guilty of nothing that was likely to efface the highly favorable effect he had already created. Therefore he was able to return to the best hotel in Blackhampton reasonably secure in the conviction that he was about to be chosen as the official representative of the Rags.

XXIV

IS VICTORIAN IN THE BEST SENSE

In Grosvenor Square, at this period, rose-color was not the prevailing hue. The Pro-Consul had declined to attend the wedding. Moreover he had given Mr. Philip clearly to understand that Mrs. Philip would not be *persona gratissima* in Grosvenor Square. The attitude of the Pro-Consul is hardly one to commend to parents and guardians in general. It was surely based upon error. And, unfortunately, Mother upheld the Pro-Consul in his for-

wardness. She, too, as had so many Colthursts of Suffolk before her, had formed the fatal habit of governing others. And she, too, having been thwarted in a pet design and, moreover, having had to submit to a pretty shrewd buffet from the grandmother of the Person, was inclined to behave in a Victorian manner.

There was one aspect of the affair that really astonished both of them immensely. It was the attitude taken up by a much injured man and a thwarted father-in-law when they ventured into the next street but one in order to condole with him, and perhaps, incidentally, to obtain a little balm for their own wounded feelings. Father and Mother were frankly amazed that their standpoint had to forego the sanction of his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia.

'Fact is, Shelmerdine,' said my lord, 'the young fool has done a dashed sight better for himself than by marrying this girl of mine.'

Mother was amazed at such levity from such a quarter; and rather pointedly she said so.

'We must look facts in the face,' said my lord robustly. 'She is an uncommonly able young woman and one of these days you'll remember that I've said so.'

'I don't think I like ability in women,' said Mother.

O Mother! And you, by common consent, one of the ablest women in Grosvenor Square and its environs.

'Still, it's a useful thing to keep in the house,' said the ex-Ambassador.

Now Mother did n't subscribe to his ignoble point of view; she never could, and never would, subscribe to it; but strictly between ourselves she was not at all displeased that a man of his calibre should entertain it. For it would do no harm to anybody if the world should realize that the heir to

the barony had shown a little of the shrewdness for which both sides of the family were famous, when he went in the broad light of day and did as he had done.

A little light was thrown upon the unlooked-for magnanimity of the Friend-of-the-Family about a week later. For this the *Morning Post* was responsible, and the illumination was the following:—

'A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Marquis of Craigenputtock, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Dumbar-ton, and Adela, youngest daughter of the Earl of Warlock, K. C. M. G.'

Everything for the best in the best of all possible worlds, you see.

'By the way,' said the ex-Ambassador, when heartfelt congratulations had been offered and accepted, 'I see in the *Thunderer* this morning that Philip is going into politics.'

This was news for Father. Mother was incredulous.

'And as a Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, if you please,' said Papa quietly.

Father it was who was now smitten with incredulity.

'Impossible,' said he.

Papa sent for the *Thunderer*; and there it was as plain as your hand that Mr. Philip Shelmerdine, the son of Lord Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth, had been adopted by the Party of Progress to fight their cause at Blackhampton.

'Boy must be insane,' said Father. 'He won't get in, at any rate; there's that consolation. I don't know any man more unfitted for public life.'

'He may learn a wrinkle or two, though, Shelmerdine. A deuced clever wife he's married, you know.'

'He'll need a clever wife if he is going to get in as a Rag at Blackhampton. It's — it's an act of insanity.'

Then it was that Adela's young man, who with his future Lady assisted at this interview, was guilty of an error of judgment.

'Married the celebrated actress, did n't he?' said Adela's young man.

The only thing to be said for him is that he was not at all well up in recent history. The silence was deep.

'I remember seeing her in a pantomime at Christmas and I thought she was the jolliest girl I had ever seen — on the stage, I mean.'

The afterthought sounded sincere; and the whole speech was animated by the best of intentions. But it really was not very clever of the young fellow; although that obvious fact was not in anywise clear to him.

'Warlock,' said Father bitterly, 'I think that boy of mine must be mad. I would n't have had this happen for a very great deal. I don't know what Vandeleur will think, I'm sure.'

'I can tell you, Shelmerdine,' said the possessor of the satyr-like air, smiling grimly at the empty fireplace. 'Vandeleur will think there is no tooth so keen as man's ingratitude.'

'Warlock,' said Father with clenched hands, 'it's damnable. And Vandeleur morbidly sensitive, too, on the question of personal loyalty. Can't we stop the young scoundrel?'

Warlock, speaking in mournful accents proper to a constitutional crisis, failed to see how the young scoundrel could be stopped without invoking the aid of a commission in lunacy.

'Fellow's mad enough, Warlock, if it comes to that.'

'Certainly, Shelmerdine, his latest action has all the appearance of insanity.'

And then Mother lifted up her voice in all its natural majesty.

'It is that woman. I am convinced that she is at the bottom of this.'

'*Cherchez la femme*,' put in my lord.

'This must go no further, Warlock,' said the imperious Pro-Consul.

'I really hope it may not,' said the ex-Ambassador, 'for the sake of you, for the sake of us, for the sake of Vandeleur, for the sake of the Empire.'

An impartial judgment might have had a doubt of the sincerity of such a speech; but Father and Mother accepted it in simple good faith.

XXV

A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

By the irony of circumstance, Mother and Father were dining out that evening — now where do you suppose? Why in the Inner Circles of the Party, at Carlton House Terrace. It was no more than a quite small and informal gathering; but several of the Heads were sure to be there.

'Agatha, it is the deuce,' said the Pro-Consul, while Agatha performed the important operation of tying his evening tie.

'It is that woman, I am convinced of it. Philip would never have thought of such a thing himself.'

'I don't know what Vandeleur will say. And such a disagreeable and supercilious fellow when he gets really *cross*. Of course I dissociate myself entirely from a step so subversive, but it is bound to make one's position rather invidious.'

The Heads certainly received Father somewhat askance that evening. In parenthesis it may be remarked that the world at large considered S of P by way of being a Head himself. But appearances are proverbially a little deceptive, are n't they? A Head he was, of course, in any ordinary assembly; but this assembly, small though it was, was by no means ordinary.

It was the Hostess, a massive and rather domineering daughter of Cale-

donia, who first referred to the vexed subject, just as Father, with a rather poor appetite, had begun upon his bird.

'Lord Shelmerdine, what is this one hears about your son standing as a Rag?'

No, it was not exactly kind of Caledonia's daughter. The pause was awkward, particularly as Mr. Everard Vandeleur was seated on the right of his hostess.

'I have no need to say that I disassociate myself entirely from this ill-considered action,' said the unhappy S of P. 'Beyond that I say nothing.'

'But you must say something, Shelmerdine,' thought the Front Bench, of which two were present in addition to Mr. Vandeleur. 'It will create a most unhappy impression in the country.'

'I can only attribute it to a mental aberration,' said S of P.

Mr. Everard Vandeleur shook his Jesuitical gray curls.

'Shelmerdine, my dear fellow,' he said in tones vibrant with emotion, 'I would rather have lost five seats in the country than this should have occurred.'

'I had rather you had done so, Vandeleur, than that this should have taken place.'

'Can you impose no check?' said Mr. Vandeleur. 'Can you not refuse supply?'

'Unfortunately, no. The young scoundrel has a private income. But I hold his wife responsible for this.'

'His wife?' said Mr. Vandeleur.

'The root of all evil,' said the husband of the Hostess, who, to be sure, was at the other end of the mahogany.

'Your boy has married a wife, has he?' said Mr. Vandeleur, with the air of one who asks politely for information.

And who do you think, my lords and gentlemen, was seated opposite the Great Man? No less than his Britan-

nic Majesty's former Ambassador to Persia. Not a soul saw the glance that passed between them, though.

'A great deal of marrying and giving in marriage these days apparently,' said Mr. Vandeleur.

'Your turn next, Van,' said a privileged individual, whose brilliant sally of course set the table in a roar.

'Married a wife, has he?' said the Great Man, not to be diverted. 'Good for the state, although not always good for the state of Denmark. And she has brought him to this.'

'It is revenge, of course,' said S of P.

A word so sinister caused the whole table to cock its ears.

'Revenge, Lord Shelmerdine!' said Caledonia's daughter.

'She is not received in the Family at present, and we get this stab in the back in consequence.'

Two persons round the Opposition mahogany were as grim as griffins. One was Father and the other was Mother. For the rest of the company we will not presume to speak.

'Why is n't she received in the Family?' said Caledonia's daughter, as blunt a woman as you would find in a long day's journey.

'He married contrary to the wishes of his parents,' said Mother, preening her plumage at the hostess in a way which said quite clearly that she would thank her to be careful as the ground was rather delicate. 'Old-fashioned ideas, perhaps, but such marriages can only end in a general weakening of responsibility.'

'I am out of my depth,' said the plaintive Mr. Vandeleur. 'But the position as I see it is this. Your son's wife, out of favor at Court, plots against the dynasty. The dynasty trembles —'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Vandeleur, it does nothing of the kind,' said a very significant factor in the dynasty.

'Metaphorically, of course, Lady Shelmerdine. I speak in metaphor. The dynasty trembles because a bombshell has been thrown in the country, — nothing less than a bombshell I unhesitatingly affirm, — and to avert red ruin one course only seems to be open to it.'

'What is that course, Mr. Vandeleur?' said Lady Shelmerdine.

'To compose this internecine quarrel and avert a further sanguinary conflict.'

A great man had spoken. His air of weight affected the Paris Bourse, the German Reichstag, and was wont to exert an influence as far afield as Vienna and St. Petersburg. No wonder that his outline of policy received the most respectful attention.

'Let the Family receive her and pray let us have no more of it,' said Caledonia's blunt daughter.

Mother's eyes sparkled with the light of battle.

'Will it *really* make any difference to the Party, Mr. Vandeleur, his standing for Blackhampton?'

'Bound to convey an unfortunate impression, Lady Shelmerdine.'

'But he can't possibly get in.'

'One is glad to know that. But, being the son of his father, think of the weight he will carry with the Rags!'

The compliment was a little double-edged, perhaps, to some minds, but happily only one aspect of it was visible to those to whom it was addressed.

'Why can't he possibly get in?' inquired the Hostess.

'No brains,' said Father.

'At least, not many,' corrected Mother.

'Quite enough to be returned as a Rag by Blackhampton,' said Caledonia's daughter. 'The less brains one has, the better for that purpose, don't you think so, Mr. Vandeleur?'

Like a wise statesman Mr. Vandeleur declined to commit himself upon so technical a subject.

'Shelmerdine, I think you ought to realize that we can't have him standing for Blackhampton as a Rag in any case, when we have barely enough candidates of our own to go round.'

'Yes, I do realize that, my dear Vandeleur. I realize it most fully. Steps shall be taken. Steps shall be taken at once.'

'Receive the girl in the Family, — a nice girl, too, I'm told, — and let us hear no more of it,' said the Hostess to Mother, who would not have been averse from striking her for her effrontery. What a pity it is that diamonds in excess are apt to give people such exaggerated notions of their status!

Full and ample forgiveness on the part of Grosvenor Square seemed to be indicated, provided that a proper humility and a reversion to the *status quo ante* were forthcoming on the part of the erring. Let the young woman be received in the Family, provided that the heir to the barony withdrew his odious candidature for Blackhampton, had said in effect the Leader of the Opposition, and a tolerably easy constituency should be provided for the young man. He might then emerge as a full-blown Waggoner after a period of grace in which to efface this present unseemly page in his history.

Father and Mother drove home in the electric brougham pondering deeply the wisdom of the sage. It looked like Humble Pie, and patrician stomachs are not very fond of that dish.

'One thing, Agatha, we may congratulate ourselves upon at any rate,' said the Pro-Consul. 'Vandeleur took it much better than we had reason to expect.'

'That is very well, Wally.' But don't let us congratulate ourselves until we are out of the wood. It may not be so easy to get him to withdraw as Mr. Vandeleur supposes.'

In what manner should the olive

branch be conveyed by the dove of peace? Delicacy was called for. Was Mother or was Father the better qualified to exercise it?

'Wally,' said the Colthurst of Suffolk at the breakfast-table on the following morning, 'I have given the matter most anxious consideration, and I think, having regard to everything, it is perhaps best left in my hands.'

The Pro-Consul looked just a little dubious as he removed the top of a hard-boiled egg.

'You are quite sure, Agatha, that you feel competent?'

'Quite, Wally.'

'Well, perhaps you are right. I hope so, at all events.'

It was decided that Mother should call that afternoon upon Daughter-in-Law, in spite of the danger.

'That I will risk,' said Mother, who at heart was an Amazon. 'Only once have I seen her, and that was in Bedford Gardens, and she opened the door to me holding a potato in one hand and a knife in the other.'

(To be concluded.)

EDUCATION AND THE NATION

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

THOUGHTFUL foreigners who visit the United States are prone to remark upon the distinctly limited character of the two agencies in our civilization that one would expect to be least provincial—our metropolitan newspapers and our universities.

There are, they observe, in the United States no daily newspapers that have national standing, that are read throughout a wide section of the country, and that are representative of national ideals in the sense in which national purposes and aspirations are voiced by certain newspapers of other countries. From the same point of view they criticize the local character of our universities, even the largest and strongest. It is difficult for a European visitor to comprehend why one group of students cheer for Harvard

and another for Yale, or why a man whose primary object is intellectual and professional advancement should spend his entire student-life at a single institution. Our universities, he complains, represent local, not national conceptions in education, and have little relation to national purposes and problems. Their provincial character, he argues, lies not only in the geographical limitations of their constituencies, but still more markedly in the personal form of allegiance which they develop, a type of devotion partaking more nearly of family loyalty than of fellowship in the world's circle of scholars and truth-seekers.

Making allowance for the lack of familiarity with our conditions under which every foreigner labors, the American must nevertheless admit

that there is a measure of truth in both of these criticisms. The strongest of our newspapers, with their staring headlines and exaggerated attention to matters of a personal, and oftentimes of a trivial, nature, are very local. They print certain world-news, to be sure, but local happenings are treated at such length in their columns as to overshadow news of real significance from other countries and from other parts of our own country. In the recent campaign over reciprocity in the Dominion of Canada it was quite evident that the Canadians felt some soreness over the fact that American newspapers gave such scant attention to important Canadian events. They complained even of the New York metropolitan dailies in this respect. The complaint may have a sound basis, but the Canadians might have remembered that the New York newspapers are entirely impartial in their neglect of matters outside their own neighborhood, or rather in the exaggeration of local unimportant happenings. Kansas and Oklahoma and Mississippi have just as much cause to feel irritated at the forgetfulness of the metropolitan dailies as have Quebec and Ontario and Manitoba.

Indeed, it is from this situation that there has arisen in the United States a class of vigorous weekly publications which take the place of the powerful national newspapers of other countries, and which seek to deal with the news of the world from a national rather than from a local standpoint. Coincident with their rise, the dailies of our great cities have tended steadily to become local organs of public opinion and local news-gatherers. No editor of an American newspaper has to-day so widespread a constituency of readers as had Horace Greeley sixty years ago.

Many causes contribute to this result, and one of them is the circumstance

that the American paper is made primarily with an eye to local consumption.

But an American will scarcely wonder at the provincial tone of our newspapers, when he is forced to admit that our universities are more restricted in their influence and in their relations to the world than are the universities of such countries as Germany or England. The twenty-one German universities are comparable in their standards of admission and in the character of the courses of study which they offer. Work done at one is credited toward a degree at any other. About sixty per cent of all German students divide their student years between two or more universities, seeking to obtain at each university to which they resort some touch with the strongest and most inspiring teachers. The minority which does not migrate is composed mainly of inhabitants of large cities like Berlin and Munich, who are estopped from migration by limitation of income.

In addition to all this, the universities of Europe make no effort to influence students either to undertake the university life or to select a given university. In consequence, the attitude of the student is one of devotion toward the educational life, not one of loyalty toward a particular university; and the university itself becomes, under such conditions, representative of national ideals rather than an agent of local education.

It is a question worth asking whether, on the whole, it is better for a country to have a series of educational institutions which are local in their attitude and in their influence, rather than national; or rather, whether the larger outlook is not also consistent with the best service of local interests. These questions are in turn a part of a much larger question. Is a university one of the forces to be used in the republic

as a means toward educational unity and political homogeneity? Is it better that the building up of institutions of learning should proceed entirely under the prompting of institutional initiative—the tax-supported university, the denominational college, the commercial institute, each going its own way, whether it seeks to deal with education from the standpoint of the state or from the standpoint of religion, or to exploit it for commercial purposes? Furthermore, if it is desirable to have some national educational policy on the part of the general government, what form of supervision or scrutiny could such a policy contemplate? Can a republic like ours have an educational policy?

The initial reason for the lack of a national outlook upon education in our universities is undoubtedly related to our form of government. As in all the other federal governments, except Switzerland, nothing is said of education in our Constitution. In fact, education as a national unifying agency did not lie within the field of view of the framers of the American Constitution. Neither a national supervision of education nor a national system of schools was considered by them. But the German Empire, which legally is a looser federation than the United States, shows that a national spirit in education is not dependent upon national control. The Bavarian University of Munich is as much a colleague of the Prussian University of Berlin as are any of the other Prussian universities.

It is true that the idea of a national university was in the minds of some of the earlier leaders. Washington, in particular, was attracted toward the plan of a university at the seat of government which might, by bringing together the youth of the country in student relations, soften the rivalries

and suspicions of the various sections, and help to develop a spirit of nationalism as an antidote to the sectionalism which so soon became evident.

Inasmuch as the field of education was not touched by the Constitution, it has remained with each state to deal with education as it might choose, without guidance or oversight from the central government. The government of the United states, therefore, has had no educational policy. When one studies education in the United States from a national standpoint one must take up such study with the state systems as units. Not only has each state its own system of elementary and secondary schools and of normal schools for the training of teachers, but nearly all states have also tax-supported institutions of higher learning. In addition, other agencies, which have entered the field of education, notably the religious denominations, establish their systems of institutions in accordance with state lines, so that throughout the United States, except in a few of the older New England commonwealths, educational institutions are grouped in accordance with the state boundaries.

We have, therefore, in the United States practically forty-eight systems of education; and yet these separate state systems have, as a matter of fact, kept in practical touch with each other. The elementary and secondary schools of the forty-eight states of the Union, while showing wide variation in their equipment, in the training of their teachers, and in their school-buildings, are, nevertheless, founded upon essentially the same plan and the same educational ideals. The elementary schools throughout the Union aim to take the child at about the same age and to lead him through the secondary school to approximately the same intellectual level. The state systems have also

been kept in touch by a constant interchange of teachers and of pupils. Public-school teachers migrate from one city to another in the same state, and from one state to another, in far greater numbers than do college professors. The common schools have thus been a great unifying force in citizenship as well as in education. They have made the English language the sole medium of communication. Nowhere else on the surface of the earth can one find so enormous an area in which all the people speak one language, in which individuals living thirty-five hundred miles apart can understand each other as well as next-door neighbors. The public schools have opened their doors to the vast army of immigrants, and have introduced them to a common language and through it to a common citizenship.

As we look back over the educational history of the last half century, we must congratulate ourselves upon the homogeneity which the country shows. It seems clear that the educational and political solidarity, and the possession of common national ideals, have been due in the largest measure to the fact that a common system of elementary and secondary schools has spread throughout all the states. To this result the institutions of higher learning have contributed comparatively little.

Notwithstanding the fact that education is, under our form of government, a function of the separate states, it still remains an interesting inquiry whether the general government may not exercise some influence in coördinating and unifying the separate state systems.

Congress has already by legislation carried out two measures which have bearing upon this matter.

During the period of the Civil War, Congress made a great land grant to each state for education in agricult-

ure and the mechanic arts, and now appropriates annually fifty thousand dollars to each state for these objects. From the history of this legislation it is difficult to decide whether its author, Senator Morrill, and its friends intended to promote elementary education in agriculture and the industries, or whether they wished to provide general higher education for the agricultural and industrial classes. Both subjects commingled in their minds, and they saw no incompatibility between them; votes were secured by the plea 'to do something for agriculture.' In making these grants Congress left their administration to the states, and as the states had no clear conceptions on the subject, the result, while extremely important, has not realized either of the ideas which may have induced Congress to enact this legislation. The institutions founded under the Morrill Act have developed into state universities or into schools of technical science, in which engineering largely overshadows agricultural science.

But it can hardly be maintained that the agricultural and industrial classes constitute now in any especial sense the constituency of these universities and colleges; and with a few exceptions, the interest of these institutions in agriculture is that of agricultural science, not of vocational training in agriculture and the industries. So widely is this realized that at the present time pressure is being exerted upon Congress, which the agricultural colleges are largely aiding, to make another great grant to the states in order to found institutions which will help agriculture and the trades in the manner originally contemplated by the Morrill Act.

A second act of the general government looking toward the promotion of educational unity was the creation of a Bureau of Education under the

Department of the Interior. This office was established in 1867, and while the powers of the Commissioner of Education have been somewhat increased in recent years by appropriations for specific purposes, the duties of the Bureau are still practically limited to the work of a special agency in education, gathering statistics and publishing statements of educational progress in our own and other countries. An investigation of actual conditions of education in a state, and a critical and constructive report upon these conditions or a comparison with other states, is something that the Bureau has hitherto not felt authorized to undertake. Colleges and universities have been practically removed from its scrutiny.

Both of these measures, while tending in some degree toward a coöperation among the separate state systems, have been inaugurated without any well thought-out policy toward education. The Morrill Act, for example, creating the agricultural colleges, was an accidental measure enacted from personal reasons and without any study of the widely varying conditions of the separate states to determine whether such action were wise or not.

It goes without saying that the central government can never under the Constitution exercise arbitrary control over education in the separate states. It is altogether wholesome that it should not be able to do so. It still remains, however, a question whether, in the two directions in which it has already acted, — that is to say, in the appropriation of money to be used by the states in education and by the development of a national educational bureau, — Congress can still further minister toward unifying and coördinating the various state systems and thereby increase the efficiency of these

systems and the formation of a larger national patriotism.

The plan of national aid to local educational institutions is extremely popular. Even those who are most earnest as states-rights men are generally willing to accept an appropriation from the general government for any form of local educational aid. Since the passage of the Morrill Act, appropriating money for the founding and support of agricultural and mechanical colleges, bills have been introduced in nearly every Congress looking toward the support of local educational institutions at the expense of the national purse. At one time or another such bills have been introduced in favor of engineering schools, of mining schools, to say nothing of the various bills that have been introduced for the appropriation of money to secondary schools.

One who studies these repeated attempts to use the purse of the nation for the benefit of local schools realizes how widespread is that sentiment which applauds the old flag so long as it is accompanied by an appropriation. All such legislation seems questionable. The original Morrill Act was vetoed by President Buchanan on grounds that are to-day very strong, and his statement at that time that such action would be followed by succeeding legislation, taking more and more money out of the treasury of the general government, has been completely fulfilled. There is no more reason that the general government should subsidize the local agricultural schools of various states than that it should subsidize mining schools and schools of medicine and schools of law and secondary schools, and all other useful schools. The objection to such legislation is fundamental, and the widespread movement at the present time to levy upon the treasury of the nation

for schemes of local education, generally ill-considered, is to be regretted. The spectacle of rich and prosperous states seeking aid of the nation for their schools is not reassuring for the future of these schools.

The strengthening of the Bureau of Education, so as to make out of it a national agency for scrutinizing and reporting upon educational matters, is a very different matter. While it is quite true that the general government can never assume control of the school systems of the various states, it is quite within its province to maintain at its own cost an agency for informing itself upon the progress and the relations of these state systems, and for developing in them common ideals of devotion to a common country. The value of such an agency will depend in large measure upon the function that it assumes. What that function is to be has never been determined. Like most of our educational legislation, it has been left in large measure to the individual action of those who were in immediate control of the work. Certainly the development of an accurate and expert scrutiny of the various systems of education of the country would be of great moment in our common educational progress.

There is no reason why the United States Bureau of Education should not report with entire frankness, not only upon the secondary and elementary schools of the country, but upon its colleges, universities, and professional schools as well. There is no reason why such a bureau should not be in a position to tell the full truth about all these agencies, and to become in this way not only a force looking toward national ideals and standards, but also one that works at the same time toward sincere and effective educational methods. No agency upon private foundation can ever do for the

whole country what can be done by a well-directed, free, and conscientious national agency; and it may well be hoped that with the incoming of a new Commissioner of Education some such conception of the scope and the function of the Bureau of Education may commend itself to Congress. Every state system of education, every college, every university which is doing honest and sincere work, has everything to hope and nothing to fear from such a national scrutinizing agency. No one can doubt that the influence of a bureau so administered would make not only for educational efficiency, but for a larger patriotism. The college which best serves the nation will in the long run serve best its state and its community.

The contrast between the crude methods with which our government deals with education and the well-considered methods under which the Prussian government, for example, proceeds in such matters, is strikingly brought out in the proposed inauguration of an endowed university in the City of Frankfurt. For a long time Frankfurt has been ambitious for a university, and its citizens are ready to assist its establishment. Before the enterprise could be undertaken, however, those who represented the interests of education in the government had to conduct a public investigation of the whole scheme not only with an eye to the local interests of the city of Frankfurt, but with regard also to the near-by universities already in existence, and to the independent scientific and literary institutes in Frankfurt. As a result, the university, if finally established, will coördinate and render more effective existing agencies, instead of merely adding a new competing institution. The whole proceeding is one full of suggestions to Americans interested in education and

in the function of educational institutions in human progress. The public discussions and public hearings as to the function which the university was to serve, how it should be established, what relations it should have to other schools and institutions, were worked out under the eyes of the entire city and region in a manner unknown to us.

In our states a new university is founded ordinarily by a single man or a group of men or the state. In the last case the politicians generally decide the location. The idea of calling in expert educational aid or of inviting the people of the community into consultation is rarely considered. The proceedings in the case of the Frankfurt university are most suggestive to us as citizens of a democracy, not only because they furnish an example of educational building done in a thoughtful, not in a haphazard way, but for the stronger reason that they are an example of the workings of a modern government in the effort to conserve at once the interests of the individual and the interests of the organized community. Practically all modern legislation is an effort to deal with these oftentimes divergent interests. How to preserve the freedom of the individual and, at the same time, to promote the efficiency of those organizations which do so much of the work of modern civilized states is the essential problem which every government is facing.

This is the question to-day in America at the heart of all legislation by Congress, whether such legislation deal with trusts or railroads or labor organizations or customs duties. The significant thing to us in the governmental dealing with the Frankfurt university is the fact that there the government dealt thoughtfully and in a scientific way with a problem which, in our de-

mocracy, we have hitherto left to be settled at haphazard and quite without supervision on the part of those who are supposed to be capable of expert judgment.

Not only has our education lacked scrutiny by the general government, but in nearly all of the states the scrutiny of education and of educational institutions on the part of the state itself has been extremely superficial. Institutional competition has had free course. Colleges have been started, not on the ground of educational need, but for all sorts of local, personal, and sectarian reasons. The same denomination will have in a single state a half-dozen or more colleges, rivals of each other. Devotion to education is translated into terms of loyalty to a particular local institution. It was inevitable that under such conditions American colleges and universities should lack a national outlook, and that they should lose touch with the state systems of secondary schools. As long as each college set up its own standards and mingled secondary education with higher education, the tendency was not only to lose touch with the secondary schools, but to develop toward them a somewhat hostile attitude.

The rise of the state universities has come in large measure from the fact that these institutions, particularly in the Central West, have assumed a close relation to the state school-system. It is impossible that the universities and colleges in a country should become national in character, or invite the migrations of students, until some such relationship comes about. It is evident that when admission to college means one thing in Texas, another in Minnesota and still another in Massachusetts, migrations of college students are impossible. This multiplication of college standards results in what practically amounts to an educational tariff

between different institutions and between different states.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees industrial free trade between the states. It is impossible to get anything like educational free trade either between states or between colleges so long as each college sets up a different tariff in the form of admission requirements. The situation is a little like that which existed in transportation relations between New York and Pennsylvania when their railroads used different gauges. It is enormously to our advantage to have such an educational exchange in both teachers and students between states and between colleges of the same state. Such interchange makes for a wider national outlook, for a better understanding, for a homogeneous nation.

The state legislatures have in some cases taken a hand in the establishment of a formal educational tariff as between certain classes of schools. For example, the State of Minnesota has enacted a law enforcing an educational qualification as to the training of physicians who are allowed to practice in that state. The law was adopted in order to protect citizens of Minnesota against the graduates of commercial medical schools in neighboring states, and particularly of those in Chicago. In the present state of medical education such a measure is entirely justifiable. But it is to the advantage of every state to secure the best medical practitioners without regard to state lines. If the standards of medical education in Illinois and in Minnesota were on the same plane, there could be no occasion for such a law.

The colleges and the state school-systems, by their variation in fundamental standards, produce what is equivalent to a tariff, which operates to prevent the free interchange of teachers and students among the colleges and

universities. Such conditions arise in the absence of any supervision from the central government, out of the lack on the part of our higher institutions of learning of a national consciousness. It is only when colleges begin to recognize their relationship to the great system of popular schools that they develop either state or national consciousness.

Some fair relationship of the colleges to the secondary schools must precede any movement looking toward a less local form of college than that which we now possess, and this is why the general movement of the last ten years toward a fair adjustment between college and university is of such significance. In no section of the country has this been more marked than in the Southern states. Not only have the better colleges of this region raised their entrance requirements to the same level as elsewhere, but they have gone vigorously to work to develop a system of public schools in each state. For it is only when the college agrees to respect the field of the secondary school, and to found its work in a rational way upon it, that a good system of secondary schools in any state becomes possible.

Perhaps few realize how noteworthy has been this progress in the last decade throughout the Southern states. In the old Commonwealth of Virginia, for example, there was ten years ago not a single institution which required graduation from a four-year high school for admission to its classes. Today the majority of the colleges of the state articulate squarely with the four-year high school, and most of this progress has been made within the last five years. This movement has, of course, gone hand in hand with the upbuilding of the secondary schools. In the year 1905 there were only ten four-year high schools in the whole State of Virginia. At the end of 1910

there were more than one hundred. In the year 1905 only one hundred thousand dollars was spent in Virginia by local authorities for high-school support. In the year just passed, between three and four hundred thousand dollars has been thus spent. In the year 1905 in the whole state only five thousand dollars was spent on high-school buildings. During the last five years an average annual expenditure of more than half a million dollars has gone into the building of high schools. No educational development in any state of the Union is more noteworthy than that which is sketched in this brief statement. It means that the colleges of Virginia are now requiring for admission the same intellectual standards which are required in other states having good educational systems; but its greatest significance lies in the fact that throughout the state there have come into existence high schools which serve as stimuli to local intellectual interests, and provide also the most effective means of keeping each such neighborhood in touch with the thought of the whole country. Such a school system does more to banish intellectual and political isolation, and to foster a large nationalism, than any other means which civilization has yet developed.

Outside of this extraordinary rise of standards and development of high schools in the Southern states, no step taken by any of our universities has been more far-reaching in the direction of nationalizing education than the action of Harvard University last year in adopting a new form of admission to college. Harvard College has, during nearly all its history, maintained higher standards of admission than other American colleges. In the endeavor to preserve these standards, and to secure a student-body rightly prepared, the college has developed

during the last thirty years a somewhat elaborate system of entrance examinations. These examinations have assumed very detailed forms. For example, a student who presented Latin had an examination in Latin prose, in Latin composition, in scanning, in various Latin authors. In each case the specific text upon which he was to be examined was named, and he sought to prepare himself for the specific questions which were contemplated. The requirements have also gradually been raised until, of late years, they called for more work than can well be completed in the ordinary good four-year high school, unless indeed the candidate presented Greek and Latin.

The purpose of these detailed examinations was admirable. They were intended to test a candidate for admission to college by a definite examination, independent of the school from which he came, the passing of which would prove the ability of the student to undertake college work successfully.

It is not too much to say that the outcome of this method of examination has been disappointing. First of all, the amount required for admission made it extremely difficult for a boy to fit himself for Harvard in the ordinary four-year high school. The college was, therefore, at one stroke cut off from the great body of secondary schools. The tendency of this was to develop fitting schools whose function was to prepare boys for these examinations, and thus get them into college. In addition, many coaching agencies arose, some of them under the shelter of the college itself, which attained great skill in enabling boys to meet the formal tests of detailed examinations, while at the same time the boys obtained a limited intellectual discipline.

Under such conditions the habit grew up to accept boys who were conditioned in a considerable number of

subjects, so that for some years past over half the students admitted to the freshman class at Harvard entered with conditions. In other words, a boy already handicapped by poor preparation undertook a heavier load than the well-prepared boy when entering college. The detached examinations had not only brought about a situation under which the college and the better high schools had come to regard themselves as independent and unrelated agencies, but a boy, in order to get from one to the other, had to climb over or through the artificial barriers which had been set up. Getting into college was no longer necessarily a part of a liberal training of the mind.

It was in view of this situation that the faculty of Harvard decided last year to adopt a new plan of admission which should relate the college directly to the four-year high schools of the whole country, while at the same time testing the qualities of the candidates whom the schools send up to college by an entirely different kind of test from that of the detailed examinations.

A plan of admission was adopted under which any graduate of a well-conducted four-year high school in any state may present himself for admission to Harvard. His certificate of graduation serves as an admission to the entrance examinations. These entrance examinations are, however, of quite a different character from those to which the candidate has hitherto been subjected. Instead of passing some eighteen or twenty separate written examinations, he is asked to pass only four, and these of an elementary sort, designed to test his mastery of the subjects which he has studied longest, not his memory of the details on which he has been recently coached. For example, instead of being asked to give an analysis of 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' or of some one of Shake-

spere's plays, he will be expected to prove the value of his high-school training in English by his ability to write and use good idiomatic English.

This kind of examination does not require cramming; and on the other hand, it cannot be passed by mere cramming. It leaves the high school free to educate the boy, not to coach him. The secondary school need not sacrifice the last year to coaching for examinations, provided a wise freedom is allowed the candidate in taking his examinations at the most suitable times. Finally, the plan does away with that prolific source of demoralization, the conditioned student. Either the high-school graduate who presents himself can show a fair mastery of the fundamental subjects which he claims to have studied, or he cannot. He is either admitted or he is refused; but there will be no half-and-half admission, with deficient students dragging along two or three extra loads in the form of conditions.

The action which Harvard has taken in thus coördinating itself with the high schools of the whole country and in replacing a series of detailed examinations by simple tests upon fundamental subjects, is a significant event in the present-day movement toward a unified and coördinated system of schools. It gives to Harvard College for the first time in its history direct contact with the four-year high school, which has become the typical secondary school for every state of the Union. The college has thus placed itself upon the four-year high school as a foundation. The two institutions, college and secondary school, become under this conception parts of one structure, not separate and unrelated agencies in education.

The first examinations held at Harvard under the new régime, in June, 1911, were most encouraging, although

they revealed the difficulties as well as the excellences of the plan.

One hundred and fifteen boys took these examinations (candidates for admission still have the option of taking examinations under the old plan). Of this number, seventy-two were admitted and forty-three rejected. The large number of rejections showed the wide variations in standards of scholarship in different secondary schools. Boys whose school records were very high sometimes made a very poor showing in the examinations. It will require a stiff academic backbone on the part of those who administer these admission examinations if the plan is to succeed, but Harvard men can do no better service to education than fearlessly to send back to the high schools applicants for admission to college who present good credentials in English and yet cannot write the language correctly; who have high rank in mathematics, and yet cannot solve a simple problem; who present flattering papers in history, and yet know nothing of the forces of civilization which make history.

One gratifying feature of the first examination was the wide distribution of the one hundred and fifteen students who presented themselves. This first experiment showed that to make it possible to prepare for college in the local high school was to open the college doors to a large number who otherwise could not hope to enter.

The chief difficulty in carrying out this plan of admission to college will probably be found in the preparation of the examinations themselves. American teachers have so long accustomed themselves to the hard-and-fast detailed examination that it may require some years of experience before the Harvard teachers will succeed in framing examinations of a sort fitted to test the qualities of the boy's mind and the

character of his scholarship rather than the excellence of his drill in a specific field. It requires an entirely different preparation to cram a boy's memory with the details of a limited subject from that which is required to give him a fair mastery of the elements of the subject. The high schools have been spurred on by the colleges for many years to drill boys rather than to educate them. It will require some time before they will learn that the new examinations call for the mastery of a few subjects rather than a memorized familiarity with the superficial details of many. It is in the framing of examinations that will test the real quality of the applicants that the Harvard faculty will find its hardest task. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the action of the university is a notable one in the direction not only of national ideals, but also in the direction of educational unity and educational sincerity.

As one looks, therefore, over the progress of higher institutions during the last decade, one finds a most encouraging movement toward uniformity of entrance requirements, and a corresponding tendency on the part of the colleges to relate themselves intelligently and fairly to the four-year high schools, which constitute the great mass of secondary institutions of the various states. These two phenomena are part of one general movement toward educational unity, and the outcome of this movement looks in the end toward a growth of colleges and of universities less local in character and more nearly in touch with national ideals and national purposes. It is out of this movement, proceeding at the present time at an unusually rapid rate, that we may expect in the future the development of institutions of higher learning which shall be national in their attitude and in their influence.

GREGORY AND THE SCUTTLE

BY CHARLES HASKINS TOWNSEND

THIS is a tale of the warm sea-tides that daily and nightly flood the channels among the Bermuda Islands. I had almost written it 'The Scuttle and Gregory,' but it was Gregory who carried on the campaign aggressively and finally triumphed with the trap-net, so that the sea-monster was dragged away into captivity.

At our first meeting, when I described the creature whose subjection I wished to accomplish, Gregory said, 'That's the scuttle.' I suggested the word cuttle, as, perhaps, more appropriate, but it was not appreciated. The scuttle by any other name could never be satisfactory to him. Quibbling over a mere title seemed unnecessary, so I made an effort to get down to essentials and adopted Gregory's word. As a result of our conference, Gregory took certain implements of capture and sailed out of the bay; only to return after a considerable absence with an empty boat.

He had, however, matured certain plans which it seemed reasonable to follow out. It appeared that a combination of forces was desirable, so I contracted for the services of both Gregory and his boat, and we set about the circumvention of the scuttle by fair measure or foul.

As we sailed away in the light morning breeze, Gregory expatiated upon the subtlety of the scuttle and the labors of the black toilers of the sea, who had sought to capture him.

'How big is he?' I inquired.

'Not too big, sir,' said Gregory, hold-

ing up a short oar by way of suggesting dimensions.

I was interested, for I had read, in a book by one Hugo, how a man had once entered a sea-cave, and had had a fearful struggle with the creature. Respecting the truth of this, however, there is reasonable doubt, although I know of the capture of an octopus of the seas about Vancouver Island, which actually measured several oars' lengths across its outspread arms. But all this is not telling the story of Gregory's search.

The scuttle eluded us for many days, artfully removing choice foods from the snares we set for him; but we sometimes caught faint glimpses of him down under the overhanging borders of coral reefs, where he sat in shadowy caverns, thrusting forth his horrifying arms to seize the unwary sea-people.

While Gregory with great caution moved the boat close by the rocks, I peered constantly through the water-glass into the grayish depths where the fierce-jawed moray has his hunting-grounds, and where the sharp-stinging medusa drifts along, moving out of the way of no creature whatsoever. It was an enchanted world that lay beneath us, and I saw many strange things which cannot be described here.

But I must explain about the water-glass, an article with which all fishermen of the Bermudas are familiar. Like many another indispensable thing, it is of simple construction, being nothing more than a wooden bucket with a bottom of glass. By placing it on the

surface of the water and inserting one's face in the open top, it is possible to see distinctly whatever may be beneath.

We worked our way at times into small bays where green sea-lettuce lay in the shallow water in masses. These we overturned with our oar and boat-hook, hoping to come upon the wily object of our pursuit.

The lair of the scuttle, according to Gregory, may be discovered by certain unmistakable signs. It is the accustomed way of the creature to drag his prey to his hiding-place, there to devour it at leisure. Crafty in the capture of his victims, and wily in the concealment of himself from observation, he makes no attempt to hide the débris of his feasts. He thrusts his garbage forth from his stronghold, unconcerned as to where it fall, provided the entrance be clear for his own movements. If he has feasted high on lobster or oyster, crab or clam, a mountain of shells proclaims his lair. The heap may grow until it would fill a basket as large as a man could lift.

Knowing his weakness for these dainties, Gregory gathered a supply, hoping to lure the scuttle into his power. He did, in fact, nearly succeed on one occasion by lowering a tempting morsel near where the creature lay concealed. A long arm snatched and held the bait until the sharp, hidden hook tore loose, and Gregory almost fell over as he jerked the stout line. This method might have succeeded if I had not been anxious to take my departure from the islands and so urged haste. Whereupon Gregory, who was big and powerful and did not fear a personal encounter with the scuttle, became more aggressive.

On the following day, when the tide was motionless and the water glassy, he saw the scuttle disappear under a narrow ledge a couple of fathoms down in the clear, greenish channel. He was

overboard in an instant, and with a few quick strokes reached the bottom. Looking down through the water-glass I could see the whitish soles of his bare feet as he made tremendous upward thrusts with his legs.

The scuttle was disturbed by the suddenness of the attack, and as he had not selected a favorable place for concealment, decided to make off, and lost no time in doing so. He may have caught sight of the whites of Gregory's determined eyes. He was barely quicker, however, than the quick arm of the man, and might have been seized had he not played a scurvy trick: the water suddenly turned black — black as Gregory's own face.

It appears that the creature always bears a sac of inky fluid ready in an instant to darken the water all about him, and can dart away under an impenetrable cloud of his own conjuring. This characteristic, which I had hitherto read of, I now saw verified. By magic the scuttle had disappeared, and a moment later there was a porpoise-like snort as Gregory's head popped above the surface.

Later, we had proof also of the scuttle's mysterious power of suddenly changing his color. Like the chameleon he may appear conspicuously dark at one moment and inconspicuously pale at another, against the grayish, ragged wall of the coral reef. This I made sure of as our boat came close to another of his hiding-places. Although he was in full sight, it took me some minutes to realize that the ghostly outlines pointed out to me were not a part of the gray background of jagged rock. He can, moreover, instantly turn brown or become spotted, as I later saw with my own eyes after we had got him into our power.

It was clear that there was nothing more to be done in that locality, so Gregory clambered aboard and we held

counsel together as the boat drifted broadside up the channel with the tide; and the earnestness of the black man made so profound an impression on me that when we parted in the evening I was not without hope that my mission would eventually be crowned with success.

But the next day we were again disappointed. Gregory dived and had the scuttle in his arms almost before I could brush from my eyes the salt water his splash threw over me. As he came up alongside, however, trouble began, for the scuttle got a grip on the bottom of the boat with his many sucker-covered arms, and, while Gregory was getting his breath, his hold slipped, and again the creature was off. Just how he managed to disappear so suddenly remains a mystery; neither Gregory, who went under again, nor I, who promptly reached for the water-glass, got the faintest glimpse of him. Doubtless he shot away body foremost after the manner of his kind, every one of his eight arms contributing to the haste of his departure.

Failing in all these manœuvres, I began to scout among lonely pools under the cliffs, where, if cautious, one may see strange sea-folk when the tide is out. Gregory, left alone with his stratagems, disappeared for a few days. The last glimpse I had of him was of a very black man with a very earnest face, loading a huge wicker contrivance into a boat. I had considerable faith in his resourcefulness, for he knew the reefs and caves as well as did the scuttle himself.

But my solitary patrol of the rocky shore proved fruitless, and I was glad, two days later, to find Gregory sitting on a stone wall down by the little dock, swinging his bare feet and enjoying the hot sunshine, but not much inclined to talk. He told me that he had gone to a distant island village in search of a

large trap-device used for catching fish. This, with the help of another fisherman, he had lowered into a deep cleft among the reefs two or three miles to the westward. I was to go with him the next day to see if by any possibility the scuttle had been deluded into entering it, for it was baited with something which the always hungry monster was pretty sure to investigate.

We were off early in the morning but made slow progress, as there was little wind. It was fully three hours before we arrived at the sunken trap, which Gregory located by the bearings of certain distant cliffs, for there were few portions of the reef showing at high tide. The breeze being light, the stone killick with line attached was thrown overboard without lowering the sail. Through the water-glass we made out the framework of the big trap on the bottom. I let out more anchor-line, the sloop drifting astern until we were nearly over the trap, when Gregory yelled that the scuttle was ours.

He let down a grapple, and after some heaving and hauling we dragged the cumbersome contrivance on board. The hatch over the water-filled well of the sloop was shoved back to make ready for the entrance of our captive. I kept a firm grip on the trap while Gregory, all the while shouting instructions to me and abuse at the scuttle, undid the fastenings at one corner. It took a deal of punching with an oar to dislodge the creature, whose eight arms were reaching in all directions. When one of them thrust through an opening and took a turn around Gregory's bare arm, the whites of the man's eyes were even more conspicuous than his white teeth. There was a ripping sound as he tore the arm away from that sucker-covered arm of the scuttle, but no harm was done to either combatant.

What with the lurching of the sloop, the rocking of the big unsteady trap,

the resistance of our captive, and Gregory's shouting, there was considerable turmoil for so limited an area as that we occupied on our small craft. The scuttle was gradually crowded down, and was presently forced to take refuge in the well to escape the black man's oar. In the bottom of the trap lay the empty shell of the great crayfish which had tempted the creature to his undoing. With the hatch back in place, and the trap lashed against the windward side of the mast, our work was done.

After a pull on the sheet, I took the tiller and my companion rested from his labors; but his tongue was loosened, and by the time we came to anchor in the twilight, he had said more about the scuttle than I have been able to recall, and a good deal that I am not hopeful of being able to verify. Neverthe-

less, he had earned his reward, and as the lights were beginning to glimmer around the harbor, he went to his home with a comfortable jingle of coins in his pocket.

When the steamer sailed away to the north, the scuttle was a captive on board, staring with unwinking eyes at the passengers who came to gaze at him. He escaped from confinement twice during the voyage, and we had no small difficulty in getting him properly secured. We learned that a large prisoner, if persistent, may take flight through a comparatively small hole, and we were therefore unremitting in our watchfulness until the captive was landed securely within the walls of the ancient fortress at the Battery.

And that is how the octopus came to the Aquarium.

VAGUE THOUGHTS ON ART

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

It was on a day of rare beauty that I went out into the fields to try and gather these few thoughts. So golden and sweetly hot it was, that they came lazily, and with a flight no more coherent or responsible than the swoop of the very swallows I was watching; and, as in a play or poem the result is conditioned by the conceiving mood, so I knew would be the nature of my diving, dipping, pale-throated, fork-tailed words.

But, after all, — I thought, sitting there, — I need not take my critical pronouncements seriously. I have not the firm soul of the critic. It is not

my profession to know things for certain, and to make others feel that certainty. On the contrary, I am often wrong — a luxury no critic can afford. And so, invading as I was the realm of others, I advanced with a light pen, knowing that none, and least of all myself, need expect me to be right.

What then — I thought — is Art? For I perceived that to think about it I must first define it; and I almost stopped thinking at all before the fearsome nature of that task. Then slowly in my mind gathered this group of words: —

Art is that imaginative expression

of human energy which, through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in an hypothesized perfect human being.

Impersonal emotion! And what, I thought, do I mean by that? Surely I mean that that is *not* Art, which, while I am contemplating it, inspires me with any active or directive impulse; that that *is* Art, when, for however brief a moment, it replaces within me interest in myself by interest in itself.

For, let me suppose myself in the presence of a carved marble bath. If my thought be, 'What could I buy that for?' impulse of acquisition; or, 'From what quarry did it come?' impulse of inquiry; or, 'Which would be the right end for my head?' mixed impulse of inquiry and acquisition — I am at that moment insensible to it as a work of Art. But, if I stand before it vibrating at sight of its color and forms, if ever so little and for ever so short a time, undaunted by any definite practical thought or impulse — to that extent and for that moment it has stolen me away out of myself, and put itself there instead, has linked me to the universal, by making me forget the individual in me. And for that moment, and only while that moment lasts, it is to me a work of Art. The word 'impersonal,' then, is only used in this my definition to signify momentary forgetfulness of one's own personality and its active wants.

So Art, I thought, is that which, heard, read, or looked on, while producing no directive impulse, warms one with unconscious vibration. Nor can I imagine any means of defining what is the greatest Art, without hypothesizing a perfect human being.

But, since we shall never see, or know — if we do see — that desirable creature, dogmatism is banished, 'Academy' is dead to the discussion, deader than even Tolstoy left it after his famous treatise 'What is Art?' For, having destroyed all the old Judges and Academies, Tolstoy, by saying that the greatest Art was that which appealed to the greatest number of living human beings, proceeded to raise up a definite new Judge or Academy, that of the masses of mankind, as tyrannical and narrow as ever were those which he had destroyed.

This, at all events, I thought, is, as far as I dare go in defining what Art is. But let me try to make plain to myself what is the essential quality that gives to Art the power of exciting this unconscious vibration, this impersonal emotion. It has been called Beauty! An awkward word — a perpetual begging of the question; too current in use, too ambiguous altogether; now too narrow, now too wide — a word, in fact, too glib to know at all what it means. And how dangerous a word, often misleading us into slapping with extraneous floridities what would otherwise, on its own plane, be Art! To be decorative where decoration is not suitable, to be lyrical where lyricism is out of place, is assuredly to spoil Art, not to achieve it.

But this essential quality of Art has also been called Rhythm. And, what is Rhythm if not that mysterious harmony between part and part, and part and whole, which gives what is called life; that exact proportion, the mystery of which is best grasped in observing how life leaves an animate creature when the essential relation of part to whole has been sufficiently disturbed. And I agree that this rhythmic relation of part to part, and part to whole — in short, vitality — is the one quality inseparable from a

work of Art. For nothing which does not seem to a man possessed of this rhythmic vitality can ever steal him out of himself.

And having got thus far in my thoughts, I paused, watching the swallows; for they seemed to me the symbol, in their swift, sure curvetting, all daring and balance and surprise, of the delicate poise and motion of Art, that visits no two men alike, in a world where no two things, of all the things there be, are quite the same.

Yes, I thought, and this Art is the one form of human energy in the whole world, which really works for union, and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement, however fleeting, of one self by another; the real cement of human life; the everlasting refreshment, and renewal. For, what is grievous, dompting, grim, about our lives is that we are shut up within ourselves, with an itch to get outside ourselves. And to be stolen away from ourselves by Art is a momentary relaxation from that itching, a minute's profound and, as it were, secret enfranchisement. The active amusements and relaxations of life can rest certain of our faculties only by indulging others; the whole self is never rested save through that unconsciousness of self, which comes through rapt contemplation of Nature, or of Art.

And suddenly I remembered having read in a recent essay, 'Art in its highest forms does not produce self-forgetfulness, but self-realization of an extraordinary intensity and vividness; by cutting the ties of momentary matters it sets us free to be ourselves more fully, to live our own soul-lives more intensely.'¹

Ah! but, I thought, that is not the first and instant effect of Art; it is the *after* effect of that momentary re-

placement of one's self by the self of the work before us; it is surely the *result* of that brief span of enlargement, enfranchisement, and rest.

Yes, Art is the great and universal refreshment. For Art is never dogmatic; holds no brief for itself; you may take it, or you may leave it. It does not force itself rudely where it is not wanted. It is reverent to all tempers, to all points of view. But it is willful — the very wind in the comings and goings of its influence, an uncapturable fugitive, visiting our hearts at vagrant, sweet moments; since even before the greatest works of Art we often stand without being able quite to lose ourselves! That restful oblivion comes, we never quite know when — and it is gone! But when it comes, it is a spirit hovering with cool wings, blessing us, from the least to the greatest, according to our powers; a spirit deathless and varied as human life itself.

And in what sort of age, I thought, are artists living now? Are conditions favorable? Life is very multiple; 'movements' are very many; interest in 'facts' is very great; 'news' batters at our brains; the limelight is terribly turned on; and all this is adverse to the artist. Yet leisure is abundant, the facilities for study great; Liberty is respected. But, far exceeding all other reasons, there is one great reason why in this age of ours, Art, it seems, must flourish. For, just as cross-breeding in Nature — if it be not too violent — often gives an extra vitality to the offspring, so does cross-breeding of philosophies make for vitality in Art.

Historians, looking back from the far future, may record this age as the Third Renaissance. We who are lost in it, working or looking on, can neither tell what we are doing, nor where standing; but we cannot help

¹ *Art, Life, and Criticism*, by Edwin Björkman.

observing that, just as, in the Greek Renaissance, worn-out Pagan orthodoxy was penetrated by new philosophy; just as, in the Italian Renaissance, Pagan philosophy, reasserting itself, fertilized again an already too-inbred Christian creed; so now, Orthodoxy fertilized by Science is producing a fresh and fuller conception of life, — a love of Perfection, not for hope of reward, not for fear of punishment, but for Perfection's sake.

Slowly, under our feet, beneath our consciousness, is forming that new philosophy, and it is in times of new philosophies that Art, itself in essence always a discovery, must flourish. Those whose sacred suns and moons are ever in the past, tell us that our Art is going to the dogs; and it is true that we are in confusion. The waters are broken, and every nerve and sinew of the artist is strained to discover his own safety. It is an age of stir and change, a season of new wine and old bottles. Yet, assuredly, in spite of breakages and waste, a wine worth the drinking is all the time being made.

I ceased again to think, for the sun had dipped low, and the midges were biting me; and the sounds of evening had begun: those innumerable far-traveling sounds of man and bird and beast — so clear and intimate, of remote countrysides at sunset. And for long I listened, too vague to move my pen.

New philosophy — a vigorous Art! Are there not all the signs of it? In music, sculpture, painting; in fiction and drama; in dancing; in criticism itself, if criticism be an Art. Yes, we are reaching out to a new faith not yet crystalized, to a new Art not yet perfected; the forms still to find — the flowers still to fashion!

And how has it come, this slowly-growing faith in Perfection for Perfection's sake? Surely like this: When

the Western world awoke one day to find that it no longer believed corporately and for certain in future life for the individual, — when it began to feel, 'I cannot say more than that there may be individual life to come; that Death may be the end of man, or that Death may be nothing,' — it began also to ask itself in this uncertainty, 'Do I then desire to go on living?' And, since it found that it desired to go on living at least as earnestly as ever it did before, it began to inquire why. And slowly it perceived that there was, inborn within it, a passionate instinct, of which it had hardly till then been conscious — a sacred instinct to perfect itself, now, as well as in a possible hereafter; to perfect itself because Perfection was desirable, a vision to be adored and striven for, a dream-motive fastened within the Universe, the very essential Cause of everything. And it began to see that this Perfection, cosmically, was nothing but perfect Equilibrium and Harmony; and, in human relations, nothing but perfect Love and Justice.

And Perfection began to glow before the eyes of the Western world like a new star, whose light touched with glamour all things as they came forth from Mystery, until to Mystery they were ready to return.

This, I thought, is surely what the Western world has dimly been re-discovering. There has crept into our minds once more the feeling that the Universe is all of a piece, Equipose supreme, and all things equally wonderful and mysterious and valuable. We have begun, in fact, to have a glimmering of the artist's creed, that nothing may we despise or neglect; that everything is worth the doing well, the making fair; that our God, Perfection, is implicit everywhere, and the revelation of Him, the business of our Art.

And as I jotted down these words, I noticed that some real stars had crept up into the sky, so gradually darkening above the pollard lime trees; cuckoos, who had been calling on the thorn trees all the afternoon, were silent; the swallows no longer flirted past, but a bat was already in career over the holly hedge; and round me the buttercups were closing. The whole form and feeling of the world had changed, so that I seemed to have hanging before me a new picture.

Ah! I thought, Art must indeed be priest of this new faith in Perfection, whose motto is, 'Harmony, Proportion, Balance.' For by Art alone can true harmony in human affairs be fostered, true Proportion revealed, and true Equipoise preserved. Is not the training of an artist a training in the due relation of one thing with another, and in the faculty of expressing that relation clearly; and, even more, a training in the faculty of disengaging from self the very essence of self, and passing that essence into other selves by so delicate means that none shall see how it is done, yet be insensibly unified? Is not the artist of all men foe and nullifier of partisanship and parochialism, of distortions and extravagance, the discoverer of that jack-o'-lantern — Truth; for, if Truth be not Spiritual Proportion I know not what it is. For Truth — it seems to me — is no absolute thing, but always relative, the essential symmetry in the varying relationships of life; and the most perfect truth but the concrete expression of the most penetrating vision.

Life seen throughout as a countless show of the finest works of Art; Life shaped, and purged of the irrelevant, the gross, and the extravagant; Life, as it were, spiritually selected — that is Truth: a thing as multiple and changing, as subtle and strange, as

Life itself, and as little to be bound by dogma. Truth admits but the one rule, No deficiency, and no excess! Disobedient to that rule, nothing attains full vitality. And secretly fettered by that rule is Art, whose business is the creation of vital things.

That æsthete, to be sure, was right enough, who said, 'It is Style that makes one believe in a thing; nothing but Style.' For what is style in its true sense save fidelity to idea and mood, and perfect balance in the clothing of them. And I thought, 'Can one believe in the decadence of Art in an age which, however unconsciously as yet, is beginning to worship that which Art worships — Perfection, Style?

The faults of our Arts to-day are the faults of zeal and of adventure, the faults and crudities of pioneers, the errors and mishaps of the explorer. They must pass through many fevers, and many times lose their way; but at all events they shall not go dying in their beds, and be buried at Kensal Green. And here and there amid the disasters and wreckage of their voyages of discovery, they will find something new, some fresh way of embellishing life, or of revealing the heart of things.

That characteristic of to-day's Art — the striving of each branch of Art to burst its own boundaries — to many spells destruction; but is it not rather of happy omen? The novel straining to become the play, the play the novel — both trying to paint; music striving to become story; poetry gasping to be music; painting panting to be philosophy; forms, canons, rules, all melting in the pot; stagnation broken up! In all this havoc there is much to shock and jar even the most eager and adventurous. We say, 'I cannot stand this new-fangled fellow! He has no form! He rushes in where angels fear

to tread. He has lost all the good of the old, and given us nothing in its place!’

And yet — only out of stir and change is born new salvation. To deny that is to deny belief in man, to turn our backs on courage! It is well, indeed, that some should live in their closed studies with the paintings and the books of yesterday — such devotees and students serve Art in their own way. But the fresh-air world will ever want new forms. We shall not get them without faith enough to risk the old! The good will live, the bad will die; and to-morrow only can tell us which is which.

Yes, I thought, we take — and naturally — a too impatient view of the Art of our own time, since we can neither see the ends toward which it is almost groping, nor the few perfected creations that will be left standing amidst the rubble of abortive effort. An age must always decry itself, and extol its forebears. The unwritten history of every Art will show us that. Consider the novel — that most recent form of Art. Did not the age which followed Fielding lament the treachery of authors to the picaresque tradition, complaining that they were not as Fielding and Smollett were? Be sure they did.

Very slowly and in spite of opposition, did the novel attain in England the fullness of that biographical form achieved under Thackeray. Very slowly, and in face of condemnation, it has been losing that form in favor of a greater vividness, which places before the reader's brain, not historical statements, as it were, of motives and of facts, but word-paintings of things and persons, so chosen and arranged that the reader may see, as if at first hand, the spirit of Life at work before him. The new novel has as many bemoaners as the old novel

had when it was new. It is no question of better or worse, but of *differing* forms — of change dictated by gradual suitability to the changing conditions of our social life, and to the ever-fresh discoveries of craftsmen, in the intoxication of which, old and equally worthy craftsmanship is too often, for the moment, overlaid and lost.

The vested interests of life favor the line of least resistance, disliking and revolting against disturbance. On the other hand, a spurious glamour is inclined to gather around what is new. And, because of these two deflecting factors, those who break through old forms must always expect to be dead before the new forms they have unconsciously created have found their true level, high or low, in the world of Art. When a thing is new it is ‘nohow’! In the fluster of meeting novelty, we have even seen coherence attempting to bind together two personalities so fundamentally opposed as those of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw — dramatists with hardly a quality in common; no identity of tradition, or belief; not the faintest resemblance in methods of construction or technique. Yet contemporary estimate often talks of them in the same breath. They are new! It is enough. And others, as utterly unlike them both — they, too, are new. They have as yet no other label. Lump them in!

And so — I thought — it must always be; for Time is essential to the proper placing and estimate of all Art. And is it not this feeling that contemporary judgments are apt to turn out a little ludicrous, which has turned criticism of late to the form, not so much of judgment pronounced, as of impression recorded, — re-creative statement, — a kind, in fact, of expression of the critic's self, elicited through contemplation of a book, a play, a symphony, a picture? For this kind

of criticism there has even recently been claimed an actual identity with creation — in a passage which runs thus:—

‘Taste must reproduce the work of Art within itself in order to understand and judge it; and at that moment æsthetic judgment becomes nothing more or less than creative art itself. The identity of genius and taste is the final achievement of modern thought on the subject of Art, and it means that, fundamentally, the creative and the critical instincts are one and the same.’¹

Æsthetic judgment and creative power identical! I wondered, reading, and still wonder! For, however sympathetic one may feel toward this new criticism; however one may recognize that the recording of impression has a wider, more elastic, and more lasting value than the delivery of arbitrary judgment based on rigid laws of taste; however one may admit that it approaches the creative gift in so far as it demands the qualities of receptivity and reproduction, — is there not still lacking to this ‘new’ critic something of that thirsting spirit of discovery which precedes the creation — hither-to so-called — of anything?

Criticism, taste, æsthetic judgment, by the very nature of their task, wait till life has been imprisoned for them before they attempt to reproduce the image which that imprisoned fragment of life makes on the mirror of their minds. But a thing created springs from a germ unconsciously implanted by the direct impact of unfettered life on the whole range of the creator’s temperament; and round the germ thus engendered, the creative artist — ever penetrating, discovering, selecting — goes on building cell on cell, gathered from a million little fresh impacts and

visions. And to say that this is, also, exactly what the recreative critic does, is to say that the interpretative musician is creator in the same sense as is the composer of the music that he interprets. And if indeed these processes be the same in kind, they are in degree so far apart, that one would think the word creative unfortunately used of both.

But this speculation, I thought, is going beyond the bounds of vagueness. Let there be some thread of coherence in the progress of this evening, fast fading into night. Return to the consideration of the nature and purposes of Art! And recognize that much of what you have thought will seem on the face of it heresy to the school whose doctrine was incarnated by Oscar Wilde in that admirable apotheosis of half-truths, ‘The Decay of the Art of Lying.’ Did he not say, ‘No great artist ever sees things as they really are’? But may it not also be put thus? The seeing of things as they really are — the seeing of a proportion veiled from other eyes — (together with the power of expression) — is what makes a man an artist. What makes him a great artist is that high fervor of spirit which produces a superlative, instead of a comparative, clarity of vision.

Close to my house there is a group of pines with gnarled red limbs, flanked by beech trees. And there is often a very deep blue sky behind. Generally, that is all I see. But, once in a way, in those trees against that sky I seem to see all the passionate life and glow that Titian painted into his Pagan pictures. I have a vision of mysterious meaning, of a mysterious relation between that sky and those trees with their gnarled red limbs, and Life as I know it. And when I have had that vision I always feel that it is reality; and all those other times, when I have no such vision, sim-

¹ *The New Criticism*, by Professor Spingarn, Columbia University, U. S. A.

ple unreality. If I were a painter, it is for such fervent vision that I should wait before moving brush. This so intimate, inner vision of reality, indeed, seems in duller moments well-nigh grotesque; and hence that other glib half-truth, 'Art is greater than Life itself.' Art *is*, indeed, greater than Life, in the sense that the power of Art is the disengagement from Life of its real spirit and significance. But in any other sense, to say that Art is greater than Life from which it emerges, and into which it must re-merge, can but suspend the artist over Life, with his feet in the air and his head in the clouds — Prig masquerading as Demi-god.

'Nature is no great Mother who has borne us. She is our creation. It is in our brain that she quickens to life.' Such is the highest hyperbole of the *æsthetic creed*. But what is creative instinct, if not an incessant living sympathy with Nature, a constant craving like that of Nature's own, to fashion something new out of all that comes within the grasp of those faculties with which Nature has endowed us? The qualities of vision, of fancy, and of imaginative power, are no more divorced from Nature, than are the qualities of common sense and courage. They are rarer, that is all. But, in truth, no one holds such views. Not even those who utter them. These are the rhetoric, the over-statement of half-truths, by such as wish to condemn what they call 'Realism,' without being temperamentally capable of understanding what 'Realism' really is.

And what, I thought, is Realism? What is the meaning of that word so wildly used? Is it descriptive of technique, or descriptive of the spirit of the artist; or both, or neither? Was Turgénieff, a realist? No greater poet ever wrote in prose, nor any one

who more closely brought the actual shapes of men and things before us. Was he a realist? No more fervent idealist than Ibsen and Tolstoy ever lived; and none more careful to make their people real. Were they realists? No more deeply fantastic writer can I conceive than Dostoievsky, nor any who has described actual situations more vividly. Was he a realist? The late Stephen Crane was called a realist, than whom no more impressionistic writer ever painted with words.

What, then, is the heart of this term still often used as an expression almost of abuse? To me at all events, I thought, the words realism, realistic, have no longer reference to technique, for which the words naturalism, naturalistic, serve far better. Nor have they to do with the question of imaginative power — as much demanded by realism as by romanticism. To me, a realist is, by no means, tied to naturalistic technique — he may be poetic, idealistic, fantastic, impressionistic, anything but romantic; that, in so far as he is realistic, he cannot be. The word, for me, characterizes that artist whose temperamental occupation is with revelation of the actual interrelating spirit of life, character, and thought, with a view to enlighten himself and others; as distinguished from that artist — whom I call romantic — whose temperamental purpose is invention of tale or design with a view to amuse or delight himself and others. It is a question of temperamental antecedent motive in the artist and nothing more.

Realist — Romanticist! Enlightenment — Amusement! That is the true apposition. To make a revelation — to tell a fairy tale! And either of these artists may use what form he likes — naturalistic, fantastic, poetic, impressionistic. For it is not by the form, but by the purpose and mood of his art,

that he shall be known, as one or as the other. Realists, indeed, — including the half of Shakespeare that was realist, — not being primarily concerned to amuse their audience, are still comparatively unpopular in a world made up for the greater part of men of action, who instinctively reject all art that does not distract them without causing them to think. For thought makes demands on an energy already in full use; thought causes introspection; and introspection causes discomfort, and disturbs the grooves of action.

To say that the object of the realist is to enlighten rather than to amuse, is not to say that in his art the realist is not amusing himself as much as ever is the teller of a fairy tale, although he does not deliberately start out to do so; he is amusing, too, a large part of mankind. For, admitted that the object and the test of Art is the awakening of vibration, of impersonal emotion, it is still usually forgotten that men fall, roughly speaking, into two flocks: those whose intelligence is uninquiring in the face of Art, and does not demand to be appeased before their emotions can be stirred; and those who, having a speculative bent of mind, must first be satisfied by the enlightening quality in a work of Art, before that work of Art can make them feel at all. The audience of the realist is drawn from this latter type of man; the much larger audience of the romantic artist from the former; together with, in both cases, those fastidious few for whom all Art is style, and only style, and who welcome either kind, so long as it is good enough.

To me, then, I thought, this division into Realism and Romance, so understood, is the main cleavage in all the Arts; but it is hard to find pure examples of either kind. For even the most determined realist has more than

a streak in him of the romanticist, and the most resolute romanticist finds it impossible at times to be quite unreal. Correggio, Guido Reni, Watteau, Leighton — were they not, perhaps, somewhat purer romanticists; Leonardo, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Watts, mainly realists; and Botticelli, Titian, Raphael, a blend of both? Dumas père, and Scott, surely romantic; Flaubert and Tolstoy, as surely realists; Dickens and Cervantes, blended. Keats and Swinburne, romantic; Browning, and Whitman, realistic; Shakespeare and Goethe, both. The Greek dramatists, realists; the *Arabian Nights* and Malory, romantic; the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the Old Testament, both realism and romance.

But how thin often is the hedge! And how poor a business the partisan abuse of either kind of Art in a world where each sort of mind has full right to its own due expression, and grumbling is lawful only when due expression is not attained. One may not care for a Rembrandt portrait of a plain old woman; a graceful Watteau decoration may leave another cold — but foolish will he be who denies that both are faithful to their conceiving moods, and so proportioned part to part, and part to whole, as to have, each in its own way, that inherent rhythm or vitality which is the hallmark of Art. 'Tis but a poor philosopher who holds a view so narrow as to exclude forms not to his personal taste.

No realist can love romantic Art so much as he loves his own; but when that Art fulfills the laws of its peculiar being, if he would be no blind partisan, he must admit it. The romanticist will never be amused by realism, but let him not for that reason be so parochial as to think that realism, when it achieves vitality, is not Art. Art is but the perfected expression of self in contact with the

world; whether that self be of enlightening or of fairy-telling temperament is of no moment, whatever. The tossing of abuse from realist to romanticist and back is but the sword-play of two one-eyed men with their blind sides turned toward each other.

Shall not each attempt at Art be judged on its own merits? If found not shoddy, faked, or forced, but true to itself, true to its conceiving mood, and fair-proportioned, part to whole, so that it *lives* — then, realistic or romantic, in the name of Fairness let it pass! For, of all kinds of human energy, Art is the most free, the least parochial; and demands of us an essential tolerance of all its forms. Shall we waste breath and ink in condemnation of artists, because their temperaments are not our own?

But the shapes and colors of the day were now all blurred; every tree and stone entangled in the dusk. How different the world seemed from that in which I had first sat down, with the swallows flirting past. And my mood was different; for each of those worlds had brought to my heart its proper feeling — painted on my eyes the just picture. And Night, that was coming,

would bring me yet another mood that would frame itself with consciousness at its own fair moment, and hang before me. A quiet owl stole by in the field below, and vanished into the heart of a tree. And, suddenly, above the moor-line I saw the large moon rising. Cinnamon-colored, it made all things swim, made me uncertain of my thoughts, vague with a mazy feeling. Shapes seemed but drifts of moon-dust, and true reality nothing save a sort of still listening to the wind. And for long I sat, just watching the moon creep up, and hearing the thin, dry rustle of the leaves along the holly hedge. And there came to me this thought: What is this Universe — that never had beginning and will never have an end — but a myriad striving to perfect pictures never the same, so blending and fading one into another, that all form one great perfected picture? And what are we — ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equipoised Creative Purpose — but little works of Art?

But trying to record that thought, I noticed that my note-book was damp with dew. The cattle were lying down. It was too dark to see.

A BALLADE OF BARREN ROSES

BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT

THERE sounds his step receding on the stair,
The bridegroom's, that my love could not detain,
For whose captivity the woman's snare
Of veiled brows, was woven all in vain.
A rose I held he keeps with tender care.
Tell him, dear Jesu, that no blossom blows,
For its own beauty, howsoever rare.
The Lord of Life loves not a barren rose.

The destiny of roses is to bear
Their scarlet fruit through drear autumnal rain,
And hold upon the crystal drifting air
Of winter days, the cups that pour again
New springtime loveliness for earth to wear,
When all the verdure now her bounds inclose
Is gone forever, lily with the tare.
For this our Lord loves not a barren rose.

What thought of his is left for me to share,
Aroused from that rapt dream in which we twain
Lighted our little lamps of joy, to flare
Along a single path to Love's domain?
Will he, in that mysterious region where
The ruby chalice on his vision glows,
Exceeding all the stars, remembrance spare
To one his Lord loves not, a barren rose?

Envoy

Oh, Mystic Rose, the Heart of Jesu, fair
Creative source from which all beauty flows,
Ever transfusing Love, hear now my prayer:
Resume, for love's own sake, one barren rose.

WHEN STRAITS THEM PRESS

BY RUTH GEORGE

NOWADAYS, we have rather turned the tables upon the peevish adults who, in the last generation, have been used to groan and revolt under the inquisition of their young. For, whereas the growing child, with its 'Why does n't God kill the devil?' or 'Why is baby?' now stands gloriously acquitted, the poor parents who prematurely inquired whether baby loved Jesus or even 'Who made the world?' are held accountable for all the shattered faiths and incredulous spirits of the present age.

Clearly it is not necessary for the lay mind to declare itself further upon the merits or demerits of the Socratic method; certainly it is with no sense of injury that I call up the inquisitors of my own childhood. They were many, of course, as the enemies of the Psalmist — people who asked questions foolish, unnecessary, impossible. But how they goaded my waking inventive faculties to meet, at their best possible, each new emergency!

The emergencies fresh every morning and renewed every evening, were, perhaps, most pressing in that realm of the abstract, the inexact, the guessable — Sabbath school. Once there, and settled in a certain little yellow chair in a front row of little yellow chairs, I think that my most natural reflex to the strident opening-bell, was, perhaps, the formless apprehension that I was now about to be 'stumped,' or the remembrance, with a start, of something that Miss Nellie, our teacher, had told us to do every day

that week. In any case, some sort of heart-searching was sure to be forthcoming: probably I should have to tell whether I had copied at school; or whether I had answered back to mother; or whether I had saved any pennies for the heathen babies. At all events, Miss Nellie would think of something disturbing to ask, and the very sound of the little bell was depressing.

It was all very well — thanks to my provident parents — when she only wanted to know how many in the class had been baptized. Even the interesting task of selecting a besetting sin to vaunt as one's very own was comparatively stimulating and pleasant; indeed, quite a halo hovered about the head of an anæmic little blond who first thought to claim in a childish lisp that her undoing was a Macchiavellian temper. But imagine the shock of being suddenly drawn up by, 'How many of you children remembered to say your prayers this morning?' Imagine having Eleanora Forsythe, your next neighbor, fairly rise off her chair to wave her small gloved hand, while you, the minister's daughter, recalling in dismay your morning's haste to see the new puppies, could only writhe uneasily into an equivocal position which you hoped might be interpreted into a raised hand and then, scarlet with despair and shame, slink into your chair while your cousin Jacky whispered in your ear that you would go to hell. Jacky's full name is John Calvin MacFarlane.

Well, inquiry, they say, must be met, and I know I used to feel so.

I cannot in the least forget one certain long-gone day, when, to meet it, straits pressed me most sorely. There was a picture on the lesson-chart that day, which Miss Nellie called a tomb. A woman and some men with inordinately long beards, and wearing red and blue dresses, stood about: one with his hands over his face was Jesus, Miss Nellie said. The verse below these figures was so astonishingly short, by way of Golden Text, that all of us who could spell at all had our hands in the air in an instant. (I never could snap my fingers.) Perhaps there were so many hands that Miss Nellie could not choose. For a moment she looked thoughtful; then 'Children,' she said, 'I want you all to think and tell me which was the saddest day of your lives.'

Eleanora, who could not have read the legend underneath the picture, rose to this with a leer of triumph. 'When my mother died!' cried she, in full exultant tones. A good answer. A *very* good answer. With this clue, testimonials began to pour in. One boy had two sisters and a brother die of scarlet fever in one week. And one, — Peter Lowe, whose father was in the penitentiary for trying to murder his mother, and whose mother was in the insane asylum, as I remember, — out of an embarrassment of riches, chose the day their barn burned down. So the question went round the class and was approaching me.

Now Providence had been unkind to me. I had really never had a sad day. Of course, I knew what sort of thing it had to be. For example, if your father should come home drunk, like Peter's father — that would be a sad day. But my father was a minister, and ministers very seldom, if ever, come home drunk. Or, it would be a

sad day if your little brother died, like dear little Paul Dombey, and left you all alone with people who did not understand you. But I had six brothers. It was hardly likely that they would all die; and one or two, of course, would hardly count for much of a sorrow when there were still plenty left. In any case, mine were all alive. In despair, I cast about in my memory. There was the day grandfather died; I stayed at home from school, and all the cousins came. That would do at a pinch. No one else that I could think of had ever died, except Mrs. Stivers across the street, and I had not felt sad about that, but only very much relieved that this first dead person that I had ever seen was not chopped and bloody as I had expected, but only white and asleep.

'And yours, Sarah?'

'The day little Rebecca died,' I said.

Now count on Jack to challenge the Westminster Confession itself. He always went on the principle that everything was a lie until startling evidence was produced to the contrary. So it was that, when some interruption — the appearing of a secretary, perhaps, or the disappearing of Miss Nellie — left me to their mercy, I must, to satisfy the feeble faith of my companions, stoutly cross my heart and swear that the said Rebecca was my deceased sister.

'And she was three days old,' I pursued hotly, grasping hopefully upon the one point of this dead infant's history which had always appealed to me as most unusual.

It was a telling stroke. No one had ever deemed it possible that any one could die at so early an age.

'Did you cry?' asked Jack.

'No.'

'I cried when my mother died,' Eleanora put in, 'and I did n't eat a

speck of supper. Did you eat any supper?'

Off my guard, I said, 'There was n't any.'

'Why not?' urged Jack.

'I — why —' I stammered, 'they — I — I was n't hun —' Then suddenly

in a burst of despair, not unmixed with defiance, —

'Because I was n't born yet,' I said.

Afterwards, I wished I had taken the day grandfather died — or Mrs. Stivers. It is the value of inquisition, that one learns to choose the best.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PROFANITY: A LOST ART

EVERY sympathetic reader of history cultivates sooner or later a mild sensation of resentment against Fate, for that he has not been permitted to live at sometime other than this prosy present and take active part in the romantic events that the past has seen. Or, at least, every reader of history cultivates a set of, what might be called, retrospective ambitions. He makes mental note of a list of historical events of which he would very much like to have been an eye-witness.

What an experience it must have been to watch that royal wrestling match upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where bluff King Hal had his high-born shoulder-blades rubbed in the dust; or to be present behind the arras while good Queen Bess berated a luckless bishop; or to stand upon a headland of Southern England on that bright July afternoon and watch the Armada creep up the Channel in a great broad crescent; or to be a rower in the barge which brought Thomas More back to the Tower, and see poor Margaret Roper meet him upon the water-steps and throw herself into his arms, so that the weeping Beef-eaters at last had to unlock her clinging fingers and lead her gently away. A man might well barter a whole life of

humdrum existence for one such half hour.

For my part, I confess that my favorite retrospective ambition is, by comparison, a very modest one. I am all the more resentful against Fate that it must perforce be denied me. I should like to have been attendant in some very humble capacity, say, as an equerry, about the person of Henry of Navarre so that I might have heard him swear. They say he knew how to swear, even better than good Queen Bess herself. His favorite oath, we are told, was 'Ventre Saint Gris.' I try to imagine to myself just how he might have uttered it; the deliberate articulation of the syllables; the ominous snapping of the cacuminals; the venomous hissing of the sibilants; the low growl of the guttural; the whole touched off by a curl of the bearded lips, and a nasal snarl that lifted the performance to the levels of true art, and left upon the mind of the listener a sense of entire adequacy. You doubtless felt, when he got through, that something had happened sufficiently weighty to rectify the ill-balanced values of the situation, and to restore that spiritual poise which is the normal condition of the soul.

For whatever may be its history as a practice, the true psychological function of profanity is just this: to offer

to the perturbed spirit an outlet for the energy which his provocation, whatever it may be, has aroused. The natural outlet for the energy thus provoked would, of course, be some act of retaliatory violence.

The Duke of Albany, at one time Regent of Scotland, when sufficiently provoked, was wont to tear his bonnet from his head and dash it into the fire. And one day, a day which must have been full of provocations for him, he incinerated as many as twelve bonnets, to the boundless satisfaction, no doubt, of the ducal haberdasher. The action relieved him in a very real sense, by furnishing an outlet for the energy which was suddenly aroused in him by the provocation.

It is just that sensation of relief which the spirit seeks in the use of profanity. In fact, an oath is merely the cheap substitute for a deed. And when one takes account of the increasing tyranny of circumstance by which our modern lives are oppressed, and of their correspondingly decreasing opportunities for free and untrammelled action, one is bound to conclude that profanity, the substitute for action, is destined to assume a function of growing importance in our civilization.

We are to so great an extent the mere cogs and levers, the mere articulations in a great social mechanism, and our individual activities are so circumscribed by the social relationships in whose clutches we are held, that, truly, the only recourse remaining to us is to 'take it out in profanity.' This doleful theory is corroborated by the implication lurking in Judge Hoar's words, when he drew that classic distinction between profanity and mere vulgar swearing: 'Swearing,' said he, 'is the *unnecessary* use of profane language.'

Understood, then, as a substitute for actions which would be nowadays

either unlawful or impossible, profanity assumes at once a certain dignity of its own, as being possessed of a psychological importance. One would seem to be justified in speaking of it as an art. The question at once arises, 'Wherein consists the Art of Profanity?' and the answer is obvious: the Art of Profanity consists in that choice of expletives and objurgations which, to a small extent by their meaning, but principally by their phonetic resonance and impact, shall offer the perturbed spirit the most satisfactory substitute possible for the natural action in whose place they stand.

It has been observed that profane words and phrases are for the most part inept and without meaning. It is quite allowable that they should be meaningless; unless one really wishes to curse, which is a wholly different matter. But if one seeks merely to 'ease his mind' a meaningful oath is quite unnecessary. All one needs is a good big mouthful of crackling consonants. For it is in its phonetic character that your true oath discharges its proper function. Certain consonants carry more than others the suggestion of something done, or destroyed. Certain other consonants express with peculiar aptness other moods and desires of the heart. The Art of Profanity consists in selecting your oaths with a view to the suggestiveness of their phonetic character; and employing those which most truly suggest the mood of your heart.

How well this is illustrated by a comparison of national oaths, as suggesting by their phonetic peculiarities the different national traits. The straightforward, out-spoken, brute anger of the Anglo-Saxon finds its truest satisfaction in the detonative lingual and the booming mute of our poor old overworked 'damn.' The more crafty hatred, and the more disguised passion

of the Latin races finds its apter expression in the purring aspirants and malignant sibilants of their hackneyed 'sacrés' and 'carrambas.' While the deliberate, unhurried, deep-seated vindictiveness of the Orient is unmistakably betrayed in such polysyllabic maledictions as that one which so delighted the poetic soul of Thomas Huxley: 'May the jackals howl on his grandmother's grave.'

However that may be, there is an inordinate banality in our modern use of profane language. We have grown sadly negligent of the canons of its art. One or two stereotyped oaths we have, and we use them at all times, and for all manner of occasions. There hangs about them a distressing monotony. Like Ecclesiastes, 'I have no pleasure in them.' They offend, not because they are vulgar or reprehensible, though doubtless they are both of these things, but because in their choice there is no imagination displayed, and in their construction no ingenuity.

It is not my province, still less my purpose, to discuss the matter of profanity in its moral bearings. That is something which each person must decide for himself. I cheerfully admit, however, that some oaths are magnificent. Everybody loves Farragut for 'damning the torpedoes.' And it makes my blood tingle whenever I call to mind that wholly unprintable monosyllable with which the French captain at Waterloo replied to the English officer who called upon him to surrender.

My sole contention is that profanity is like everything else; if it is to be employed at all, it is worth being employed artistically. So I hope to live to see the day when the Art of Profanity will be restored, the paucity of its vocabulary relieved, and its terms used, by such as feel called upon to use them at all, with a truer taste and a more poetic insight.

BOOKS FOR THE SEDENTARY

I REMEMBER seeing it carefully argued somewhere, not long since, that there is no such thing as *The Reading Public*. A reader, for all we know, is nothing but a fellow who can decipher cold print — time-tables and almanacs and newspapers, and such-like illiterary wares.

There are publics and publics. Some of them, gentle reader, you have never heard of — and very many of them, polite author, have never heard of you! The millions who think literature is what you find in the *Sunday Supplement* don't dream of you. They have no inkling of the existence of those audiences, more or less fit and relatively few, which scale up from them, step by step, to the cloud-wrapped tip of the pyramid where dwell the self-elect. It is queer that nobody has thought to reduce the thing to a chart. What are our degree-hunters about? Of course, qualities of temperament ought to be taken into account, as well as matters of mind and taste. There would be a lot of overlapping. Questions of area and density would have to be reckoned with — all pretty matter, I should say, for the doctoral-minded to look into.

The sedentary public, for instance, — did it ever occur to you that there is such a constituency? And do you think it a simple one? Just reflect upon how many kinds of sedentariness there are, and how many different reasons for it. Indolence is sedentary in its own right, but ill-health and old age and preoccupation have nothing to say about it.

Preoccupation! — that is surely the most commiserable of all reasons for 'staying sot.' Think what the school-keepers have to answer for — thrusting it upon us in our best years. School-hours are a curse, not because of the

things we have to do in them, but because of the things we can't do at the same time. No fellow would mind his three R's if he could master them while he was building a dam or flying a kite. And alas, life takes the thing up where the pedagogue drops it! Strive as we may, we can't get away from this law of inhibition. We can't win our case in court and be blazing a trail through the wilderness. We can't land our coveted muscalonge from some far Northern ruffle with our feet on a desk in Wall Street — nor, for that matter, can we shoot our woodchuck with our legs behind the counter in Tarryville Centre. We are all in the same pickle, we slaves of the swivel-chair and the noon-hour.

The noon-hour — there is a bit of leeway here, to be sure. Business is understood to be transactable over the auxiliary cordial and the supplementary cigar. For the rest, we have our Saturday afternoons and our Sundays, and our holidays and our hoarded two weeks in or about the heated term. But the chances are rather against us. Mood and opportunity do not always coincide; the weather has us at its mercy; at best we drag a lengthening chain. Hang back as we may, the clock slips round, the good hour passes, and so back to the absurd perch of the only animal that sits for a living.

Ah, sad, anæmic parasites of desk and till, doomed to squat perpetually, like Satan at the ear of Eve — for you what hope, what solace? Even that beaming Sunday nose, trophy of some sort of contact with real out-of-doors, — go to, we know how you won it, in a camp-chair on the upper deck, down the bay. Or was it on yonder blaspheming bleacher, where for an hour or two you stared at eighteen men really laboring, for a time, with their muscles erect, as God made them?

No, you can't fool people of discernment with that sort of false blazon. You are fated to take your pleasures, like your profits, with knees at waist-level. Seventeen of your eighteen waking hours you shall be four feet high, and helpless in the presence of your enemy (if you have gumption enough to possess one). A few years of huddling and crouching have adequately unfitted your bones and joints for their natural duties. Your life is made up of shufflings, as brief as possible, from seat to seat. You make twenty steps of it from breakfast-table to droning trolley, another twenty to your elevator, another five to that swiveled abomination which is your home, — and heave a sigh of relief that the journey is done with!

But it is not with regard to you, after all, that the voice of the commentator may permit itself to grow sharp. What chance have you had? You started wrong, in some city slum, or some purlieu of fashion; and never knew what it was to stretch a muscle, or a blood-vessel. There is infinitely more to be said for you than for some others among the inglorious ranks of the sedentary. I mean, in particular, the ex-athlete. Only a few years ago he was the glory of the gridiron or the diamond. He did not know what it was to be bankrupt of breath or lax of muscle. And now he permits himself to be fat and flaccid and inert and, for the most part, shameless. You, shop-bred sir, will outlast him; and serve him right! Your blood has never thrilled with health and the mere lust of action; and, therefore, you are far less likely than he to seek the false activity of the too-frequent cocktail and the endless cigarette. If his exercise is taken vicariously, it is honest exercise of its sort. The ball game supplies part of it, the moving-picture show, and the Wild West show, and the varied activities of re-

fined vaudeville, all make their contributions.

And then there are the books, — books about war, exploration, adventure, for its own sake, — a whole library for the sedentary. *Treasure Island* was invented for them, and *In Darkest Africa*, and *Farthest North*, and all the mass of frontier literature and sea-story. They supply the chief market, too, we suppose, for the increasing volume of mere out-of-door books, books like Mr. Stewart Edward White's, for example, or David Grayson's, or John Muir's. For them the fresh-air magazine and the sporting catalogue, the tales of camping and fishing, mountain-climbing and arctic hunting. If the pale blood of anæmic females is chiefly stirred by tales of romantic love, by the sweet pretty style of novel, their male analogues find their stimulus in feats of physical daring or endurance, under the primitive conditions of the wilderness. Hence a paradox: if the sedentary reader were to vanish from the globe, lifted, let us say, to higher seats, the bottom would drop out of the market for what in the dialect of the book-mart we should call muscle-and-ozone literature.

CITY WALKS

ON a wet November afternoon, at about five o'clock, I once found myself too tired to be at all good company for myself or for anybody else; and I went out into the misty streets to walk for half an hour.

The lamps were lighting. Yellow patches here and there, past lifted curtains, checkered the black walls of tall apartment buildings. The road-bed, marked off with crossed planks and hanging lanterns for repairs, had been closed that night to motor travel. It lay at this hour comparatively still; so still, at least, that one could hear

against the far-off clang and beat of the trolley-cars and railroads the fugitive and rhythmic footfalls of chance passers-by, quite few and far between, returning early.

Perhaps it was the silences. Perhaps it was the twilight. Who can say what breath makes music of one air and not another? From that time on, all my city scene has looked upon me as it never glanced before this one vagrant evening passed me with its keen, swift winds and ragged mists. An arrow-glinted slant of rain dropped past the lamp-posts on the shimmered sidewalk; and the black-shadowed vista of the street stretched past me to the spindrift, — limitless, quick-silvered, quiet, close-at-hand and far-away, mysterious as one's own mortal fate, or all existence.

I had never known before concerning walking in the city what I had always known of walking in the country. Like almost all other people who have ever been there in their childhood, I had understood instinctively that to know the genius of a place, not made by man, you must hark in perfect quietness, without any clear or definite demanding. In that way the whole melody and harmony and gesture of the place will breathe its intimate charm upon you, and will fall in love with you, so to speak, and you will fall in love with it, and be extremely happy. In the country I had learned to listen. Every one who likes it knows that if you call the naiads they will never come. They are not so many cows or sheep to be brought home to your confined domestic soul by urgency and barkings. If any one goes out in a dull, determined manner to the sea, or the plains or the mountains or canyons, to summon to him this or that free grace of nature which someone else has met with there in fresh communion, the free grace will never answer to her name, but flee its sound.

At Niagara, indeed, you can almost measure the distance of a goddess's flight from the sound of her name. You see many people who have come to be awed feeling quite cheated and jaded. But you see, also, the travelers who seem to have arrived with no forethought except in acquiring a large provision of peanuts, clutching the rails beside the cataract in a kind of ecstasy. Apparently the goddess has freakishly revealed herself to them in her passing, as the Venus visited the hairdresser, in the fascinating Anstey tale, which is so true to life.

In the country, those who care about it walk with 'the eye clear': not calling out for any set scene heard of somewhere else; not blurring the great tones of common chance and charm by vulgar whisperings and longings for 'the picturesque'; but looking and harking clearly to the verities. 'Henceforth, I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing. Strong and content I travel the open road.'

This, too, is of course the way to walk in the city. Since that one stillstepping and mist-mantled twilight that I have mentioned passed my doorstep, to walk, harking by the curbs and roofs and crimson heights, the gray and blue and yellow vistas and sharp-cornered by-ways of any great and many-peopled town, has become one of the most seizing of my enjoyments. The pleasure seems to me one not ordinarily appreciated, nor even admitted. Though it will be remembered that Antony urges it as an excuse for the dismissal of affairs of state.

To-night we'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people.

No lesser tone or touch in all the magnificence of the play lends to it for me a richer glow and repose than these sympathetic words. It is not however to the abiding, many-colored interest of 'the

qualities of people' that I referred in this tribute to cities, so much as to the special magnetism of the mute scenes they have made, and to their inarticulate tale of 'the ways and farings of men.'

Sometimes, of course, their tale is of something quite different. But, whatever it may be, you will never hear it if you talk about anything else while its music is playing; or, unless you have learned to listen in perfect quietness.

HOME-COMING

NATURE has never seemed to me to be my mother. I have not felt at home with her. It has been with an envy not unmixed with incredulity that I have read Wordsworth and Thoreau, and sometimes listened to rhapsodies of filial love on the part of nature-worshippers who were my friends.

I can see how it began. For me, a town-bred child, nature was at first a picture-book to be opened but upon the set occasions of a drive or a railway journey. Intimacy I did not dream of. But when I was grown, and apprehended that there were those who enjoyed it, then I knew myself a disinherited child, and sorrowed for it. Not that Nature ever was to me a cruel stepdame; only, among the myriads of children that her generous fecundity produces and her abundant bosom nourishes, some must needs be forgotten. I was frozen by her unintended neglect. The loveliest sunset saddened me most; before the most beautiful of her works I felt myself most an alien. It was not my sunset, it was not my world. I was an exile, sick for home, in those bright estates which others seemed to think their birthright.

But now at last, I think, begins to stir the first faint impulse of friendship. I am half-way through life now, but I

have hope that the later half will suffice to bring us acquainted. It is an older Perdita come home at last to the bosom of an ageless Hermione. A grown-up child coming thus for the first time to know its mother cannot hope for the close unconscious communion that begins in infancy. It will be a shy relationship, not without misunderstandings, never to be hurried, but furthered by a mutual longing.

Of all our manifold Mother's many aspects, there was one that drew me always. It was under the bright veil of her many waters that I, last and least of her children, first dared to know and love her face. Sunset and sunrise might be for others, and trees and mountains, and birds on the wing; but water, — its flash, its motion, its sky-blue and its steel-gray, — water was mine as much as anybody's. Falling waters, and running waters, the changeful white-and-green that slips aside from a forward-sweeping prow, the sleeping surface of a green-hemmed pond — each had its private word for me. And thus, always through the in-

terpreting murmur of water, I begin to understand the language of my late-found mother.

Now and again our shy, reluctant friendship knows a tremulous moment of initiation. We had one such yesterday. Water, the interpreter, was running past me in the deep, snow-lined bed of that river, 'winding like a road,' along which lead all my walks. It was twilight of a brief December afternoon; the sun had gone down invisibly, without a sunset or an afterglow; the lead-colored sky was very near, and soft in texture like a fog; the air was windless, but bore to me the shouts of some unseen boys who had lighted not far off, a ruby-hearted blaze, the one note of warmth in all that landscape of steel-color and russet. I leaned outward, resting upon the rail which guards the walk, and looked at all this sober beauty, while a faint breath 'born of the very sigh that silence heaves,' seemed to rise and fall, the respiration of Nature herself! For a moment I felt at home in the world.